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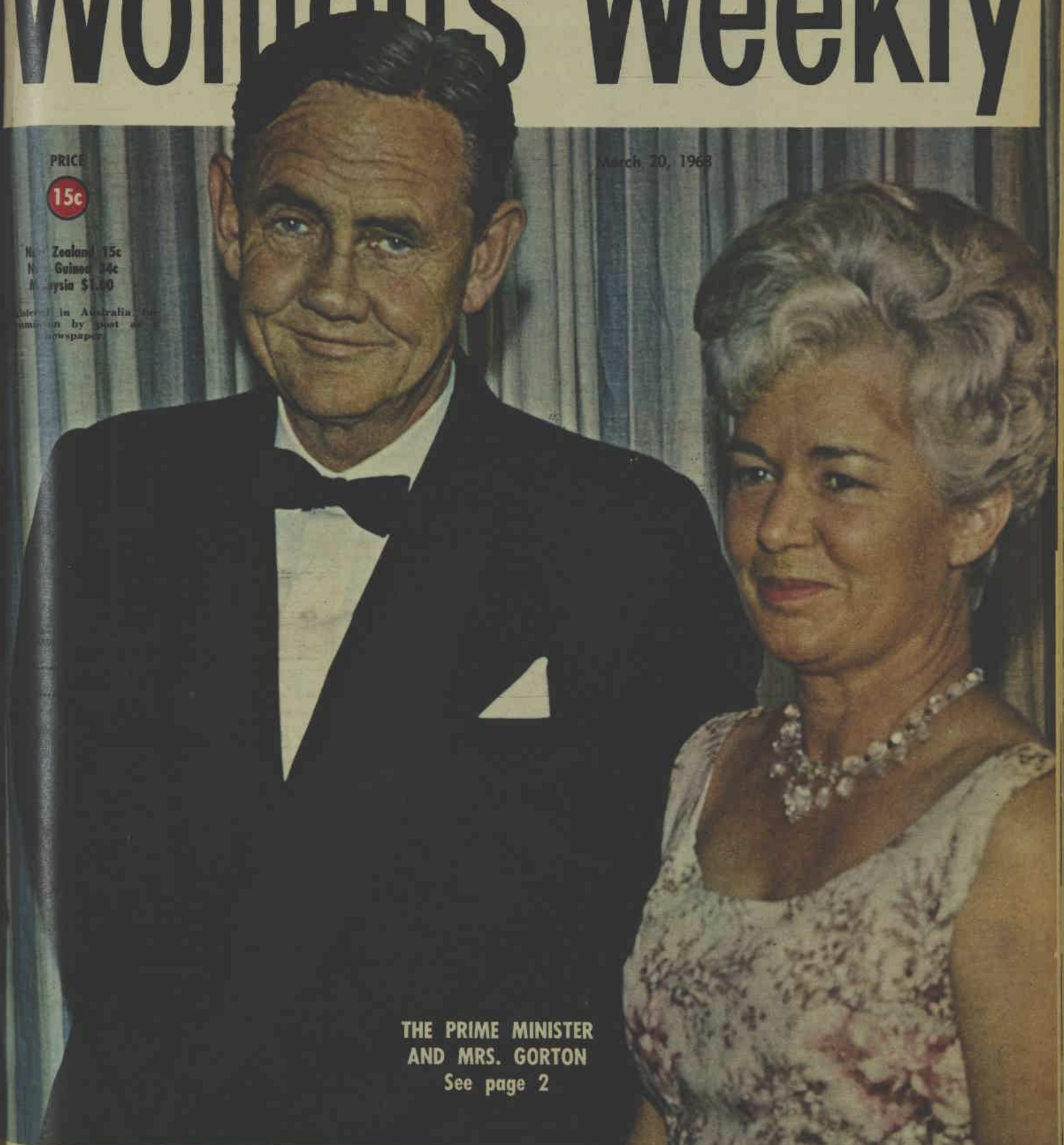
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March 20, 1968



THE PRIME MINISTER  
AND MRS. GORTON  
See page 2

**Real-life story**  
**RUNNING A PUB IN**  
**REMOTE NOR'-WEST**

**Wonderful recipes**  
**THE TOP TEN IN**  
**APPLE CAKES**

**16-page lift-out**  
**HANDKNITS FOR ALL**  
**THE FAMILY**



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MARCH 20, 1968

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## OUR COVER

● "That look"—calm, confident, slightly quizzical — from John Grey Gorton will become very familiar to Australians as the Prime Minister starts his first term in the House of Representatives and a new era of government begins, marked by the opening of Parliament on March 12.

Everything's going for Mr. Gorton. His air of frankness, his enthusiasm for this "Queen continent of the hemisphere," his readiness to talk about anything, and his ability to parry the awkward question with a few non-committal words, a lopsided smile, and a shrug.

John Gorton caught the fancy of the Australian public when he appeared on television as a Prime Ministerial contender after the tragic disappearance of Mr. Holt last year. Men said he was a good bloke, and then looked astonished when their wives said, "Isn't he gorgeous?"

Prime Minister Gorton carries his burden of responsibility with gusto. He has the enviable gift of making Australians feel Australian; of belonging to a country in the midst of exciting progress. He has the best wishes of everyone in his bid to make high hopes a reality.

This picture of the Prime Minister and Mrs. John Gorton was taken in Melbourne at the Southern Cross Hotel, where they were guests of honor at a dinner given by members of the Victorian Division of the Liberal Party. Picture by Les Gorrie.

# One boy and six gorgeous girls



"OPENING NUMBER." From left, Annette Calphy, Magda Krasznai, Sandra Garrett, Alan Clancy, Margaret Bridges, Geraldine Grear, and Loraine Bennett. All the girls are from Sydney, although Margaret is originally of Brisbane, and Geraldine of Adelaide.

**A letter to the Editor from a young man about the delightful problems involved in touring the world with six beautiful fellow-Australians.**

Dear Editor,

My name is Alan Clancy. I am 18, currently touring the world with six beautiful girls known as the Las Vegas Dancers.

Our group is a creation of Tibor Rudas, our "second father," who has trained hundreds of girls and a few boys and sent them round the world in different acrobatic and dancing groups.

What is strange about our group is that I am the only boy among six lovely, nagging, happy, strong, smiling Australian girls.

Have you ever walked down a busy street with three eyelid-flashing tall girls on one side and three smaller ones on the other?

It's a feeling I think only a few people in the world have been privileged to experience.

To walk into a European restaurant with six lovelies

in front of you is really something, for everyone's eyes just about pop.

They must think I am an Arab from some harem collecting beautiful girls!

Ever sat down to relax, put on a couple of records and had one girl after another come to you and ask, "Could you please fix me a cake?" "Could you post this letter?" "Can you come into town with me and buy a handkerchief?"

And guess who has to sew his own clothes? None other than myself!

The six girls are Sandra Garrett, Geraldine Grear, Margaret Bridges, Magda Krasznai, Loraine Bennett, Annette Calphy, all different personalities but great kids.

We were trained in Sydney on the sixth floor of an old building in downtown George Street. The seven of

us were chosen after being trained by Mr. and Mrs. Rudas, Albert Dawking, and Cyril Chaplin.

Our show consists of acrobatic and modern dancing, and has been a success everywhere we have been.

There are many ballets of low standard in Europe, and it makes us proud to say we are a Rudas ballet, and that we are all Aussies from toe to hair-tip.

We have travelled and seen much of the world, a few places being Hong Kong, Paris, Athens, Tehran, Spain, Italy, and Beirut.

You might think with six girls always being together we would be fighting frequently, but, on the contrary, we are one big happy family.

Although we may have a few small rows, if any of us are in danger or have prob-

lems, you can bet we are all there willing to give help or sympathy, whichever is needed.

If some people think show-business is a snap, they have the wrong idea. It takes guts, willpower, determination, strength, and personality.

To be in a city for a month and make friends is wonderful. But when you have to leave those friends knowing you will most probably not see them again is just another test.

The same was when we had to leave our families, for I love my family very much and look forward to seeing them again when I return.

You pack up, leave, and have to start all over again in the next city, and it goes on and on the same way.

Language barriers make a constant challenge. Also strenuous rehearsals, two shows, maybe three some nights, sleeping by day and working by night. But do we love it!

In my schooldays a teacher once said to me, "If you're going to choose a career, make sure it is something you love to do."

I didn't think it could be so true, for when I think of all the careers there are, showbusiness is one of the few into which you can really put everything, your whole self.

Our reward always comes with the applause after the show.

Another hardship of being in a ballet is the travelling, having to sit up in trains for days, and some nights going without sleep to reach our destination, for example, travelling from Bordeaux, France, to Rome by train

to catch a plane to Beirut in Lebanon.

Something that really gives us pleasure is to turn on our small radios and hear the good old Aussie sounds of the Seekers or Bee Gees, which all makes us proud to be Australian.

This is something about which we are always boasting. Also to perform with such great artists as Johnny Mathis, Kay Starr, The Bachelors, Sandie Shaw, and many other high-class artists in theatres, on television, or in nightclubs.

We all have Mr. Rudas to thank for this. We hope one day he can have a permanent troupe in Sydney performing at some big club as he has in Paris, Montreal, and Las Vegas.

### Tommy Hanlon's

#### Thought for the week

Mamma once said: "One of the biggest worries for a mother is when her child won't eat. You try everything, like 'Let's eat up all our breakfast food so we can see the animal's face in the bottom of the bowl,' or pretending to eat a big spoonful and saying, 'Ooh, isn't that good?' Or the threatening approach: 'You eat every mouthful or no TV for a week.' Well, try Mamma's secret—it works every time."

**MOMMA'S MORAL:** All you have to do to make your child hungry is take him to an expensive restaurant.





● "Come to the Mardi Gras" at Sydney's Doncaster Theatre Restaurant. Reg Livermore, Lola Nixon, in Madame Pompadour costume, Kamahl, behind her, and Maree Viazim, in yellow, the Napier Brothers, dressed as clowns, with members of the ballet. Color runs riot throughout the revue.

## SPECTACLE AT SYDNEY RESTAURANT

**"FOLLOW THE SUN,"** the new revue at Sydney's Doncaster Theatre Restaurant, is one of the most lavishly colored spectacles staged in this type of entertainment.

The two-hour show, with its \$15,000 settings and costumes, bursts on the audience in rapid, brilliant flashes of color.

Three acts—Spain, South America, and Japan—are presented with humor, romance, blues, and a Mardi Gras sequence in song and dance.

Stars are mop-haired, puckish Reg Livermore, with quicksilver humor, Kamahl, the young baritone from Ceylon, who throbs out such songs as "Jamaican Farewell," Lola Nixon, dynamic in the blues, the Napier Brothers, who have a droll blend of comedy and song, and young Maree Viazim.

The show was produced and directed by Bill Orr, director of the Phillip Theatre.



● "I've Got a Little List," above, a parody on the Gilbert and Sullivan song from "The Mikado," in the Japanese act. Reg Livermore gives one of the show's best comic-songs as Lord High Executioner.



● Kamahl, above, as a handsome Spanish grandee, with two of the ballet in the show's Spanish opening act.



● Reg Livermore as a Mexican peanut vendor, the Napier Brothers on the balcony, Kamahl, Lola Nixon.

— Pictures by staff photographer RON BERG.



## NEXT WEEK

● Sometimes sad, often stirring, always heart-warming: stories in our 16-page lift-out



### TRUE TALES of 20 FAITHFUL DOGS

... about dogs that have truly lived up to the reputation of being humans' best friends — with lovely color studies, too.

and ...

● The famous French tourist attraction, the Folies Bergere, has a new look — in color:

### COVER-UP LOOK FOR FOLIES



and ...

★ Egad! Regency gear is in again for men: it's now on sale in Australia — and you'll see it in our color pictures.

and ...

● Cosy suits to knit for soft glamor on cold evenings.



● You can make this beautiful cape (in a pattern by Vogue).

and ...

● We've good things to cook with breakfast cereals.



and ...

● A gracious and near-century-old homestead with a flower-filled garden is our superb House of the Week.

# As his wife says:

The new Minister for Social Services and Aboriginal Affairs is happy at his chance to "get things done."

"I WILL say one thing, Bill, being a backbencher for so long didn't sour you."

William Charles Wentworth, fourth of that name, scion of a long line of Australian pioneers, put down his coffee cup and laughed across the table at his wife.

"I was too busy trying to get things done to become soured," he told her.

Morning coffee with the

Wentworths at their home at Newport is a stimulating hour. Conversation races, leaping from subject to subject, unconventional, full of humor, and the enjoyment of living.

In the background the phone rings incessantly—this morning answered by the smiling Spanish housekeeper, who "is so terribly tidy and we are such an untidy family that we can never find anything," while Lucifer, a large, yellow-crested, six-month-old cockatoo, waddled round the wooden floor vainly trying

ing to reach the leaves of the indoor plants.

The Wentworths are far more interested in you than in talking about themselves.

"One's own life story always seems to sound so dreadfully dull," Mrs. Wentworth told me. "I am sure your life is much more interesting!"

Described as one of the most controversial men in postwar Federal Parliaments, Mr. Wentworth had just been named Minister for Social Services and Aboriginal Affairs after 18½ years on the backbench.

I had read all I could about the great-grandson of the explorer who crossed the Blue Mountains with Blaxland and Lawson.

He was described as a maverick, a patrician, unconventional, an Australian nationalist, "dotty, though brilliant," "with misshapen teeth," "wearing glasses that look as though they have been sketched on his face."

I found a benign, sandy-haired, easy-to-meet man with shrewd, humorous eyes, who made no protest when sent by his wife to put on a tie "so that you will look properly dressed for the photographs."

No, he didn't mind being called "dotty," but he did object to the misshapen teeth. "Look, they are quite well shaped, are they not?"

On the question of his new role in Parliament, he smiled and said, "You know, being promoted to the Ministry from the backbenches is rather like getting married. You hope it will be worth while."

He preferred to talk about the possums that come at night to feed on the red blossoms of one of the many trees dotting the large garden, the kookaburras and the koalas who arrive at the kitchen each day to be fed.

The garden, he said, had been tiered down to the waterfront by stone walls, mostly put in by himself "to keep my weight down."

"Bill found this house eight years ago," said Barbara Wentworth, pouring coffee and offering a plate of her homemade shortbread. "It was built for the sort of life we lead."

### Hordes of friends

"We couldn't live in a house that can't be 'lived in.'"

"We always have hordes of friends in over the weekends when the whole atmosphere is completely informal."

"When Bill was young he had to make an appointment two weeks ahead to ask his friends home. Here two seconds is enough. We both enjoy people."

Barbara Wentworth, feminine, sincere, and attractive, bubbles over with vitality and humor. There is warmth in the teasing affection that

THE WENTWORTHS in the driveway of their home at Newport, a rambling house and beautiful leafy garden, perched above Pittwater.





# "Everybody likes a battler"

Interview with  
THE WENTWORTHS

by  
GLORIA NEWTON

so openly lies between her and her husband.

"Politics," she told me, "is really the most fascinating life for a wife. Oh, yes, it keeps me busy, very busy, but I am never harassed—that would defeat the whole purpose of a happy life, wouldn't it?"

"No, my life is full, my interests are varied and all so terribly interesting. The one change will be that my life will become a split-second one—but that doesn't worry me one bit."

"For instance, recently in Canberra when I was having breakfast in bed at the hotel, Bill said, 'Get ready, you have ten minutes to catch a plane to Melbourne for the Lionel Rose reception.'"

"And what a reception it was! Young Rose is a delightful young man. I loved his brothers and sisters. I asked one little boy what his name was and he drew himself up proudly and said, 'I am Lionel Rose's brother.'"

## Wife's role

"Oh, no, I have never been the slightest bit interested in a political career for myself. I feel I help enough by being on hand when Bill needs me."

"The thing I enjoy most about being a politician's wife is going round my husband's electorate and getting to know the people in it. I thoroughly enjoy making speeches—not political ones, I don't think that is quite the wife's role. Mine are about our travels."

"But like most of us, it took me a while before I got used to speaking."

"My first speech was to an annual meeting of the Girl Guides' Association. When I got up to face the microphone I found I had left my notes under the tea urn and I couldn't remember a thing."

"It was terrible. I had to stand there and wait until someone went over and retrieved them. Since then, unless there is something frightfully technical that I have to get correct, I speak off the cuff."

Mr. Wentworth's new role in Parliament will mean a rearrangement of their regular trips to little-known parts of Australia.

For both are keen "explorers," especially of Central Australia. They think nothing of spending weeks at a time driving, and sleeping under the stars, with only a blanket between them and the ground.

New Guinea is another of their favorite places. It was only a few years ago that they climbed the 15,000ft. Mt. Wilhelm.

"Our trip this year was to



WILLIAM CHARLES WENTWORTH with Lucifer, the gold-crested cockatoo. Kookaburras and koalas are regular callers at the kitchen door.

be along the Canning route in Western Australia—it's rather like the Birdsville Track and it runs south from Fitzroy Crossing. But I'm afraid that will be out now."

Mr. Wentworth was hesitant in discussing the immediate future of his two portfolios other than to say, "Read what I have said in the past about them."

He left his chair to search the house for a magazine which contained an article he had written called "A Problem in Reconstruction."

One paragraph caught my eye: "The first requisite of a successful policy for Aborigines is to restore their self-confidence and sense of importance; to re-create at least in part the system of authority which we destroyed; to involve them as soon as possible and to the greatest possible extent in the decisions about their own welfare and their own way of living."

Mr. Wentworth's long-time concern for the welfare of the Aborigines is well known. It was he who single-handedly launched the Institute of Aboriginal Studies.

On the subject of the widow's pension he said that he regarded children as the most important part of social service "and children of widows definitely come into that."

At the moment, he said, he was awaiting more specific instructions from the Prime Minister.

"I have already started conferences with other Ministers, for, obviously, anything I do must be a combined operation."

"There is a tremendous amount of work ahead of me. Rewarding, challenging work, but time is going to be the killer, especially with the Aboriginal problem."

"I inherited a machine with the Social Services portfolio, because Ian Sinclair is a good man and the mechanics of that department are in good running order."

"But the Aboriginal Welfare portfolio is another matter."

"To date there has been no Federal policy on Aborigines except in the Territory, and a new machine has to be created."

"I won't be able to start anything until after the House rises. Then I intend getting right into it. It is not a problem that can be solved overnight. But it is a start—and that IS important."

"Barbara is going to be a

big help by taking over some of the routine work involved—attending ceremonies and that sort of thing."

His wife interrupted, "I'm going down to Hobart next week to open an old folks' home. I am looking forward to that tremendously. I love going to new places, meeting new people."

"Where did Bill and I meet? At a party at the Royal Sydney Golf Club one night. We both admitted later that neither of us was very impressed."

## Reno marriage

"However, we kept meeting, and we sort of got to know one another."

"Yes, we were married in Reno. I was holidaying in America, and Bill, with a month's holiday from being secretary to Sir Henry Manning, the Opposition Leader of the N.S.W. Upper House, flew over to marry me."

"In San Francisco we found we had to wait two weeks to establish residence before we could be married. So down we went to Reno, where the law is more elastic. It was rather good fun being married in a place known as the world's largest divorce centre."

"You should have seen us!

Bill was in grey flannel bags and a blazer, I in a crumpled pink dress. We went into a jeweller's to buy the ring, and the man there found us a couple of witnesses."

"Then off we went to the judge, went through the ceremony, and celebrated afterwards by drinking a magnum of champagne with the witnesses. They were two awfully nice men."

The Wentworths have three boys and two girls, who avoid the limelight.

Jane, 31, is working as a bookkeeper on a Cooma property; William, 29, an economist, married to a Ceylonese girl, is living in Woollahra; John, 19, is doing chemical engineering at the University of N.S.W.; Georgina is married and living in London; Hamilton, 27, is a mining engineer working at a copper mine in South Australia.

Mrs. Wentworth laughed. "We pulled young John into a photograph for a Melbourne paper the other day and, after it was over, he told us we had completely ruined his life."

"And Hamilton sent his father a telegram of congratulations after the Cabinet posting was announced, con-

cluding with 'suggest you place yourself on the basic wage.'

"We can never seem to get them together at the same time."

"I did take a picture of them some years ago when Georgina gave a party. It was a flashlight picture and not very good, but then my pictures never are, though I do enjoy taking them."

It was eleven o'clock and time for Mr. Wentworth to leave to catch a plane to Canberra.

A fond farewell kiss for his wife with the promise to ring when he knew the time of his return home, a cheerio to Lucifer, who screeched from his corner, and he picked up his briefcase and went out to his car.

"Bill wouldn't tell you himself, but he is really so happy about this promotion," said Barbara Wentworth. "And, now, he will be really able to help people, to put into action the things he believes in."

"I think the thing that made me happiest about the promotion was the fact that everybody really seemed pleased. Not only our friends but strangers. The day it was announced the phone didn't stop ringing for one minute."

"But then I think everybody likes a battler, don't you? And Bill has always been that."





# Sigrid launch DRALON in Australia

Europe's leading fashion fibre



Once, high-quality Dralon was *only* in luxury imported knitwear. Now, Europe's fabulous fibre is knitted here by Sigrid. (Only top Australian makers are knitting Dralon. That's why you're *guaranteed* top quality). Dralon is soft,

warm, light. It's easy-to-wash. Quick-drying. You can pack it, Dralon holds its shape forever. Dralon won't felt or matt or rub. Little wonder it's such a natural for knitwear. Look for the gold label. You'll find fresh, exciting fashion, sparkling new colours that never fade and a priceless extra—Dralon guaranteed top-quality.

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**Sigrid** makes garments from Dralon, a fibre marketed in Australia by Bayer Levekuusen Ltd.





A woman speaking, in a BBC broadcast, of her idea of heaven:

"Let me, in heaven, have a new-born baby in my arms, for I have neither experienced, nor can imagine, any greater joy than this. To be needed and to be totally committed to fulfilling that need. To love yet require no gestures of reciprocation. What happier place in hurrying time could one choose to stop for eternity than this moment when duty and self-indulgence are completely fused, and the glory of the present is still uncorrupted by hopes for the future. 'Look for me', said the great mystic Francis Thompson, 'in the nurseries of heaven.' Look for me there too."



## COMPACT



● ANN FORDE

## A VERY HAPPY DOLL

ONE young lady with a very fashionable doll is 13-year-old Ann Forde, of Reservoir, Victoria. Ann saw our recent feature (January 31 issue) on how to make a "happy dress" and decided it was just the thing to make for her teenage doll.

Ann says that the happy dress — Australia's answer to the sari — is much easier to make than a doll's shift and also looks much nicer.

To make the dress for her 12½ in. doll, Ann used two pieces of material — one 5 in. by 14½ in., and the other 5½ in. by 4 in. She followed the instructions given in the pattern but omitted the waist gatherings.

The result (below)—one up-to-date doll that is the envy of her friends.

## MUSIC ALONG NEW LINES

● The advertisement read: "25 stations to let us beat clubs. Annual rent \$5."

It was published recently in Germany by railways management.

This was a bid to save station buildings on closed-down lines from falling into disrepair.

The rail people thought the idea would appeal to pop-music fans, who often have trouble finding clubrooms where their "noise" is tolerated by owners and neighbors.

Two stations have been rented already.

We suppose clubs probably would not want to rent some stations.

Who would play an electric guitar on a steam platform?



## He's taking the train home!



★ This man paid \$140 in London recently for the nameplate of a railway engine called "Dummer Grange."

Someone else gave \$100 for signs saying "Gentlemen," "Ladies," and "Please adjust your dress."

A woman paid \$2 for a very rusty old bucket and reckoned she had got a bargain.

She was so delighted, indeed, that she immediately splashed another \$5 on a roller-towel holder, a blind, and a toilet-roll holder, all off old trains. Crazy?

But the woman was congratulated heartily by rivals at the auction yard where a collection of "rare railway relics" was sold.

## New home for students

■ "Everywhere I went, Melbourne University graduates were holding down responsible positions in their home countries," said Mr. Sam Dimmick, warden of International House, Melbourne University, after his recent tour of International Houses round the world.

"I've never been more sure that having overseas students here is a marvellous idea, particularly for goodwill."

International House, one of the residential colleges at the university, has 120 students — half of them from overseas.

Mr. Dimmick visited families of present students, and also ex-students, in Kuala Lumpur, Djakarta, and England during his five weeks' tour.

"Meeting their families was a great help in getting to know the students better," he said.

Mr. Dimmick, a former cultural attaché with the Australian De-

partment of External Affairs in Indonesia, has been warden for nine years.

"Facilities in International Houses overseas are very good — an idea I would like to borrow would be an activities officer to arrange holiday employment and travel among other things," he said.

A Melbourne International House appeal has been launched to increase the number of students to 250.

A new wing will be built at an estimated cost of \$1,250,000.

● It seems that different countries present individual problems to the pottery industry — at least, according to one Englishman.

Taste — in design, shape, and color — varies from country to country, and as overseas markets are the biggest outlet for manufacturers the many demands are treated seriously.

Mr. Arthur Bryan, chairman and managing director of Josiah Wedgwood Limited, in Staffordshire, explained the influence overseas countries have on production during his recent visit to Australia.

### ● Bright look

His company exports 70 percent of its products.

"Australia, for example, demands bright colors — much more so than our other 57 markets," he said.

"Europeans like tiny coffee cups, the British prefer

## PROBLEMS ON HIS PLATE . . .

big ones. In North America they want sugar bowls with lids and fixed sauce boats; in Europe they buy uncovered sugar bowls and separate sauce boats and stands."

Of present-day trends in pottery: "There always has been, and undoubtedly always will be, a large demand for the traditional designs in bone china — gold, pastel, floral — but today there is also a growing interest in what I call 'casual ware.'"

"More and more people are moving toward informal and outdoor living, and demanding a heavier earth-colored pottery."



● Mr. Arthur Bryan and some of his wares.

## MORE strange statements offered to an insurance company:

● I left my Austin Seven outside, and when I came out later to my amazement there was an Austin Twelve.

● I blew my horn, but it would not work as it was stolen.

● I thought the side window was down but it was up, as I found when I put my head through it.

● To avoid collision I ran into the other car.



# THE CONQUERING HERO



THE CHAMP holds aloft the boxing trophy he brought back from Japan. With Lionel on the Town Hall portico are two of his brothers, Mike, 9, and Joey, 12, his trainer-manager, Jack Rennie (right), and Mrs. Rennie, and the Lord Mayor, Councillor Reginald Talbot.

POLICE were needed to inch the motorcade through the crowd in the centre of Melbourne on the way to the Town Hall. Lionel travelled in an open car. In following cars were his family and trainer, Jack Rennie.

● Lionel Rose's home city, Melbourne, turned on a hero's welcome when he returned after winning the bantam-weight world boxing title in Tokyo.

Thousands of people gathered in the blazing sunshine at Essendon Airport cheering and clapping as his car made a slow circuit of the tarmac.

In the centre of the city, more thousands welcomed him and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" as he drove to the Civic Reception.

The 19-year-old hero's big smile acknowledged the cheers.

Shirley Rennie, wife of Lionel's trainer-manager, Jack Rennie, said they believed the next few years would be "testing ones." Shirley has been a "second mother" to Lionel since he came to live with them after the death of his father four years ago.

"Fame is such a temporary thing," said Mrs. Rennie. "We feel we will have to be a little more alert to make sure he is not hurt or disillusioned."

She said Lionel was shy, with plenty of commonsense — "a dear boy." "He has been only too ready to listen to sound advice," she said.

In the short speech Lionel made at the reception, he said, "What I have done was for my family and friends, as well as for the people of Australia."





**PROUD MOMENT.**  
Lionel poses with his mother, Mrs. Regina Rose, before going in to the civic reception the Lord Mayor gave at Melbourne Town Hall.



Pictures by LES GORRIE

**FAMILY GROUP.**  
With Lionel and Mrs. Rose are 13-year-old Lynette (in school uniform), Ray, 18, Joey, 12, Michael, 9, Graham 6, Dierdre, 4, and Merle, 8. Lynette started as a boarder this year — Lionel is paying her school expenses — at the Convent of Mercy, Kyne-ton, and two nuns brought her to the airport to meet him. One nun said the convent had never known anything like the excitement engendered by the c h a m p i o n s h i p.

**ROAR OF DELIGHT**  
went up from the crowd (left) as Lionel waved to them from Town Hall portico.







● Author Desmond Bagley and his South African-born wife, Joan.

## English author sees Gulf country as background for book

**T**HE book you talk about is the book that doesn't get written."

Desmond Bagley grinned and lit another cigarette. "That's an Ernest Hemingway profundity, but you can quote me."

Desmond Bagley, former journalist and author of four highly successful adventure books, is a short, compact man.

His humor is dry, if not a trifle risqué, and he is a good and interesting talker despite a severe stammer which, he says, "takes away from the image of the writer of thrillers."

But he is reticent about plans for future books.

"Thrillers aren't necessarily my favorite books," he said. "Just the type I find easiest to write. I wouldn't say I intend writing them for the rest of my life."

He does admit, however, that he has an inclination to write a book with an Australian theme, and hopes to return in two or three years to visit Queensland's Gulf country, where he expects to find the inspiration and the background material.

"I guarantee there will not be a whisper of Alice Springs or Bondi Beach," he said. "None of the hackneyed places."

Mr. Bagley and his wife, Joan, whom he describes as his "secretary, travel consultant, housekeeper, best listener, and wife," recently visited Australia for the first time.

He had just returned from a ten-day trip to the Antarctic gathering material for his fifth book.

For his earlier books—"when I couldn't afford to travel"—information was

obtained by endless research at libraries and foreign embassies.

The Antarctic presented a problem. "When it came to research," explained Mrs. Bagley, who has gathered much of the material for her husband's books, "we found there was so little information available that Desmond had to go and see for himself."

"I went with the United States Navy," the writer said. "Somehow I talked the Americans into believing that it would be a good thing to take Desmond Bagley to the Antarctic."

Desmond Bagley, 44, was born in England. His parents ran a theatrical

By  
Jacqueline Smith

boarding house in Westmoreland. One of his earliest recollections is being "dandled on Basil Rathbone's knee." At the time, the young Rathbone was a member of a touring Shakespearean company.

In 1947, Mr. Bagley migrated to South Africa.

After working his way down Africa, taking jobs in asbestos and gold mines, he began his career in journalism in Johannesburg, where seven years ago he married his South African-born wife.

Four years later they left for England and have a large Georgian house in South Devon.

"Once you start to write successfully, you have to go to the centre of things," Mr. Bagley said of his return to England.

"There was, for example, some research that could only be done in London."

His decision to write novels was a wild gamble that paid off. With a small amount of money—"an inheritance which, with careful use, would last three months"—he gave up his newspaper job and began his first book.

"The Golden Keel" was an immediate success. Based on a real-life encounter with a South African who claimed to be the sole survivor of a band of Italian partisans who ambushed a German gold convoy, the book has sold more than half a million copies and has been published in 12 languages.

His three other books—"High Citadel," "Wyatt's Hurricane," and "Landslide"—also have had considerable international success.

Desmond Bagley has a businesslike approach to his work.

"When I sit down at the typewriter with that first sheet of blank paper, I work strictly to office hours every day of the week until it's finished," he said.

Recently his books aroused the interest of Hollywood. The rights of "High Citadel" were bought by John Lee Thompson, who produced "The Guns of Navarone."

"The Golden Keel" is to be filmed by MGM.

Desmond Bagley would also like to see his thriller "Wyatt's Hurricane" filmed, but doesn't believe any sane producer would undertake it.

"The way I see it would make it an incredibly expensive movie," he said.

"It requires half the United States Navy and an enormous hurricane. The cost would leave a James Bond extravaganza for dead!"

# SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By Mollie Lyons

**LOVELY** newsy letter for Mrs. Michael Champion from Ruti and John Excell in Switzerland, where they had skied with Sydney friends Anna and Peter Blaxland in St. Moritz. The Excells had been to Innsbruck and Kitzbuhel and were thrilled to visit a village fair, where they saw local children folk-dancing in national costume. They were just on their way to Salzburg and Zurs before travelling to London. They'll be back here for Easter.

**CHATTING** with artist Paul Jones at Caroline Adams' wedding, and he told me he had just completed a hefty two days "moving-house." He's left his delightful flat in Double Bay and is now in a large rooftop unit in Tralee Road with wonderful harbor views. His plans for what he intends to do with the interior sound charming.

**THRILLED** with the addition to their family on March 3—a little girl whom they'll call Lisa Michelle—are the Philip Irvins, of Coonamble. She was Colleen Brown before their marriage.

**SEEMS** no time at all since the last Film Festival, but already I am hearing of plans and arrangements for the coming one. It's to be quite different this time, with all the films shown at the Wintergarden Theatre at Rose Bay, which will seat 2000 people. To raise funds for preliminary expenses, members of the committee have arranged a wine-tasting at Douglas Lamb's cellars, in Sussex Street, on March 19.

**ANOTHER** two functions which no sooner seem to be over than they are here again are the Peter Pan Ball (which this year is on April 4 at the Wentworth Hotel) and the Opportunity Shop Mannequin Parade at the Royal Blind Society (which is on March 21). At the ball, Pip and Robert Ashton, who won the dancing competition last year, will judge this year's winners. The new idea of cocktails at 7.30 p.m. for dinner at 8.30 p.m. was such a success last year the committee has decided to do the same thing this year.



**COUNTRY INTEREST** in the recent engagement of Miss Kirsty Anne Mackenzie and Mr. John Veron. Miss Mackenzie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mackenzie, of "Stonehenge Station." Glen Innes. Mr. Veron is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Veron.

**AT RIGHT:** Mr. Peter Hunter Jamieson and Miss Elisabeth Ward who have announced their engagement. Miss Ward is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Ward, of "Pindimar," Denman. Her fiancé is the younger son of Mrs. H. Hunter Jamieson, of Palm Beach, and of the late Dr. Hunter Jamieson.

**LAST-MINUTE** decision by Mrs. John Davoren to fly to Adelaide for the Arts Festival and to stay with her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dollard, at St. George. On her way back she'll call into Melbourne for one night to stay with Judge and Mrs. John O'Driscoll at Hawthorn, and hopes to time her visit for Mrs. O'Driscoll's birthday on March 17.

**BELIEVE** also that Mrs. Sid Griff will be over in Adelaide for two weeks for the Festival. She travelled over the leisurely way in the Galileo.

**FIFTH** overseas trip for Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred O'Brien, of "Goodman," Gulgong, who left on March 5 in the Arcadia for a nine-month trip abroad. Their son, John, has been left at home to manage the property until their return.

**AT** present honeymooning on South Molle island, Captain and Mrs. Duncan Spencer will spend a week in Sydney on their return before setting off for Canberra, where Captain Spencer will be stationed. Before their military wedding at The Garrison Church on March 1, Mrs. Spencer was Janice Logan.

**DATE FOR YOUR DIARY** . . . the Oliver Twist's Hofbrauhaus (German party) on March 16 in the Hero of Waterloo Hotel cellars to aid the Waratah Babies Home.

**A VERY** excited Joanne Klane rang to tell me of the beautiful wedding present she received from her aunt, Miss Jackie Gordon, who has just arrived from Scotland. It's an antique dressing-table in very soft pinks and blues, with tiny angels on each side of the glass. It's an heirloom and has been passed on through the family over the past one hundred years. Miss Gordon, whose home is in Edinburgh, will stay until Joanne's wedding to Peter Scully at St. John's College Chapel on April 13.

**BUSY** time in the Ken Crocker home, hold at Northwood when two of their sons, Kenneth and John, marry within the space of eighteen days. Kenneth married the former Janet McDonald at St. Aidan's, Longueville, on March 1, and John wed English lass Wendy Hill at St. Alban's, Fivedock, on March 19. Wendy and John became engaged in South Australia, where they both worked with the Flying Doctor Service. After the wedding they will sail in the Australis for England to spend a year and to visit Wendy's family in Surrey.

**MARCH 20** is the date set for the Lewisham Hospital Ladies' Auxiliary general meeting, when, as well as presenting a cheque to the Sister Superior for their 1967 charity activities, they will discuss arrangements for an inspection of terrace houses on May 1.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 20, 1967



**WEDDING GROUP.** Mr. and Mrs. Archie Kennedy in the vestibule at Abbotsleigh Chapel with their attendants (from left), Miss Helen Perry, Miss Virginia Statham, Miss Susan Adams, Mrs. Bruce Mackinnon, Mrs. Kerry Spry, Mrs. John Buckley, and flowergirl Edwina Bishop (at front), after their marriage. The bride was Miss Caroline Adams, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Adams, of Wahroonga. The bridegroom is the only son of Mrs. Dugald Kennedy, of "Merridgerri," Collie, and of the late Mr. Kennedy.



**CHARITY PARTY.** Mrs. Oliver Shaul (at left) with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon King at the gala opening of the Summit Restaurant in Australia Square Tower. The evening was arranged by the Skyline Committee of Torch Bearers for Legacy, of which Mrs. King is president. Sir Edmund Hillary performed the official opening of the restaurant.



**ABOVE:** Guests at the Kennedy-Adams wedding Mrs. "Mit" Loneragan (c e n t r e) and her daughters, Miss Penelope Loneragan and Miss Jan Loneragan, of "Putta Bucca," Mudgee, at the reception, which was held in the grounds of the bride's home at Wahroonga.



**MEMBERS' NIGHT.** Mrs. Edgar Holt, Mr. Hal Missingham, and Mrs. T. Thorvaldson (left to right) at the Members' Night at the Art Gallery arranged by the Art Gallery Society, when Mr. Missingham, gallery director, spoke on Fifty Years of Art Collecting. President of the ball committee, Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, presented a cheque for \$2470, proceeds from last year's ball, to senior vice-president of the Art Gallery Society, Judge H. Henchman.



**AT LEFT:** Mrs. Michael Lindsay, of "Kaboo," Young, Mr. Bruce Campbell, of "Gooriana," Cullargambone, and Miss Mary McCowan, of Elizabeth Bay (left to right), in the pink-and-blue chifon-lined marquee set up over the tennis court in the garden at the bride's home.





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# G.-G.'s GODSON HAS A CAREER AT CHRISTIES

(He's an expert in costly books that nobody reads)

**B**OOK collectors are really quite odd, you know. For instance, they seldom read the books for which they pay a fortune.

"I suppose if they wanted to read some uncut first edition very badly they could go out and buy it in a paperback. Much cheaper way of reading it."

Bill Spowers, slim, elegant, debonair, a director of Christies, the longest established fine-art auctioneers in the world, and an expert on rare books and manuscripts, had just arrived in Sydney.

He had come, he told me, to investigate the possibility of opening a branch of Christies and to interest Australia in buying some of the Australian collections now in London.

"How did I get into the book field? Well, during my years in the army I collected books mainly for the purpose of selling them to create an income for myself.

"I had always been interested in books. As a child, living with my grandfather in Toorak, Melbourne, my favorite room was the library. I remember spending hours arranging and rearranging its books.

"One of the mysteries of the British Army is that you are supposed to have a private income to belong to it. I had none, so I earned it by collecting books.

"Travelling around in the army helped a lot. For instance, I picked up a manuscript in Tripoli for £stg.145 and later sold it in London for £stg.4500.

"An amazing document. Written in Cyprus during the 13th century by a monk

named Martin Aachen, it was about every device used to fight a war, and contained illustrations of remarkable weapons.

"Apparently it was written by the monk in an attempt to persuade some European monarch to start another Crusade in the Middle East."

Bill Spowers was asked by Christies in 1960 to take over their newly created book department.

Since then, book auctions have increased from three a year to one almost every week, and the turnover from £stg.12,000 to £stg.360,000.

"Of course, there were very few people for this particular job," he said. "Book collecting is not a fashion-

able thing like collecting furniture, paintings, porcelain, and china.

"It is a weird sort of occupation and you deal with the strangest people.

"As I said, I doubt if any read the books they buy. For instance, in the case of say, an uncut first edition of Burns' poems, if you slit the pages the value of the book would go down immediately.

"Why do they collect them, then? Well, the only reason I can think of is that they have collectors' mania.

"There are collectors who will buy books for their bindings alone, regardless of what is inside. And they pay £stg.2000, £stg.3000 for them, and set them up on their shelves sideways to display the binding.

"Others are interested only in illustrations, regardless of

the text. Hand-colored aquatints, lithographs, things like that.

"Then there are the people who will commission Dufy or Picasso to design a special binding just for them—and that will cost them quite a few thousand, believe me.

"I myself had a good collection, but I sold it when I joined Christies, as I didn't think it wise, in such a position, to be a collector.

"What really prompted me to let them go was one night when a bath upstairs overflowed and poured down on the bookcases.

"Luckily, only one book was damaged, but I remember I stood there looking at them and thinking, heavens, what a waste of money having thousands of pounds worth of books sitting up there when it is years since I last took one out and looked at it.

"Unless you read them, enjoy them, you get much more pleasure from a fine painting, a lovely old piece of furniture, or graceful old porcelain and china.

"And that is what I invested the money in. Now I have a really fine old collection in my home, a 15th-century house, at Windlesham, just out of London."

Christies, which started in 1766, are the oldest art auctioneers in the world.

Publicity in recent years, given only to "big price" sales, had given Christies a distorted image, Mr. Spowers said.

"But prices are not all high.

"Seventy-five percent of the things we sell are priced under £stg.100. You can buy furniture for £stg.5, £stg.10, £stg.15, and Christies is a good place to do your furnishings.

"Dealers buy 70 percent of their stock from us, bid against the private buyer, then mark it up to cover costs, depreciation, etc. Which, of course, makes their price so much higher than ours.

"Christies is really a unique old place. Lots of people like to be seen there. Sort of 'Meet you at Christies.'

"At times it can be rather disconcerting when the 'meeters' wave to each other across the room. You have to lean down from the rostrum and say, 'Madam, is that a bid or a wave?'

## "Sold out"

"England has been pretty well sold out of antiques now, and all sorts of things are taking their place. Some things that we would have rejected a few years ago are selling for considerable sums.

"Today many people are interested in collecting antiques and that is why it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain stock."

The possibility of Christies opening a branch in Sydney had been motivated by the fact that Australians, who were regarded as good buyers in the antique market, had not been given the proper

opportunity to bid at their London sales.

"We want a branch similar to the one in New York, where, a month before an auction, interested buyers can select any item from a catalogue, be given an estimate of its worth, and so have someone bid for them in London.

"We have a similar estimate office in London and, of course, no charges are made for these services.

"One must be honest and candid in the estimates. You don't do yourself any good selling something for more than it is worth. Much better if the buyer gets it under its value.

"If, after they have bought it, they change their mind and bring it back to us, they can get their money back.

"Imagine our name if they paid £stg.3000 for an object and then bought it back to be told it was worth only £stg.300. That would never do!

"My other project whilst I am in Australia concerns the £stg.250,000 Australian collection which I have offered to the Australian National Library.

"Really comprising several collections, it also includes books and manuscripts from other parts of the Commonwealth, and the Library have told me they are interested in them all.

"I really can't say much more about it at this stage.

"But to catalogue it and price it will take at least six months, if not a year."

Mr. Spowers said that, at this stage, Christies were planning to hold an auction in Sydney in September, when they will offer books, manuscripts, paintings, silver, porcelain, china, and silverware for sale.

## No furniture

"The auction will really be an attempt to re-create Christies' way of conducting their sales, so that potential buyers will be familiar with our procedure.

"Unfortunately, as we can't keep the sellers waiting too long for their money, the goods will have to be flown out, which excludes any furniture, which is bulky."

Mr. Spowers, who was accompanied to Australia by his wife, Antonia, and two sons, aged six and eight, intends attending auctions in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, and inspecting antique shops.

"And," he said, patting his longish hair, "finding a barber. One paper said that my long hair was probably a rebellion against the regulation short cut of my army years. That isn't so. It is just that I haven't been able to get to a barber for the past three weeks!"



AUSTRALIAN Bill Spowers, director of Christies, London, likes the Edwardian look he wears above for off-duty clothes. Though he dresses in traditional morning suit when working, "even that is going out in England now and being replaced by grey and blue flannel."

**BILL SPOWERS**, 43, is an Australian who served for almost 20 years in the Australian and British Armies. He is a godson of the Governor General, Lord Casey.

He twice joined the AIF while under age. The first time he was sent back to Australia from the Middle East. The second time, with the help of Lord Casey (then Mr. R. G. Casey, British Minister in Cairo), he was able to join the British Army.

There he became the first Australian parachutist of the war and was dropped into Italy with the idea of rescuing his father, Colonel Allan Spowers, a prisoner in the hands of the Germans.

He missed his father by a few hours when the Colonel was transferred to another POW camp, but he successfully brought out a party of escaped prisoners. In the process, however, a German machine-gunner shot twelve bullets into his chest, but he managed to crawl for some days over the Apennines until he reached the British lines.

Discharged from the Army, he became ADC to Mr. Casey when he was Governor of Bengal, and at the end of the war was commissioned into the Grenadier Guards. When, in 1960, he was relegated to staff duties because of his wounds, he decided to resign and join Christies.



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WEEKLY — March 20, 1955

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# Even under-fives are too mature for some programs

● A closer look at some of the regular shows for children under five who are at home while older brothers and sisters go to school convinced me that most producers don't seem to realise that the majority of today's children are very sophisticated.

By  
KIRSTEN BLANCH

SINCE infancy most under-fives have spent a great deal of their time in the same room with older members of the family, watching all kinds of television programs.

They have probably enjoyed Dad while he watched the news, chewed books while Mum ironed with one eye on "Divorcee" and sat with older children watching "Rin Tin Tin" and "Superman." They are probably also taken in by the odd documentary.

Usually they are forced to watch whatever the older members of their family want.

For this reason I'm sure little children very much appreciate their own shows on their own level, but at the same time their level is not as low as it was in pre-television days.

Speaking with friends who are young children I found that TCN9's Humphrey B. Bear seems to be the most popular of the animated animals. He's a rather bumbling, cosy sort of bear who'll try anything once.

He has had a new co-star for a month or so—a pretty, pleasant girl called Ann North, who is a qualified kindergarten teacher.

Ann North treats Humphrey with a sort of wry amusement, which is exactly how the children seem to treat him.

The mothers would like to see a little more "meat" and less "nonsense" in the show, but they say he enchants the children even if he doesn't exactly stimulate their intelligence.

"Playroom," which precedes Humphrey on Channel 9, is a sort of kindergarten in process, and on the whole doesn't seem to hold the children's interest.

"Romper Room" on ATN7 is an internationally successful production. There are already "Romper Room" shows in 22 countries, and the first of a series of Asian versions has just arrived in Australia to train to start "Romper Room" number 23 in Hong Kong. Thailand will be number 24.

Many mothers can't understand its success. The children in this, and in "Playroom," are undoubtedly having fun for the child guests



ANN NORTH, Humphrey B. Bear's co-star in "Here's Humphrey," TCN9, Mondays to Fridays, 11.30 a.m.

of the day, but the children at home lose interest for long stretches at a time.

A few said they found their children's demands for "Romper Room" toys were exasperating.

"Romper Room" (weekdays at 11.30 a.m.) is preceded by "Tiny Time," a show similar to Humphrey's. It's quite cute, and, like Humphrey, it does make a few attempts to teach through play. But it's pretty inane fare, and I don't believe children are inane. They are a very down-to-earth lot.

"Play School" on ABC-TV at 10.10 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. is by far the best—and that's unanimous from both mothers and children.

It's simple and direct, talks at the children's correct level without talking down to them, and makes wonderful use of real-life film sequences.

Later there is TCN9's "Mickey Mouse Club," ABC-TV's "Adventure Island," and ATN7's "Flipper," all at 4 p.m.

"Adventure Island" is beautifully produced, with lovely sets and costumes, but the little kids find the stories too complicated and the voices hard to understand, and the show is too childish for the older children.

"The Mickey Mouse Club" is rather old-fashioned now, but the children do enjoy the repetition of certain songs and slogans and seem to watch it mainly for the fun of joining in the routine.

"Flipper" seems to be the most-often-turned-to show at this time of day. The little ones, so much more realistic than given credit for, like him because he's a live animal and because often other animals appear with

## Television

him. The older ones enjoy the story.

After that the fare seems to degenerate into a series of frightful cartoons which most mothers switch off on principle if not because the kids have already left the room.

I did not hear one good word said about them. The complaints were about the "dreadful voices," "stupid stories," "unpleasant characterisations," "violence," and the complicated but stupid issues in the plots.

On Saturdays, beginning at 9 a.m., Channel 7 has four uninterrupted hours of children's shows, which seems to me a waste of time. Four hours is too much for children even if their mothers don't mind them sitting there so long.

"Playroom" on TCN9 on Saturdays at 9 a.m. is a half-hour program.

On Sundays my own daughter, aged five, loves to watch "Robinson Crusoe" and "Lassie," both on ABC-TV, and all my informants agreed that "Disneyland," on Channel 9, at 6.30 p.m., is almost invariably excellent.

## New romance in "Hunter"

CHANNEL NINE'S National Network's counter-espionage series "Hunter" has undergone quite a few changes for its new 1968 series, which begins on TCN9 on March 21.

There'll be more intrigue, action, and romance.

But, surprisingly, the romantic interest will not be centred on the leading role of John Hunter but with the villain of the piece, Kragg, played by Gerard Kennedy.

However, a spokesman for the network is not giving away any further information about the feminine involvement. That would be sabotaging the plot, he says.

There will be other changes in "Hunter," too.

All new episodes will be self-contained stories with the exception of a two-parter which was filmed last year.

Eve Halliday, played by Fernande Glyn, is not in the new series and there is no feminine lead replacement. And Blake, played by Nigel Lovell, will have a much more action-packed role.



● LEAVING with his wife (daughter Sarah stayed home) for Bahamas again, Lord Snowdon sported a wild suit that owed its brown and white stripes to Bonnie and Clyde, but its cut to highwayman. Shirt was striped orange and green. By comparison, Margaret, once the way-out Princess, looked square.

## BUT HE ALWAYS WEARS WILD GEAR!

Lord Snowdon's latest makes his wife seem quite square



● Last year's holiday in the Bahamas: striped trousers, big-buckled belt.



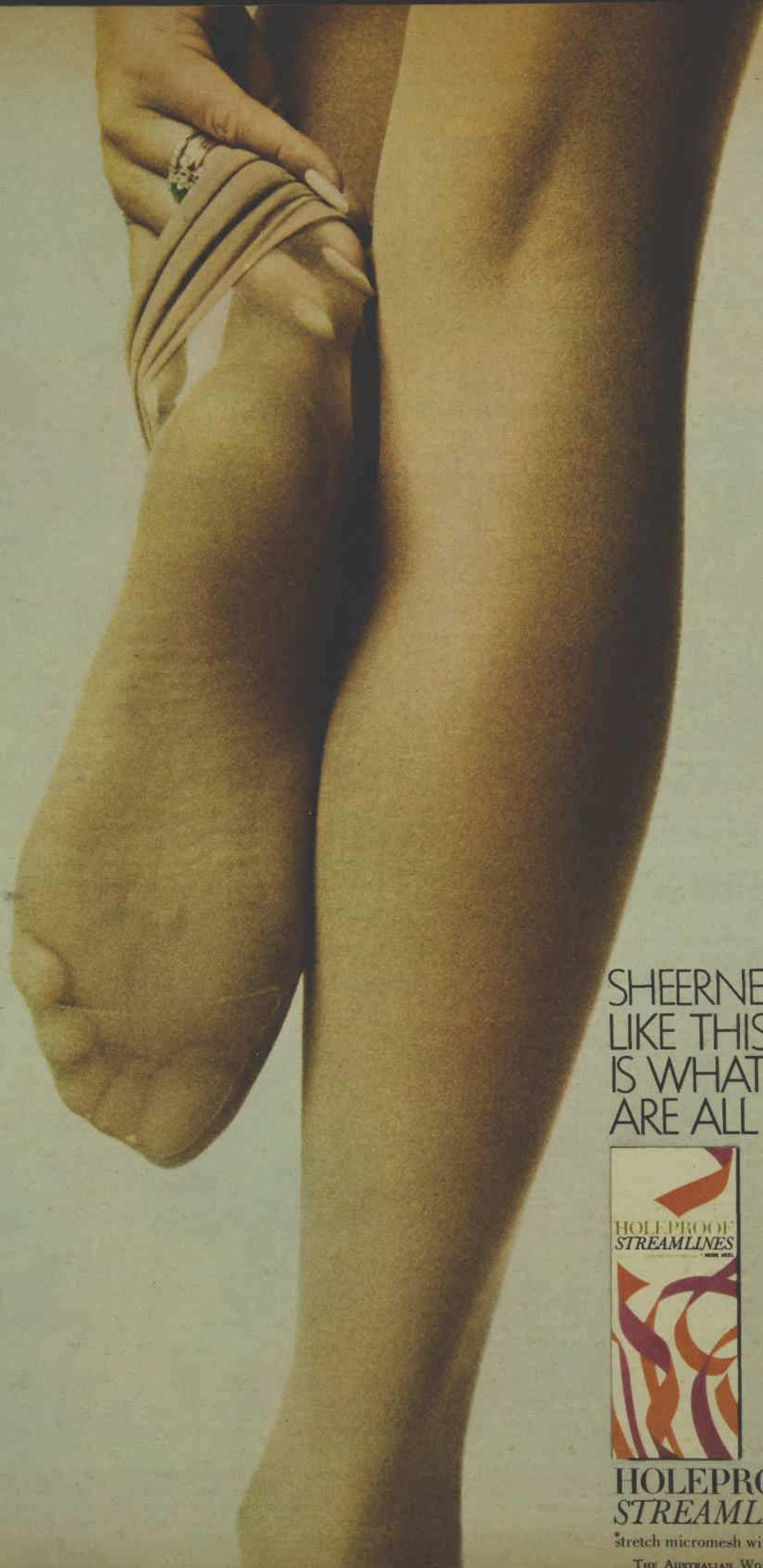
IN SCOTLAND, 1965: Two outfits: above, suede slipover with check shirt, long socks under tall boots. Right, a Russian-type coat and cap plus corduroy trousers.



READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 20, 1968





SHEERNESS  
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IS WHAT LEGS  
ARE ALL ABOUT



**HOLEPROOF  
STREAMLINES**... 79c

\*stretch micromesh with a nude heel

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 20, 1984

**BRI**  
NYLON



# HOLLYWOOD VARIETY SHOW

## Television

**RIGHT:** When Schnozzle Durante was 70, 500 Hollywood notables gave a lavish banquet to celebrate his 50 years in showbiz. Today at 75 he still stacks them in the aisles in "Hollywood Palace."



**COMEDIAN SID CAESAR** (left) turns out a memorable edition of "Hollywood Palace" when he hosts a hilarious performance. Caesar is one of America's funniest, who used to have his own TV show.



**HERB ALPERT** (right) hosts "Hollywood Palace" backed by his world-famous Tijuana Brass and their exciting music. Herb is as charming as he is handsome and should be a smooth, lively comper.

● "Hollywood Palace" is a superb variety show made in Hollywood, the heart of the world's best showbiz talent. It is a splendid variety show and a TV producer's dream, made on a "spare-no-expense" budget. This means the best acts available anywhere are seen, and a different comper hosts the show every week — comperes like Petula Clark, Sammy Davis Jr., Phil Silvers, Herb Alpert — you name them, they'll appear. The continual change of comperes, all with their own specialties, and the polished acts make "Hollywood Palace" exciting, diverting entertainment.

—NAN MUSGROVE.

● "Hollywood Palace" may be seen in Sydney TCN9, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.; Adelaide NWS9, Brisbane QTQ9, Thursday, 7.30 p.m.; on GTV9 Melbourne, later.



**LEFT: EDY GORME AND STEVE LAWRENCE**, well-known married singing team (remember them in the old "Perry Como Show," that was a must in TV's early days?), also host "Hollywood Palace."



# Asparagus flan... so savoury, so simple with creamy smooth Carnation 'from contented cows'



Suddenly friends pop in?  
A delicious hot flan in moments!  
The ingredients blend together  
so smoothly because Carnation  
is homogenized.  
As a surprise, tuck one in the  
family picnic basket—a  
big slice each; they'll adore it!

## Asparagus flan

8 ozs short crust pastry; 3 eggs;  
1 teaspoon salt; 1/4 teaspoon pepper;  
1/8 teaspoon nutmeg; 14 1/2 oz can  
undiluted Carnation Evaporated  
Milk; 1/2 cup chopped bacon;  
1/2 cup grated tasty cheddar cheese;  
15 oz can well-drained green or  
15 freshly cooked 4" asparagus  
spears in season.

Line an 8" or 9" flan or pie dish  
with pastry, brush with egg white  
and set aside. Cut asparagus

spears into 2" pieces. Fry bacon  
till crisp. Beat eggs, seasonings  
and Carnation Milk together; add  
cheese and bacon. Pour into the  
pastry shell. Bake in a hot oven  
425° Regulo 7 Gas, 475° Electric  
for 20-25 minutes or until custard is  
semi-set. Remove. Insert asparagus  
pieces into custard, tips pointing  
upwards. Return to the oven and  
bake a further 15-20 minutes,  
or till a knife inserted in the centre  
comes out clean and the flan is  
golden brown. Alternatively, add  
asparagus before baking, and  
cook 35-40 minutes at the above  
temperature. Serves 4-6.

*With Sweet Corn:* Omit asparagus,  
add one 15 oz can well-drained  
sweet corn kernels to the custard  
mixture before pouring into the  
pastry shell. Bake as above.



# NEW PARIS HAIRSTYLES

With clever  
hairpieces,  
styles can be  
almost instant

**F**ROM now on, go easy with teasing. The 'thirties styles are back. The trend is for flatness on top, with hairpieces used for big build-ups at the back of the crown or the sides.

And hair itself is longer. Paris and London stylists have been urging women to let their hair grow for the 'thirties fashions, whether waved, curled, or smooth, that are the season's sensation.

With marvellous false hairpieces, as easy to handle as your own hair, new styles like the one pictured at right are virtually instant.

For day, extra hairpieces beneath the bouncing, deep waves give the new wide look that falls well over the shoulders.

For evening, the hair can ripple down between the shoulder blades, or swing in a bunch of long curls, or a long flat pony tail, from a pile of false hair on top.

Evening styles can be looped down and up and around (mostly using false pieces) and topped with bows.

Hairdos like those worn by the screen goddesses of the 'thirties are a must with the new softer, feminine 'thirties clothes.

The hair can be set into waves and curls like Rita Hayworth's, or form a smooth Garbo style, a soft Joan Blondell, or Carole Lombard.

Going even farther back in time, it can be a mass of Mary Pickford curls.

The kiss curl is back, and so is the parting. With those hairstyles flat on top, back combing almost disappears.

But hair this season needs a good perm to give it bounce.

By ANNE MATHESON

The film "Bonnie and Clyde" influenced the long shiny pageboy bob, worn with a beret, for those who like their hair straight. (See overleaf.)

Both London and Paris went overboard for finger waves from an off-centre parting and lots of loose curls and soft waves.

Facts on hairstyles were fed into a computer, and the forecast came out that finger waves were due for a big revival.

And so it was.

Young and perky are the hairstyles that trend-setters Courreges and Ungaro favor. They are scraped straight from centre parting into two short pony tails, or Catherine wheels standing out above the ears.

A side parting with hair swept into one large ear-muff is a 'thirties style from Paris, while Ricci likes a whole mess of curls piled over a bandeau with white straw bow-tied stiffly on the brow.

Only Carita of Paris and Sassoon in London, who always "walk alone," have gone back to the 'twenties for hair cut short and close to the head in tiny "caps."



Continued overleaf

FLAT-TOP, built-up back, bow trim. For evening, by Elizabeth Arden.





SKINNY PLAITS trim this evening style by Elizabeth Arden.

## NEW PARIS HAIRSTYLES

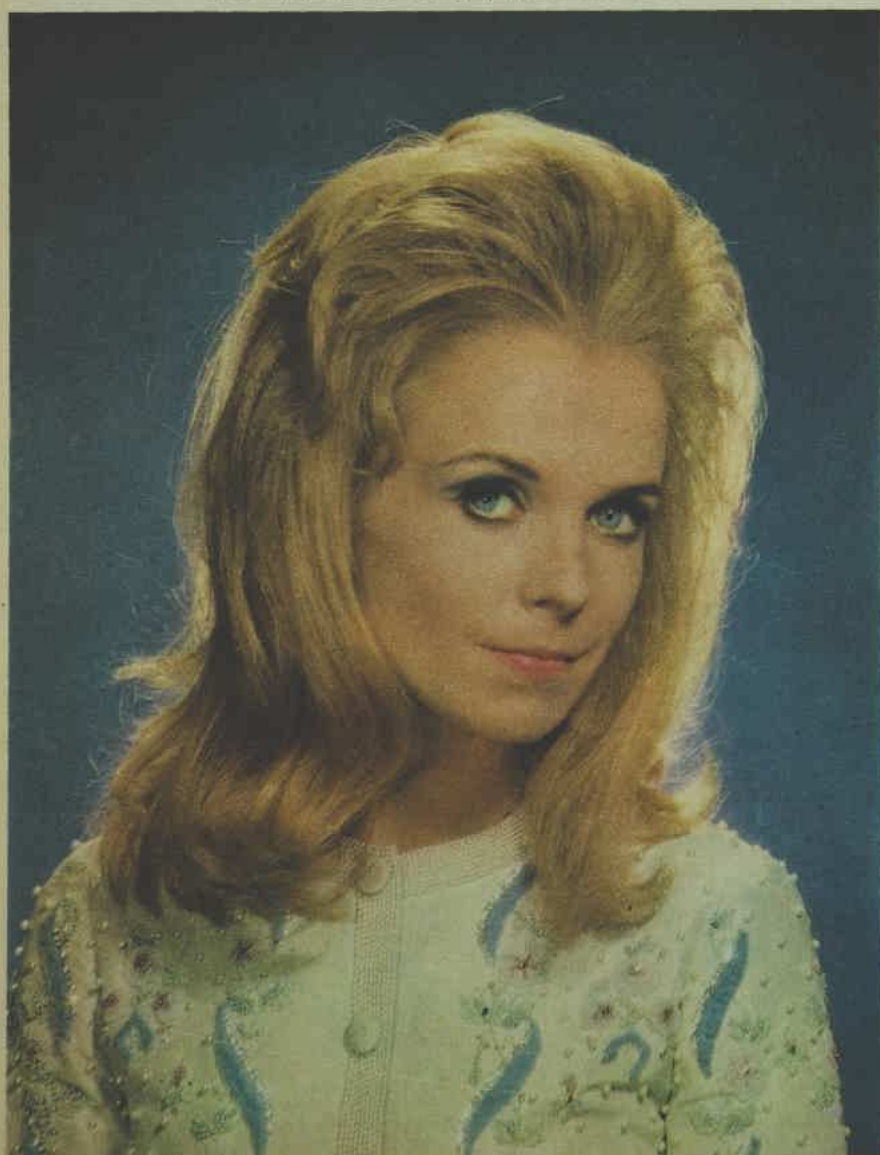
*Continued from previous page*

● Evening styles frequently sweep back from a clear brow to much back-of-the-head interest, decoratively built up with bows or flowers and hair-pieces. But note the stylised plaits at left, the dramatic "sunburst" style below right, and the romantic waist-long fall of black hair pictured at top right of opposite page.



MARGUERITE pins into a style at Givenchy's.

"RITA HAYWORTH" style, by Helena Rubinstein.



BLACK Givenchy roses trim an evening style.



"SUNBURST" style from Jacques Dessange with layer upon layer of curls at the back.





SHORT CURLS are massed all over the head.



HIGH-PLACED bow over loops and waist-long fall of hair.

● The long bob of the 'thirties is back, and so is the beret—both legacies from the film "Bonnie and Clyde." The beret may tilt to the left over a long pageboy as pictured, or squash down over the fluffy hairdo below, at far right. A beret at Dior has a single camellia at one side, the hair curling around it prettily. All the styles on this page are by Jacques Dessange.

ENDS turn under in a 'thirties page-boy.



"BONNIE" hairstyle, with beret and scarf.

FLAT-TOP bob, fluffed out for width.





# Revlon says: Oh my. Yes. <sup>The</sup> Polished Pout.

(THE MOUTH WITH THE KICK OF COLOR. THE CHIC OF SHINE.)



## New Fashion for Autumn:

The soft young mouth.  
Round. Curvy. Dewy Wet.  
Drenched with color.  
Splash! And the look is  
what does it. Polished.  
Fresh. This mouth is  
sending all the right  
signals. Today. Are you  
getting the message? Of  
course you are. Delicious.

## AppleMelon.

Golden and delicious. Red but softer.

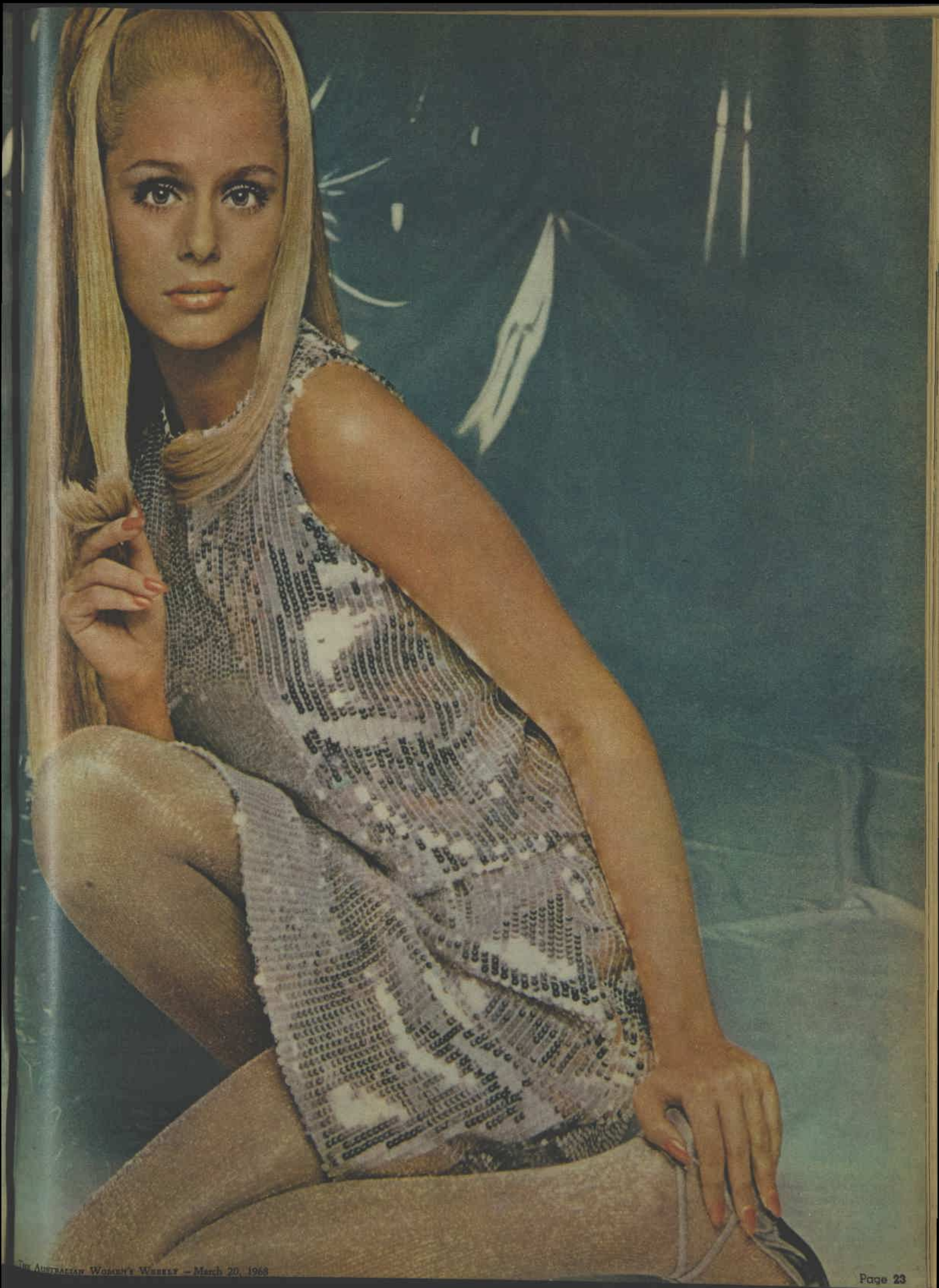
## PumpkinPeel.

A lovable orange. Golden. Subtle.



\*Moon Drops\* Wet Lipstick & Crystalline or Cream Nail Enamel.









#### ● BONNIE AND HER DRESS DESIGNER

**T**HE designer of the long-skirted "Bonnie and Clyde" look prefers minis for herself.

Theodora Van Runkle, who created Faye Dunaway's wardrobe for her role as Bonnie, came to a New York party given by Faye wearing a mini-suit that showed off her shapely long legs. (At right in picture above.)

She said it was a cut down navy bugle-beaded Molyneux from the 'thirties. The white crepe faggotted blouse was from "Bonnie and Clyde."

Faye wore a brown crepe maxi—"It's a Theodora," she said—under a shaggy lamb coat (see

pictures above). Both sported white "Bonnie" berets.

Miss Van Runkle's wardrobe for "Bonnie and Clyde" was her first stint in Hollywood, but she has since completed work on two more films and will soon start on a fourth.

A divorcee with two children, she describes herself as being "as late in my 30s as you can get."

**Her fashion prediction:** "Women will reach the point where it will be the thing not to be able to move again. They will want to be objects, not pals."

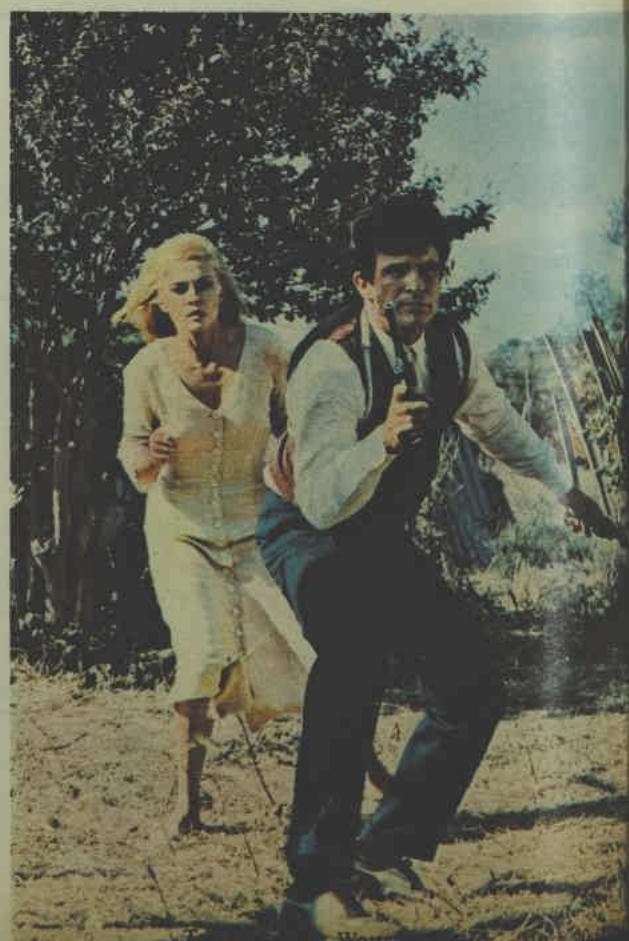
But first: "We're going to have an even more natural, no bra look in fashion, before womanly clothes return as the general thing."

**THE SLEAZY** accommodation of the depressed 'thirties was part of Bonnie's world. Underwear was rayon. Bath-heaters were clumsy. At left, Bonnie tries on Clyde's hat in a bathroom and admires the result.



**HOLD-UP** by Bonnie in her 'thirties beret and already famous skirt and sweater. Brazenly she points her gun while her hapless victim has no alternative but to put bundles of money into her bag.

**GUN-BATTLE** scene. Bonnie and Clyde enjoyed their growing reputation as desperadoes, and boasted of their crimes. Their real-life career and its dramatic ending became legendary in America.







**TOUCHING SCENE** (above) between tearaway blonde Bonnie Parker (Faye Dunaway) and Clyde Barrow (Warren Beatty). Clyde is daring, violent, and perhaps not quite so worldly as he likes to make out.

**APPRAISING** her face in her mirror, Bonnie, a pretty girl and pleased with herself, nevertheless retains her gun. Bonnie always craved excitement — and got it on the pair's murderous rampage.

## "BONNIE AND CLYDE"

● Controversial "Bonnie and Clyde," the longer-skirt film that bids fair to topple the worldwide mini-fashion, and has caused a storm because the hero and heroine are murderers and robbers, has its Australian premiere in Sydney this month. Acclaimed by some critics as a masterpiece, often funny, often sad despite the lawlessness, it is by Warner Bros.







Now Heathermoor have skirts! To match  
their knitted tops! Beautiful co-ordinates,  
in fine fabric skirts, fine-knit sweaters.  
Carefree kilts, bulky-knit cardigans.  
All the most beautiful fashions you ever laid  
eyes on. Your favourite store has them.

# HEATHERMOOR



Front exterior of Mr. Tony Morris' terrace house in North Sydney shows the courtyard he has made from an untidy open garden: A high brick wall screens it from neighboring houses and street. Stone fountain is hand-made.

## HOUSE of the WEEK

Entrance hall is bright with leaf-design wallpaper and black-and-white-check vinyl floor tiles. Mr. Morris designed the brass and glass table below the Italian gilt wood sunburst mirror. The door at the rear of the stairs leads to the kitchen.



Story by Ennis Honey/Photographs by Keith Barlow

## TERRACE REMODEL

**T**HIS 90-year-old terrace house was one of the few left standing when a large part of Lower North Sydney was demolished to make way for the Warringah Expressway project. Just over the Harbor Bridge, a convenient ten-minute drive from the city, it is now a charming, comfortable home for interior decorator Tony Morris.

It took Mr. Morris about ten months to renovate the house and make it more suited to his needs.

His first task was to knock out the wall between the two small rooms at the left of the entrance hall and make a spacious sitting-dining-room. He ripped out the original slate fireplace and replaced it with a beautiful marble one, exactly the same size (five feet), which he obtained from a nearby house being demolished for the Warringah Expressway.

The heavy, old-fashioned panelled doors into the hall he replaced with pairs of louvred doors painted white. Also painted white are two classic wooden columns, placed at either end of the wide square arch left after the dividing wall between the sitting and dining areas was removed.

With the help of tradesmen, Mr. Morris repapered and repainted the entire house, choosing light colors to give a feeling of space and light; for example, the wallpaper in the hall and up the stairwell on to the walls above the landing is a pale green with a delicate leaf pattern. This pattern makes an effective foil for the bold black-and-white-check vinyl on the hall floor.

A delightful feature of the renovations is the high-walled courtyard at the front of the house. Originally an open, untidy garden adjoining a shabby, cemented veranda, it is now paved with cool quarry tiles and planted with ground ivy, jasmine, a weeping cherry, and other decorative shrubs and flowers. There is also a hand-made stone fountain.

Carefully chosen furnishings, which include antiques and some unusual pieces of furniture made to Mr. Morris' designs, add to the charm of the house.

more pictures on page 29





# LUNCH IS A CRISP, CRISP WEETBIX

School lunch is a  
Weet-Bix cheesewich



Weet-Bix smothered in butter Marmite, sliced tomato, a layer of cheese. That's the Weet-Bix Cheesewich. And that's one school lunch kids won't swap for anything. You send them off mornings with a satisfied feeling, knowing they're eating another helping of all Weet-Bix natural nourishers, including Vitamin B1. Two Weet-Bix cost just 11¢ and that's value you won't swap for anything.



Don't put the Weet-Bix away after breakfast. They're too good. Sanitarium see to that.

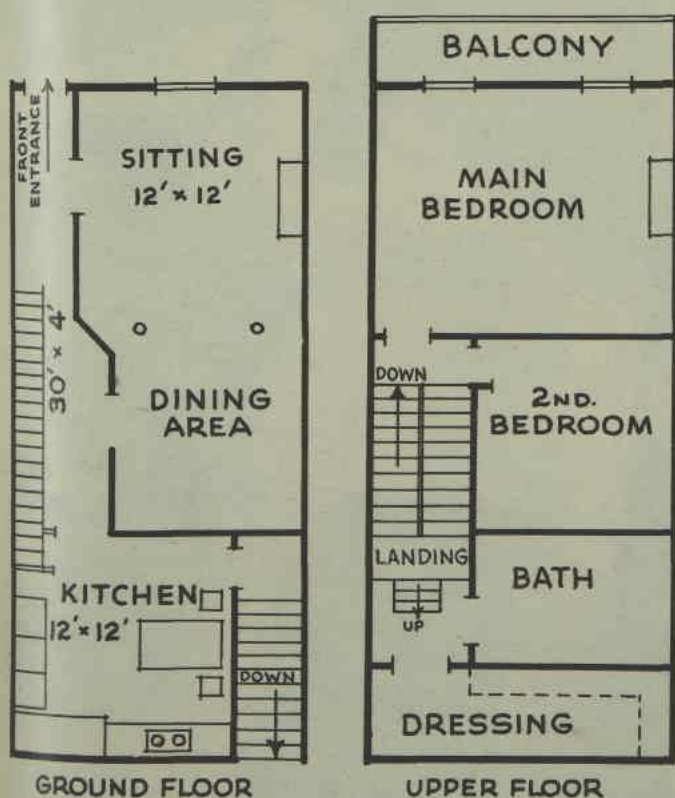




Main bedroom has a Mexican atmosphere with its colorful bedspread and hand-carved bedhead and bedside table — all of which are Mexican. Chest beneath mirror is an old English monk's chest which Mr. Morris stripped and oiled.

Sitting-room (below), with the dining-room beyond—originally two separate rooms. Mr. Morris removed the dividing wall and added the decorative wooden columns. Comfortable sofa is covered with a Belgian linen.

## HOUSE of the WEEK continued

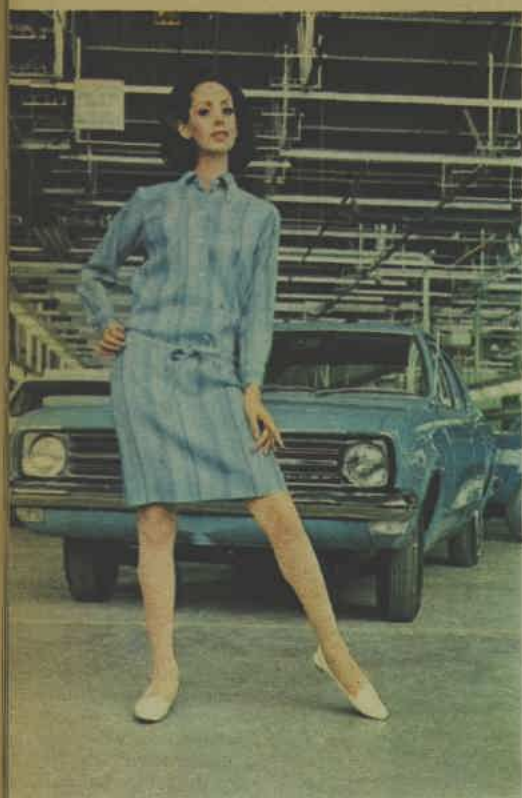


Another view of the sitting-room (right). Old slate fireplace was replaced by this marble one obtained from a neighboring demolition. Elegant coffee table is Italian — a gold-leafed metal frame, simulating bamboo, with a heavy glass top.



# CARS color-matched to

● Car designers have an eye to women buyers and drivers these days. The new Holdens are in all the fashion colors, as these pictures of six elegant autumn designs chosen to complement the cars show.

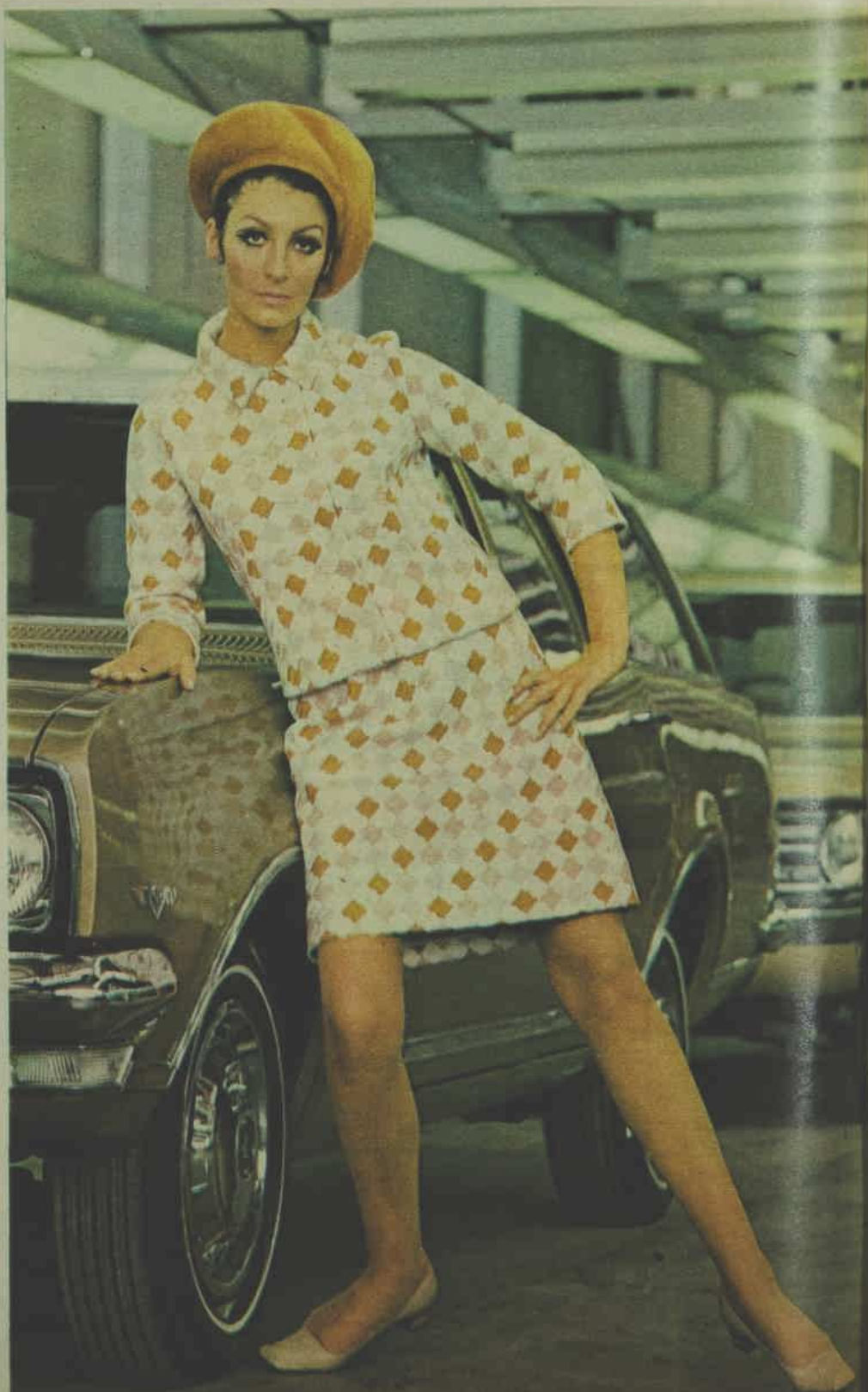


● Classic shirt-dress by Donald Davies, of Ireland, above, is striped in varying shades of blue. The dress, with its slick lines, is chosen to complement the low wide look of the new 186 Kingswood station sedan in mako-blue.



● Smooth twosome in fashion and car, above. The Italian-designed knit dress and jacket in red, white, and blue are worn with an Otto Lucas white felt hat. The red stripes in the bodice of the straight dress complement the picardy-red of the Kingswood sedan.

● Chic way to go places, right, in a two-piece Italian wool knit woven in checks of white, caramel, and grey. The suit is worn with a gold Otto Lucas beret. The car is a 5-litre V8 Premier station sedan in inca-gold.





# CLOTHES

● Luxurious African kid coat, left, has optional tie belt, matching mink collar, and is worn with an Otto Lucas mink beret. The luxury look is further complemented by the silver-mink 5-litre V8 Holden.



● Slip behind the wheel of a 186 S hacienda-blue sedan in the blue suede trousersuit, left, from Israel. Pants have flared legs and clip-on braces; the jacket has double vents at back and is fastened with gold buttons.

● A great look for fashion and car, right. Italian-designed dress in flower-printed wool knit has a high welted neckline and optional tie belt. The Belmont station sedan in pyrmont-green is tough, roomy, and stylish.  
— Fashions from David Jones' Ltd.





# How to save dad a lot of unnecessary leg work.

Get him to put in a second 'phone.



When dad's down in the workshop, it's a long run up when the 'phone rings. And how often does he get there — just too late?

He could simplify his life with a second 'phone. A workshop 'phone takes up almost no space and saves him a lot of worry — to say nothing of breath, patience and shoe leather.

Ask your post office for details about a second 'phone. It'll probably be the most useful tool in his workshop.



Life's for living -  
Let your 'phone help  
you enjoy it

AUSTRALIAN POST OFFICE



# DRESS SENSE

by BETTY  
KEEP

● The Paris-designed one-piece dress, below, is my design choice for a reader who is attending an April wedding at 3 p.m.

HERE is part of the reader's letter and my reply:

"I would like a design for a tailored dress suitable for a dress-weight wool in kelly-green. I intend wearing the dress to a mid-afternoon wedding in April. For accessories, I have chosen a wide-brimmed white hat and white gloves and black shoes."

The design I have chosen for you, illustrated below, is a Vogue Paris original by Givenchy. It has clean tailored lines, three-quarter kimono sleeves, bias collar, and front-button and side-zipper closing. To order, underneath the illustration are details.

"I am soon to be married, but not as a bride. I am a honey-blonde with brown eyes. Please suggest an outfit. I am 19."

What about a street-length pink crepe dress worn with pink stockings and matching shoes, or with silver stockings and silver shoes? Wear pink or silver ribbons in your hair.

"I want a suggestion for a blouse to wear with a floor-length black evening skirt."

A white blouse finished with a dandy jabot would be my choice.

"Would it be correct for a bridegroom to wear a dinner jacket and the best man and fathers to wear lounge suits? The wedding is an informal one at 4.30 p.m."

The best man and fathers wear the same type of clothes as the bridegroom. The correct attire for an informal wedding at 4.30 p.m. is a navy business suit, white shirt, quiet tie, and black shoes and socks.

"I was given a brown fur jacket and I don't go out much at night formally. I wondered when I could wear the jacket. I am 17."

You could wear it by day with a brown pleated skirt and brown turtle-necked sweater. Add brown shoes and stockings and brown handbag and gloves.

"What would be the correct accessories to wear with a blue-and-silver brocade evening dress?"

Silver shoes and stockings and a silver kid evening bag. If you wear gloves, they should be white skin.

"I have 3½ yards of 36in. beige fabric and 1 yard of white and I want a pattern that combines the two. The outfit I fancy is a sleeveless dress and short jacket. I have a 36in. bust fitting."

Our pattern department has a design for a dress and jacket that requires just the amount of material mentioned in your letter. The dress has a front and back yoke and little rolled collar in contrast. The jacket is collarless. To order, quote Vogue pattern 7169, the price 95c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No. C.O.D. orders accepted.

# everyday:



The luxury of 25 perfumes blended by Robertet of Paris, one of the world's greatest perfume houses. All at a price you can afford to use everyday. 59c



1818. — One-piece dress in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, and 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Vogue Paris original 1818, the price \$1.80 includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.





## Deep Secret

When hair looks this beautiful who would ever know there was grey there last week? One shampoo with Decoré Oil Colour Shampoo Rinse and grey goes, hair takes on a new and younger depth of colour. Decoré is the biggest-selling permanent hair colourant in Australia—and yet no one ever talks about it! Neither will you. You'll be so pleased at the natural look, why would you tell anyone you owe it all to Decoré? Choose your natural colour or go dramatically darker—or brighter. There's a colour that is right for you, and Decoré Oil Colour contains lanolin to keep hair healthy, lustrous. If you are unsure which Decoré colour suits you best, clip a lock of hair and send it to the **Decoré Advisory Bureau**, Carlton Arcade, 55-63 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Phone 28-8502.

DECORÉ OIL COLOUR SHAMPOO RINSE

What a clever way  
to keep them guessing.





# Puss on wheels

— and sometimes in a red knitted jumper, too. This was during the authors' summer holiday by motor-scooter through Spain. Mostly, though, Vino, the adopted kitten, was a sun, sand, and sea fan.

● Wine, coffee, soft drinks were all nectar to Vino, above lapping from the bottle at Benidorm. The authors stayed here a week while their scooter was repaired — by the blacksmith.

TO visit a cat in France may seem an odd reason for a holiday, but being Spanish and a seasoned motor-scooterist makes Vino into something of an oddity herself.

Vino came from Seville, actually, three summers ago. We arrived there one dusty evening, with a 3000-mile trip behind us, our little scooter loaded high with camping gear, and a seemingly endless summer vacation ahead.

We first saw Vino in a bar. The man was kindly but regretful — she would have to be drowned. One cannot keep all the kittens born round here.

Yes, she is beautiful. Very sad, yes. Perhaps you would like her, no?

Yes, of course we would have liked her, but on a scooter, and camping, well, it would be just impossible. Well, at any rate, difficult.

Inevitably we took her, a fluffy grey scrap of Spanish pussyhood, not more than three weeks old.

Once we were back in our tent, she accepted the tinned sardines we offered her, and we were relieved to find that she was quite capable of eating a hearty meal—no problems in that direction at least.

We sat there for some time, watching her explore the tent on her wobbly legs, poking into sleeping-bags, and leaping into the air after insects, real and imaginary, while we intermittently exchanged suggestions for a name for her.

It had obviously to be Spanish, and, as our vocabulary of that language was limited to *Cuanta costa?* and good evening, please, thank you, and a few names of vegetables, none of which seemed a suitable appendage for our new charge, we decided on Vino, roughly the only other word either of us knew.

Next morning we decided to leave Seville and make for the coast, for it was difficult to do justice to the historic

beauty of the town with a decidedly unappreciative kitten to carry along.

It would be cooler for her on the coast, too. Vino had already begun to influence our itinerary.

But how was she to travel? On short journeys between town and camp-site, she had sat bundled up in the skirt of whichever of us was on the back, oblivious of traffic, and very often asleep.

But this means of carrying her would not be possible on the day-long journeys we would be making.

We bought a basket of suitable size for her to sleep and travel in.

In the weeks ahead, we found that she did sleep most of the time we were bumping along the Spanish roads, provided she was allowed plenty of freedom at other times, and we had frequent stops during the day.

After all, she was still extremely young and we were pleasantly surprised to find just how adaptable she was.

If we had a particularly long day's travel ahead, we would spend hours beforehand tiring her — and ourselves in the process — with hectic games.

She adored running up and down outside the tent, leaping and grabbing at any object pushed against the canvas from the inside, becoming more and more excited until she would finally become exhausted and drop asleep within seconds, as kittens do.

Leaving Seville, our next stop was Jerez, then on to Cadiz and the coast.

## Little gourmet

Vino invariably became an object of attention on camp-sites, and we graciously received gifts, on her behalf, of tinned milk, meat, and fish, far in excess of what the little cat herself could have coped with, willing as she was to try!

Some superfluous fresh Mediterranean sardines tasted particularly good for supper one night, and we gratefully thanked their donor on behalf of *el gatito*.

We camped next at Algeciras, overlooking the Rock of Gibraltar, then crossed by ship to Tangier. The scooter was hoisted aboard, but we carried Vino in her basket.

The journey lasted about four hours and was hot and uncomfortable, and we were thankful to land in Tangier.

Unable to find a camp-site, we settled for a small hotel on the edge of the Casbah and were making inquiries at the desk when Vino pushed through the basket door and leapt up.

Not sure whether to pretend not to notice or try to explain her presence, we just smiled and nodded, and

look at Vino and gave us our money back. She was quite an asset!

But she didn't like it much in Tangier. It was very hot and there was no camp-site for her to run about on. After a few days, we returned to Spain.

A little farther up the coast, at Marbella, we found, to our astonishment, that Vino shared none of the cat's customary hatred of water.

While in the water one day, we heard a faint miaow and turned to see Vino valiantly paddling after us, her little grey head poking out of the sea. She really

particularly hot, telling each other we were crazy!

The swimming we became quite blasé about, though onlookers were often horrified and would insist on "rescuing" her.

Shortly before we left the Marbella site, we returned to the tent one lunchtime, but Vino was nowhere to be found.

## "Crazy" English

We spent an anxious afternoon searching the camp-site, asking all our neighbors if they had seen her.

We were informed that there was an English family who had several cats in their tent, our informers obviously thinking that the English were more than a little peculiar in this respect!

We visited them, asking if our kitten had joined their alleged number.

No, she wasn't there, but they helped in our search, telling us meanwhile the story of their own Spanish cats — a mother-to-be who had just walked into their tent one night and produced her kittens, eight of them, on an air-bed.

These people were due to depart for home.

They were going to do the kittens the kindness of having them painlessly destroyed by the local vet — sad, yes, but much preferable to leaving them unwanted.

Our search for Vino came to a happy end when she crawled out from under a neighbor's flysheet.

She yawned, stretched, and came purring over to the tent, ready for her tea after an afternoon's snooze.

We left Marbella and continued along the coast, all three enjoying the comparative cool of Granada and the mountains, and hopping along the coast, with short stays at several towns.

Vino was thriving, and growing.

She had very quickly come to know her own tent, and at each new stopping place would set off on a goody-collecting expedition from tent to tent.

She made us lots of friends this way. It is hard to return a German sausage to its rightful owner and remain dignified in the process!

Our cat's appreciation of

fine food caused us several embarrassing moments.

Occasionally we ate in restaurants as a change from camp-cooking, and Vino would stay, well behaved, in her basket until she caught a whiff of something which had particular appeal.

Then she would let out a howl and her basket would begin to sway to and fro under the table in a demented fashion, much to the astonishment of management and clientele alike.

It was all unnecessary, as we always took a paper bag on these occasions, and saved her a sizable share anyway.

In food and drink, she had strange tastes. She would sample wine, coffee, soft drink, in fact, anything offered to her. She greatly enjoyed rice and tomatoes, and a slice of peach would send her into a rapture of purring.

When we hit the tourist belt at Benidorm, we paid the customary tourist's visit to a bullfight, Vino playing quite happily on our knees.

It was in Benidorm that the scooter broke down, but we were quite content to spend a week there while it was repaired and serviced — by the local blacksmith!

Here, for the first time, we began to notice signs of autumn — a thunderstorm, the odd café closing for winter, and we decided it was time we were heading for home.

Until now Vino had preferred to sleep in her basket outside the tent, but we were amused to find her pushing up the zip of the tent in the night and sneaking into one of the sleeping-bags.

We made a few more short hops up the coast, enjoying several days sunbathing here and there, but having an uncomfortable couple of days on the Costa Brava when rainfall broke all records and our tent collapsed under the force of water.

We and the cat floated unceremoniously out in the middle of the night on a couple of air-beds.

We retreated to a café on the site and stayed with our salvaged belongings for 36 hours or so, until the sun shone again and we were able to go out and survey the wreckage, dry our things, and prepare to leave.

Continued on page 44



● Returning to the tent on the camp-site for a snooze after a swim. This was on the beach at Marbella, when Vino was about two months old.



● In the basket was the adopted kitten's customary place while shopping during the authors' camping trip by motor-scooter.





## PUSS ON WHEELS *Continued from page 35*

Worried in case Vino would be cold on the 1000-mile journey north, we bought some cherry-red wool and needles and knitted her a woolly sweater.

Much to our surprise, she accepted this as easily as she had accepted her nomadic life, and, though looking decidedly odd, she actually seemed rather proud of the thing.

We crossed the border into

**ADIOS, VINO.** The kitten with her new parents and one of the authors at Amiens.

France. Unfortunately our stock of food was stolen that night on a camp-site—the only time anything really unpleasant happened the whole summer.

We had little money left and were rather depressed.

However, at the next stopping place, Narbonne, was a whole encampment of young people "imported" for the grape harvest, and, once again, it was Vino who made the introductions.

She disappeared about 50 feet up a tree and made pathetic noises. A laughing little girl climbed up and carried her down with great delight.

Her family gathered round, and we were invited to catch the tail end of the grape harvest.

It was a couple of days' hard work, but it enabled us to replace what we had lost and carry on with our carefully budgeted trip home.

We continued on up through the Massif Central.

It was an extremely cold region, damp and misty, and scooter-riding was not much fun. On our fairly frequent stops for coffee, Vino would stretch herself and leap off the scooter, jumper and all, and play among the tables while we thawed out.

Two black coffees and a glass of warm milk was our regular order.

Vino was a beautiful cat, who would have attracted attention under any circumstances, but people found her way of life irresistible, and were enormously kind to her.

She played up magnificently, too, this blasé little traveller in a red jumper.

One night we shared a remote camp-site with a large family of gypsies. We did not know quite what to expect.

They obviously thought we were far odder than they were. Indeed, we were certainly much scruffier, with our dilapidated scooter and weatherbeaten tent, which compared most unfavorably with their smart, brightly caravans and equipment.

They, too, had a selection of healthy-looking animals, and were, naturally, interested in our bejumpered kitten.

They were Spanish gypsies, making their way south for the winter and, oddly enough, thought we were something similar from the north.

### Sad farewell

We, being obviously in less prosperous circumstances than they, were asked to share their meal. In true gypsy fashion they played guitars, castanets, tambourines, and danced flamenco for us all evening. Altogether a most enjoyable affair.

We left next morning at dawn, but they were already up and waved us a cheery goodbye.

The last two days of our journey through France were a little gloomy.

Though we had known all along that because of Customs regulations Vino would have to be left in France with friends, it had seemed a long time ahead.

However, when we arrived at the home of Monsieur and Madame Hemart, in Amiens, little Vino was at her journey's end.

This kind and homely couple had prepared a bed for her by the large pot-bellied coke stove in their kitchen, and had obviously been looking forward to meeting Vino, of whom they had heard so far only in letters.

They were delighted with her. Vino spent the evening curled up on Madame's knee.

It was sad indeed to leave her the following morning. She miaowed dreadfully as the scooter bumped away down the road with its two tearful riders.

We couldn't get home quickly enough after this — it was very strange without her.

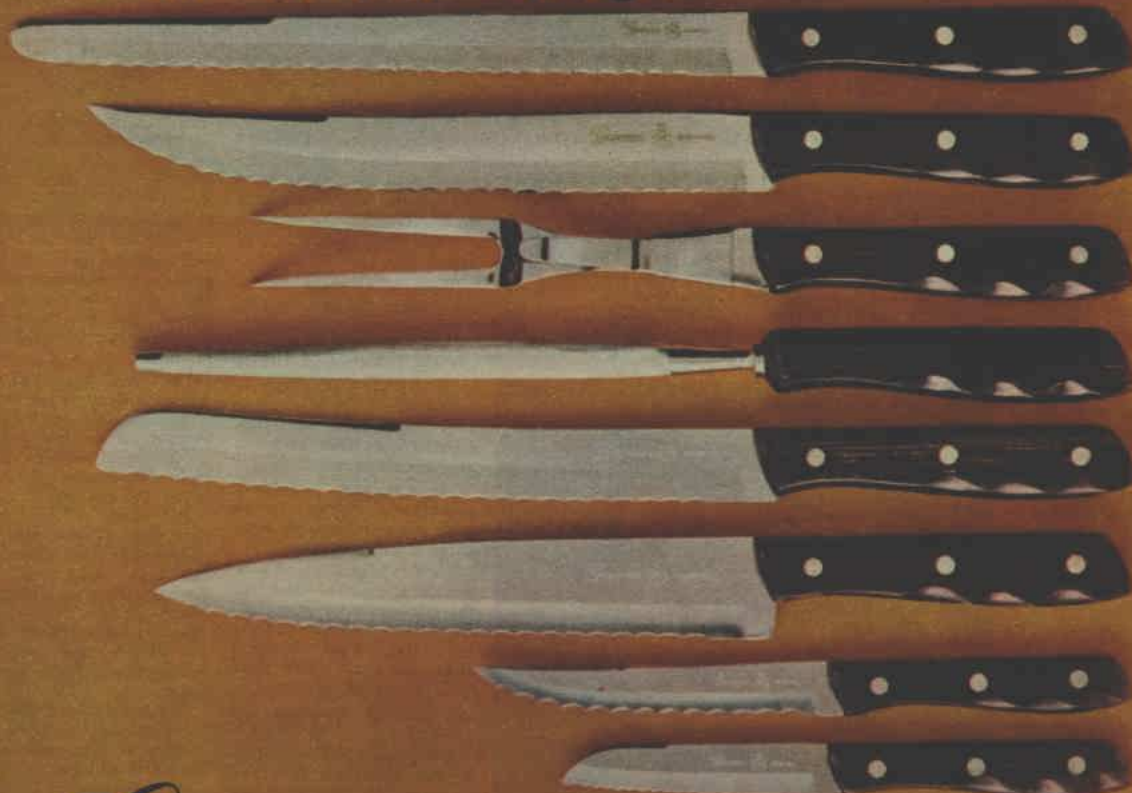
We have both, on occasions, visited the Hemarts and their cat. Vino's existence is pleasant but placid; nothing more exciting nowadays than a stroll down to the pond to chase the ducks or a little rat-catching around the small holding.

But she's a happy cat, all right. She sleeps by the stove, and opens one eye as a scooter passes.

Perhaps she does remember something of her adventurous youth — or is it just our imagination?



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# CLOTHES IN CHINESE

## FASHION

**CHIN YU**, the lovely half-Chinese wife of Australian singer-actor David Williams, took a glamor wardrobe of Chinese-inspired clothes to Kuala Lumpur for their six weeks' floorshow booking at the Merlin Hotel.

Chin Yu, an accomplished singer, is well known for hand-miming, which she learnt as a girl in New York.

The talented pair met and married in London 14 years ago when David was playing Lieut. Joe Kable and Chin Yu, Liat, in the musical "South Pacific."

While they are away on tour, a housekeeper will care for their 11-year-old twins, at their home in the Sydney suburb of Cremorne.

Just before they left, they were delighted with the news that David's daughter, Lynne, 19, had passed second year medicine.

Chin Yu, whose mother was English and father Chinese, was interned by the Japanese in Hong Kong during World War II and later evacuated to America in exchange for Japanese internees.

"So, a trip to the East means that I can brush some rust from my Chinese," she said.

— GLORIA NEWTON

● Beautiful old-style mandarin gown (right) in Chin Yu's wardrobe for her Kuala Lumpur season. She said, "It is lovely to wear."

● Chin Yu, wife of singer-actor David Williams, in cheongsam — her preference for off-stage wear. She had this one in Thai silk made in Kuala Lumpur, sending her measurements to a dressmaker there. "It was a perfect fit," she said.



● In "Chinese Charleston" dress. She said, "It illustrates the song, which claims the Chinese invented the Charleston. One line, 'Marco Polo saw the step and he thought China hep!'"

● "I wear this long black sheared-rabbit Chinese tunic lined with red and gold brocade when I finger-mime to David singing 'Love is a Many Splendored Thing,'" Chin Yu said of the gown, left.



— Pictures by staff photographer DON CAMERON





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## CHILDREN —carefree or careworn?

"WHERE have those beautiful, carefree days of childhood gone?" asks J. Kidd. Well, they haven't gone completely — they just have not been allowed to emerge. The modern trend is for parents and communities to work hard to provide entertainment for both children and teenagers. Each group misses out on a lot of fun because of this.

\$2 to "Mum" (name supplied), West Wyalong, N.S.W.

ADULTS can attribute too much fantasy to the thought processes of the child mind. Watching a five-year-old at play in a sand-pit, I ventured to ask, "Are you digging a secret tunnel?" No response. "Making something nice for dinner?" Back came the reply, "I am putting sand into a box." I took MY head from the clouds.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Cornes, Toowoong, Qld.

PARENTS who encourage swimming lessons, gymnastics, athletic training, music, etc., are not ruining their children's lives, but are real parents, endeavoring to prepare them for the future and strengthen their characters in order to cope with a very nasty world.

\$2 to Mrs. Mary W. Bloink, Ceres, Vic.

I AGREE about modern parents tending to run their children's lives for them. Discipline and some physical exercise are important, but the competitive spirit on the parents' part can often be too keen. Children of these parents have to be entertained every minute of their school holidays, and even this has to be organised for them. It would be much better if they were to have more free time to exercise their imaginations, finding contentment in their own company. In this way they would not grow into unhappy, discontented adults.

\$2 to "Hoping" (name supplied), Walgett, N.S.W.

THE wonderful times of doing nothing, of just sitting in a swing, or tossing stones at nothing in particular, are almost over by the time children have reached that old, old age of eight years. When I think of the years of study stretching ahead, it is sad to think of one precious moment of childhood lost too soon.

\$2 to "Precious Moments" (name supplied), East Lindfield, N.S.W.

OVER the years I have watched children's ability to play gradually fade. Cubby-building and creating exciting games is a lost art. The ever-increasing pace and pressure of life could be mainly responsible. Where parents are wrong is in providing too much too soon in toys and equipment, so taking away the joys of creating and enjoying simple pleasures. But in having children taught swimming, dancing, etc., parents are doing a worthwhile job.

\$2 to Mrs. E. Paterson, Padstow, N.S.W.



## LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

## False image

NO wonder the Australian male is under a misapprehension as to the life of an average housewife. Most TV shows depict Mum cooking and looking beautiful. She washes-up on rare occasions, and when not chatting gaily on the phone or attending social functions, piles the kids into the car for a shopping expedition. A real-life Dad arrives home and finds his wife mopping-up the contents of the kitchen cupboard which a toddler has just emptied on the floor. He is bewildered that his wife and his house could get in such a mess.

\$2 to Mrs. O. Spiers, Walgett, N.S.W.

## No stiff upper-lip?

WHEN I was a small girl, women who bravely faced up to their misfortunes were called "Britons." Children who were brave at the dentist were "little Britons." Although I always howled my head off, I was many times called a "little Briton"—I expect it was to shame me into keeping quiet. However, the expression is seldom heard today. Another sign of a disintegrating Commonwealth?

\$2 to "Custom Made" (name supplied), Eagle Farm, Qld.

## Togetherneess caravan-style

MANY say they could not bear to live even for a short while in a caravan. Well, I'm sold on caravan holidays. The chief reason is that the family are not only amused most of the time by swimming or sightseeing but that in the evenings they are OURS, Dad's and mine. After tea we either go for a walk together, or sit round the table talking, reading, and playing games. The point is that we do all these things together, no TV, just the companionship of each other. The home and family atmosphere returns during a caravan holiday.

\$2 to "Galavan" (name supplied), Lockleys, S.A.

## No color bar

I HAVE two little kittens of whom I am equally fond. Sometimes I fondle one and think, "What a dear little black face you have!" Then I pet the other, and think, "What a dear little white face you have!" Don't you think this is probably how God feels toward the human race?

\$2 to Jenny Lawrence, Kaban, Qld.

## Backseat driver

ALTHOUGH she has just obtained her licence, Mum is renowned for her backseat driving. On a recent long journey, when she offered to drive, her offer was firmly rejected by Dad with, "Aren't you?"

\$2 to "Wrong Move" (name supplied), Victor Harbor, S.A.

## Ross Campbell writes...

### POLLY'S KETTLE

A LADY wrote to this magazine lately with an interesting opinion on drinking habits.

She said that women became tea-drinkers as soon as they are married. Certainly this does very often happen. The champion tea-drinkers one reads about — the ones who have dozens of cups a day — are usually married women.

Why does matrimony involve so much tea-drinking?

It is probably because married women have a lot of things to do. Tea is an ideal excuse for knocking off for a bit.

There is something leisurely about it. Coffee, its chief rival, is excel-

lent stuff, but it has a more bustling quality.

Busy people say they "grab a cup of coffee." But you do not hear of anyone grabbing a cup of tea.

On the question whether girls should drink tea before marriage, there are differing opinions.

The coffee-growers, of course, disapprove of it.

The lady who wrote the letter said her pre-marital drinking had



been restricted to milkshakes and lemonade.

I think it is a good idea for a single girl to learn how to make tea. It provides useful experience for the years of marriage that lie ahead.

That is an advantage of office work. Junior girls often commit the bad mistake of making weak tea.

The men in the office soon put them on the right track.

On the other hand, it is a pity for a single girl to stick to the one drink — to go steady with tea, as it were.

I have known some who were quite besotted with it, always jumping at the opportunity for a tea-break.

Youth is surely the time for experiment, and a girl should grasp her opportunity of trying other beverages.

There is an old rhyme that touches on this subject:  
"She likes coffee, she likes tea,  
She likes sitting on a black man's knee."

The lines were often heard in my childhood; they are not so current today when people are more sensitive on racial issues.

I would not advocate this young lady's somewhat free code of behaviour, but her open-minded attitude to refreshments is attractive.

By all means let the single girl try coffee, milkshakes, bitter lemon, etc. And even after her wedding there is no need for her to become entirely dedicated to tea-drinking.

A little variety—like the occasional malted milk—helps to keep a marriage alive.



## And we eat raw prawns

● A TV program in Belgian schools told children that boomerangs were used to light fires and that the kiwi was an Australian bird. Australian Rules footballers on a poster were said to be playing Rugby.

How sweet is the koala's song!  
I leap from out my eiderdown;  
My faithful dingo flies along  
And hauls my gunyah into town.

Why fuss if people inculcate  
Quaint fantasies in foreign schools  
Providing someone puts them straight  
On Rugby and Australian Rules.

— Dorothy Drain

## World's best mixer

TO discourage any further calls from a persistent electrical salesman, I told him that I'd had my mixer for six years, that it was far from new when I got it, that it did not have a well-known name or sleek lines, but that it was very reliable. I refused his suggestion of a trade-in, and he asked could he see the mixer. I pointed to my husband, who was at that moment walking up the path. This salesman never bothered me again.

\$2 to "Anon" (name supplied), Gin Gin, W.A.

## Crossing in safety

JUST returned from England, I'd like to comment on the practice of having "Lollypop Men" at school crossings used by small children. Wearing eye-catching long coats of white, yellow, or orange and a vivid peaked cap, they carry poles topped with large discs bearing the words "Halt. Children Crossing." Paid a small wage by the local council, they are usually retired men, though many housewives also take on this job.

\$2 to Mrs. M. Buchan, Balwyn, Vic.





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***"Aren't you wearing Tweed?"***



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**A** MOTORISTS' association serviceman tells the story of the woman driver who called for service because her car wouldn't start. "Your battery is flat," she was told. "Oh!" she replied, "what shape should it be?"

To save the embarrassment of such moments (and if you are a driver who doesn't see the point of the anecdote above you are in for plenty such moments!) here are a few simple points any woman driver can, and should, learn about her car:

The first thing you should do is read the handbook for your particular car. This is essential, as what is right for one car is often very wrong for another.

For example, when starting a cold car with some cars you should depress the accelerator pedal, while with other cars this is wrong and could flood the engine with petrol. So check your handbook.

If you should flood the engine (by giving it too much gas by the choke or accelerator) here's what to do:

## Hints, if flooded...

Wait ten to 15 minutes for the fuel to drain out. If you can't do this, press the accelerator slowly to the floor, push the choke right in, and engage the starter motor. The engine will run roughly, till it dries out, and you will be trailing clouds of black smoke.

The alternative is to run the car, if manual, down a hill in second or third gear until the engine engages.

Learn what each control is for, and become familiar with their positions so that when you are driving in bad weather conditions, or steering is difficult, you can reach automatically for light switches, wiper switches, etc., without having to divert attention to them.

Your car will have temperature and oil-pressure gauges or warning lights. Learn what each is for and watch them.

(For example, your generator has a light to give early warning of charging problems.)

If your red ignition light comes on it could mean your fan belt is broken.)

Have your car serviced regularly as recommended in your handbook. And, for all garage services, it is best to ask for a quote first.

For every car there are certain regular checks which must be made. Oil, water, and tyres should be checked weekly; the battery at least monthly.

You can ask your garage to check these things for you when you buy petrol, but you should also know how to check them yourself. (Keep a pair of old gloves and some rags in the car.)

### OIL

There is a dipstick for checking your engine oil level. Your handbook will tell you where it is. The dipstick is marked with "maximum" and "minimum"

## That a woman can drive a car is a fact accepted today by all but a few diehard males. But how many women drivers know what to do to keep their cars in good running order?

levels. Pull it out, wipe it free of oil, replace it, and pull it out again to get an accurate reading.

You can also check fluid levels in your brake and clutch master cylinders (see handbook again). These should be checked by your garage at each servicing.

Engine oil levels should be checked when the engine is cold (first thing in the morning is best). If the oil is heated you will get a false reading.

### RADIATOR

The water level in your radiator (see your book) should also be checked when the engine is cold.

If you have to check it when the engine is hot (perhaps on a long trip), remove the cap very slowly to prevent getting scalded.

As you loosen the cap one turn, you will feel a definite "stop." Wait until the pressure escapes through the overflow, and then remove. Avoid topping up an overheated radiator, but if it has to be done have the engine running — so that the cold water will circulate round the hot engine.

### TYRES

Pressures should be checked weekly. To check them yourself, you would need to buy a tyre pressure gauge, which is quite simple to use—but, of course, pumping is another matter! Your garage will pump them.

Don't forget the spare. You may need to change a wheel.

Tyres should be checked when they are cool. After a drive, the tyres are hot and pressure builds up.

Sometimes front and back tyres require different pressures, check your handbook.

Tyres with low pressure heat more rapidly and are likely to suffer blowouts. Tyres with too much pressure will give you a very rough ride.

You should inspect your tyres regularly, looking for cuts and bruises on the side walls, and for stones, glass, or nails embedded in the tread. These must be removed before they wear through. Check your valves for slow leaks, and replace lost valve caps.

Before removing nails or the like from tyres, mark the spot on the side wall of the tyre nearest to the nail, and drive to the nearest garage.

Pulling objects from the tread may only result in an immediate flat.

Don't drive on tyres with "bald" (treadless) patches. Be sure your tyres are in good condition. Worn tyres are dangerous. (And you can be fined for driving with a faulty tyre.)

Your four tyres, plus spare, should be rotated every 3000 to 5000 miles, to give more-even wear.

The rotation is done diagonally (back-left to front-right, front-right to front-left, front-left to back-right, back-right to spare, and spare to back-left).

Have your wheels balanced

at least every 3000 miles. Wheels out of balance make a car unsafe to drive. Your front wheels should be aligned about every 12 months, or 10,000 miles, to increase tyre life and make driving easier.

### BATTERY

You should check the acid level in your battery at least monthly. Distilled water only should be added. The liquid in the battery should cover the metal plates by  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. If your battery is difficult to see into, use a mirror.

Be careful when you unscrew the caps on the bat-

tery when you need to clean the screen while driving. Check that the washer water bottles are filled and your washers in good working order. Make sure that your wiper blades are also in good order and properly adjusted.

### CLEANING

You should clean your car every week.

When your car is new, wash it often with water only. It should not need a detergent wash for some time. New cars should not be waxed for about the first six months (see your handbook) as this can actually dull the finish.



tery; they have acid on them which will corrode clothing and upholstery. Watch where you place them, or any rags you use to wipe them. The battery should be kept clean. Dirt inside it will corrode it.

### PERIODIC CHECKS

These should be made of brakes, lights, windscreen wipers and washers, horn, steering and wheel alignment, exhaust system and muffler. Your garage will do most of this, but there are a few simple checks you can make yourself.

## Check on brakes

When the car is stationary, press firmly on the brake pedal. The pedal should not sink further than half the distance between its normal position and the floor. If it does, your brakes require service.

You can check your tail lights and stop lights by backing your car close to a wall, turning on your lights, and pressing your brake pedal. You should see the lights on the wall surface.

A dusty windscreen reduces vision, especially at night. Wipe it over with a wet chamois before you go out. Don't use a dry rag, you could scratch the glass.

Check your windscreen washers. They are useful

still hot after driving, as quick drying will leave streaks. After the wash, check under mats for leaks.

Keep a regular lookout for interior leaks and check any with your garage.

The bodywork should be waxed two or three times a year. Use a soft cheesecloth and never wax in strong sunlight. Remember, a detergent wash given by car laundries removes the wax as well as the dirt.

There are certain driving tips, too, which will keep your car in better order.

First, when you get into the car, you should go through a form of "cockpit drill." Check your seat position and rear-vision mirror. Check the foot brake, and that the clutch moves freely. Check the fuel gauge, and see that the steering wheel isn't slack.

If the car refuses to start, simple checking before calling for help could save a red face.

First, check if dial needles and generator and ignition lights come to life. (If not, this could mean no power is coming from the battery.)

A loose or dirty lead on the battery terminal could be the culprit. Clean and replace—car may then start.

If instruments operate, then the trouble is more involved and assistance is required.

A good driving rule is to drive down a hill in the same gear you went up it. This means the engine is helping the brakes. Don't coast down a hill.

## Clutch pointers

Always depress the clutch fully when changing down gears, and use reverse gear only when stationary. In traffic, don't wait with the clutch pedal "in" and gear selected, wait in neutral. Also, don't ride the clutch to hold a car on an incline, and don't use the clutch as a footrest.

All these bad driving habits are very harmful to the car. If you are caught in a heavy traffic jam for any length of time, switch off your engine.

When driving, don't pump the accelerator unnecessarily; try to accelerate smoothly. On a level road, make use of the engine's pulling power in top gear around 30-35 mph, rather than a low gear.

Brake slowly — you stop better and can steer better. Also, fast stopping and starting puts a severe strain on the tyres.

When parking, it is always safer to leave a manual car in gear, particularly on a slope, as the engaged gear acts as a kind of brake. If leaving a car parked for any length of time in your garage, it is best to leave it in gear, with the hand brake off, to prevent too much wear on the brake cable.

When parking an automatic car it is not advisable to leave it in gear. Consult the handbook for correct advice on engaging the "park" position.

(Also consult the book for an emergency start in an automatic.)



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... Margaret Merril

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In fact, their main function is to remove all worries from you, leaving you free to meet new people and enjoy new sights and sounds. Pretty good reasons when you think about it!

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Hotel accommodation is in double rooms without bath during the European and English-Scottish tours and your London sojourn.

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(COLLECT your fully descriptive tour brochure by calling in or writing to any of these General Sales Agents:

N.S.W. - A.C.T.: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney 2000. Tele. 28-4841.

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Victoria-Tasmania: World Travel Headquarters Pty. Ltd., C.M.L. Building, 330 Collins Street, Melbourne 3000. Tele. 67-7481.

Queensland-Northern Territory-New Guinea: Universal Travel Company, Queensland Insurance Building, 371 Queen Street, Brisbane 4000. Tele. 2-3008.

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His horoscope says he's a travelling man! Sympathetic by nature, idealistic, changeable and creative. Likely to be musical, clever artistically, being more sensitive than most! His mother did the right thing by him. She bought Dri-Glo Nappies. They keep even the most sensitive babies happy. And though they may cost a little more, with a baby like Jonty... it really is worth it!

**DRI-GLO NAPPIES**

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This man spent months choosing the ideal blend for Oasis 11/2256. One of the Aristo patterns.

**This carpet would be almost as good if we didn't  
blend in the two unusual fibres.**

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You won't find the difference by looking at it. Or by walking on it with bare feet.  
But wait a few years. Or until you spill a drink.  
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The blend is 40% wool, 40% Evlan and 20% Bri-Nylon — chosen after months of experimenting.  
And we take steps to be sure that every Aristo

carpet receives *precisely* this blend.  
We admit we're fussy. We think you should be, too.  
You can see all 41 patterns in the Red Books. Aristo, Artistry and Tweedletwist in the Axminster range. Springtwist in the Wilton range. The best carpet dealers have them.



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ET 271





THE ORIGINAL ALICE SPRINGS, from which the famous town derived its name, are on the Todd River, about two miles north of The Alice. They were named after Lady Alice Todd, wife of Sir Charles Todd, the man responsible for the construction of the Overland Telegraph Line. The settlement that sprang up near the springs was originally named after the explorer Stuart, but the people continued to call it Alice Springs, which, eventually, became its official name. Picture is by Mr. Ross Quince, Bexley, N.S.W.

BEAUTIFUL

AUSTRALIA

## SCENES OF THE INLAND

THE OLD Mooloolooloo Road, from Blinman to Parachilna, in the Flinders Range, S.A., is a blaze of color when the wild hops bloom after heavy spring rain. Aborigines used to travel hundreds of miles to Parachilna, an old ochre mine, to get the red dye for their ceremonial corroborees. Picture taken by Mr. K. Phillips, Mitcham, S.A.





# AT HOME . . . with Margaret Sydney

## ● Have you ever thought what it is that makes the human race bearable?

I HAVE just given three-and-a-half-minutes' solid thought to the question, and have come up with an answer that seems to me entirely satisfactory.

The human race is bearable only because it's made up of an enormous number of different, distinct, diverse, separate, unpredictable people, no two of whom are exactly the same.

Not a world-shaking philosophic discovery, but I

was driven to it by the sheer horror of a newspaper story about the views and predictions of Lord Rothschild, a leading English authority on the functions of the reproductive cells.

Lord Rothschild, without a reported shudder, looks into his scientific crystal ball and tells us that within measurable time it will be possible for science to give men and women "their first taste of immortality."

How's it to be done? By choosing "donor" parents,

fertilising the ovum outside the female body and incubating the foetus under laboratory conditions. According to Lord Rothschild, this duplication could be carried on almost indefinitely, so that it would be possible to raise great "families" of almost identical people, each of them influenced a little by environment, but guided by the same behaviour patterns as the originals.

Thus it would be possible to take a great musician and reproduce him over and over again; take a demon bowler and reproduce from him a whole race of sportsmen who looked exactly like him and had the same muscular development and the same co-ordination; take a famous model and reproduce her many times with the same vital statistics, the same skin, the same ability to lift a provocative eyebrow.

Nuts. Can you think of any better way of killing off music, sport, the modelling industry—or any other field of human endeavor that you can name?

Similarly, Lord Rothschild said, it would be possible to take any eminent scientist the world regarded as a genius, and reproduce from him generations of eminent scientists with the same basic mental equipment but the ability to improve on the performance of their "parent" as science moved forward through more advanced frontiers.

He said he didn't think wholesale reproduction of living people would be a good idea, that it would be better to set up a council of genetic control and select only the top and most desirable few for large-scale reproduction.

It's not too clear from newspaper reports whether he was advocating this or just saying it was possible—but scientists have a way of advocating the possible. It seems a more desperately horrible idea than anyone's ever had outside the pages of the most savage satires.

It might be ego-flattering for the chosen few to know that they were to achieve immortality in this way, but think of the hopeless barrenness of having to realise that you were not a person but just a carbon-copy.

Every person, no matter how dissatisfied he may be with his temperament, his mental powers, his appearance, his physical make-up, is, nevertheless, aware of that unique quality that the small child rejoices over when he says triumphantly "I'm ME."

Fancy a whole life in which you were never able to think to yourself "I'm me," but only "I'm copy number 4337 of a prototype chosen by the Council for Genetic Control."

## How boring—to look round the dinner table at replicas of oneself

HUMAN beings are nutty (thank goodness), and you'd take half the satisfaction out of their nutty lives if they could no longer take credit for those things for which they shouldn't.

The credit, if there is any, belongs to their parents, who, without conscious effort, gave them the right genes for a good brain, a good head of hair, a good ear, good co-ordination, a good constitution, a good temperament.

It'd be a lot harder to persuade yourself that these inherited things were virtues and matters of pride if you knew there were masses of "you" cluttering up the country.

If the day comes when the system is ever put into action, let's hope they'll have sophisticated incubators that can do the child-care job right up to the point where the child can care for himself.

Can you think of anything more boring, frustrating, and rage-producing than looking round the dinner table at a whole row of replicas of yourself, all behaving in practically identical ways, and doing the things and practising the tricks and expressing the opinions that you expressed at the same age?

Surely the family, like the human race, is made bearable by the fact that all its members are different. How dull life would be, and how indescribably bad-tempered and fault-finding parents would get, since psychologists have been telling us for donkey's years that the things that distress us in our children are those likenesses to ourselves which remind us of tendencies (perhaps hidden) we disapprove of in our own characters.

For the world's sake I hope none of this ever comes to pass. I don't think most people would want this sort of immortality. I certainly don't.

But it's pleasant, at last, to have found a nice, easy reason for being glad that you're not a great brain, a great beauty, or a phenomenal hand at hitting the ball hither and yon.



The fashions of John J. Hilton are as you know regarded as tops, and have always been so. The Lana-Knit fabrics they constantly use are also the tops—so you see you can't lose if you choose from the best and the rest you refuse.

But whether you wear the top fashion or not or work in old jeans and don't give a jot. One thing is certain—common ground where you meet you'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

*John J. Hilton*

**B**  
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# Dear Polly,

"I'd love to be a red-head—I envy girls with rich, ruby-coloured hair. My hair is light brown. Can I make the change?"

There's no reason in the world why you shouldn't be a red-head. Just use Polycolor Cream Shampoo Hair Colouring. Polycolor No. 26 Ruby will give your hair that rich deep red you've always admired. And Polycolor is simple to use, just like an ordinary shampoo. The colour covers up to 30% grey and lasts a month or more...then you just shampoo in Polycolor again.

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P.S. For very grey hair, you should use Polycolor Cream Hair Tint.

If you have a hair problem write Pauline 'Polly' Reynolds, Polycolor Hair Beauty Consultant, P.O. Box 18, Villawood, N.S.W., 2163, or call her in person at Sydney 72-0461.

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At Pharmacies and Department Stores... ask the Poly Hair Beauty Counsellor about the fine range of Poly Hair cosmetics.

PC 5-68







Carol White wears  
a Berlei Convertible  
under her bare  
black cocktail...  
her cut-away casual...  
and her long  
white backless.

(Then she turns it right back  
to a basic bra for work.)



Berlei Convertible is a basic stretch bra  
...pretty lace combined with light Lycra stretch sides,  
back and straps. A basic bra that converts and  
converts and converts...and converts right back  
again to a basic bra. Style 220, A-C, 32-38, \$4.95.  
Style 221 (softly contoured) A-C, 32-36, \$5.95.







Wide spaced straps and a naturally low back...for evening styles. And if you want total back view, Berlei Convertible hooks right down on to your step-ins! Berlei Convertible...no other!



Wide-cut armholes? Convert to halter—or simply cross straps at the back. Cut-outs at the back? Wear Convertible backless. At the front? Berlei Convertible's sweet low front takes care of that.



It converts and converts...to match almost any neckline you can think of...even this one. Straps cross at the back...cling wide at the shoulders...even convert to halter. Every style in Berlei comfort.



McCall's pattern No. 8612

# Convertible by Berlei

Just like having five bras for the price of one!

McCall's pattern No. 8446



# taste buddies

## Arnott's SAO biscuits and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese

Snapping together with fresh crispy taste, Arnott's SAO biscuits and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, the big-time (anytime) taste buddies. Arnott's SAO biscuits, big enough to build a meal on...and KRAFT Cheddar Cheese, full of strengthening protein and calcium. Bite into a snack that crackles with good health. It's a great taste! Try it!



The family's favourite cracker snack  
— crisp Arnott's SAO biscuits  
and nourishing KRAFT® Cheddar Cheese.





● "Susie and Ellie were good girls, as many a man had found to his cost."

# The winds that blew at Cossack

THE scene is picture-still. There is no movement at all, just the strange desert of this big bay, its mud dunes baking fresh crusts in the sun, its headlands wearily facing each other, the spinifex dwarfs on their back unstirring. There is a waterless creek-bed running like a muddy street between despondent, heavily interlaced mangroves, a narrow pebbly shore-strip, a thin red road, a bleached wood hut on spindle legs, a humble-bumble of three weather-board buildings.

The store stands on the corner of another straggle of road, with the surprise of a two-storeyed building across from it, a building of the blue-metal stone native to the district, with a small wharf fronting it and an enclosure made from upright lengths of railway lines and high, high wire netting.

Farther up this street, a row of empty, dilapidated two-storeyed terrace houses mull together, clutched close against destruction.

On the ridge of low hills that hold the little port in a half-basin against the bay, there rests a windmill, and down near a sharkproof pool there is another little cottage, and past the high-walled enclosure there are beachcombers' shacks, built high-legged against king tides.

In the bay there sits a little ship, a lighter, and around her little fishing boats lie asleep on their sides in the mud; and against the wharf, which stands at the edge of the sometimes creek, another lighter dozes.

Practically on the wharf is an old hotel—its narrow veranda hits the road and the road hits the wharf. It

contains, all in a row, the bar room, the billiard room, and the drunks' room, with a ladies' parlor tucked in behind the billiard room, and a liquor storeroom behind the bar. It has solid doors, but its windows are just holes in the walls, with plank shutters poled out from the ledges, shutters that can be instantly dropped down and bolted against willy-willy, cyclone, or driving rain.

On the bar there is an old wind-up gramophone and a stack of records, under it a stack of bottled beer cooled by a wet blanket.

The walls are decorated with Aboriginal tools and weapons, a dart-board, barometer, and wall chart, and the weather chart says that right here on this spot is Cyclone Centre.

The bar has seen a lot in its day. Here the unique

miscellany of wire and canvas stretchers, a fascinating collection of forgotten swags and left-behind musical instruments, battered felt hats melted in the inferno and glued to the walls, cockney caps, heavy boots and holey sandshoes, a crutch, a cane, a split plaster cast in the clumsy shape of a half-leg and foot, two still-perky black bow ties, and a top hat with its lid fallen or bashed in. It is oddly reminiscent of a backwoods theatre dressing-room, suddenly abandoned by the players.

Over the front and the back buildings of the hotel are slung great rusty anchor chains, attached to ships' anchors, to hold the old place fast against the cyclones that batter this desolate coast during the Wet.

The little port is Cossack, on the north-west coast of Western Australia, perhaps a

The conditions tempted us—four pounds a week and keep—we would be able to save about three pounds a week, unbelievable good fortune at that period. So we did it . . .

I LEANED against a corner of the drunks' room, fascinated, fascinated.

The drunks' room had real windows, with bars and chicken wire nailed across them. When the wife of the Roebourne licensee had brought us down, just a few days ago, she had explained the office of this giant cell.

"We built this ourselves," she said, her eyes maternal. "We found we had to have our own lock-up. When the seasonal workers come through—you know, the shearers and the Wyndham meat-workers—they'll all get ashore if they can! And the

with. He had settled into his new job as licensee remarkably well—especially for a young man who had signed the pledge not to drink, and, as far as I knew, still hadn't broken it.

Shigini, the Japanese storekeeper, had a young assistant named Kevin, who delivered the large orders in a basket. The store owned the only two motor-vehicles in the port, an early model Chevrolet truck and a four-seater car. You could hire either of these and drive yourself or hire Kevin as taxi-man.

Shigini adored my infant, and always threw up his arms with delight when I wheeled or carried him into the store.

And I loved the store, packed as it was with treasures—racks of glorious silk, heavily embroidered kimonos, trays of stretched, painted silk fans, straw fans,

Sometimes we played tennis on the court near the guest-room. It was made of mashed anthills.

Of an evening, the girls and I joined Nob, Big Don, and the lighter captain in the little parlor behind the billiard room. There we played innocent card games—sevens and rummy—for no more than matches, and at about ten o'clock the girls would fetch a supper tray from the kitchen.

We were rarely disturbed. Sometimes some of the lightermen played billiards and sometimes had a drink, sometimes a truck rumbled down from Roebourne—a party come for a swim, or louts looking for trouble.

These latter usually announced themselves by hammering on the bar and yelling for service. When Nob indignantly flew out, Big Don rolled after him and stood leaning against the wall, a match between his teeth, a hammer-like fist just gently swinging back and forth.

Don was with a land-survey group and ambled off sometimes for the day, but, thank goodness, always ambled back by nightfall.

The Actor was quite a bloke. Certainly he had trodden the boards, boxed, promoted fights. What else? Nobody knew. Nobody knew much about anybody around there. If you were foolish enough to ask a man where he came from he'd tell you, "Five miles from the Burning Stump" or "From this side of the rabbit-proof fence"—which runs a thousand miles through Western Australia.

The Actor and the Boxer, like the other casuals in the beach shacks, scratched a living by fishing and wharf-laboring.

Soon the inhabitants were not just a mob of men but were assuming individual identity. There were six shanties up in the spinifex, inhabited by world-forgotten, left-behind old men. The shanties were made of rusted,

● Strange and colorful was the year a young couple

ran the hotel in what is now a ghost town in Australia's

remote north-west . . . a true story by E. M. NOBLET

baroque pearl formation, the "Southern Cross"—found in the waters outside—changed hands on the turn of a card, later to fetch £30,000 in London.

Just behind the bar, to the left, is a row of six guest-rooms, built up on high legs, verandahed on each side with doors and windows opening to either. Inside each is a floor of flowered linoleum, a little stand with china pitcher and basin, a bed with furled mosquito net, a bedside table with a reading lamp and a glass waterbottle with a tumbler over it. On the mirrored dressing-table is a candle in an enamel, saucer-like container, a hurricane lamp hung on the wall, and a corner wardrobe.

The drunks' room, which is in line with the billiard room, has a cement floor, a

thousand miles from Perth. It is a ghost town and no longer on the map. I am looking back on it from the long distance of over thirty years, but I can see the whole thing so vividly, the people so clearly, that it is as though I am really there, living it all again.

I had better explain how we came to be managing the hotel in Cossack. Nob had been manager of a store at Derby, farther up the coast, and I'd lived there until the imminent birth of our first child sent me south.

While I was away Nob became a bookkeeper at Roebourne, eight miles inland from Cossack. The licensee of the Roebourne Hotel, quite out of the blue, asked him to take over the licence of the Weld at Cossack.

police are so far away, or there's no time to get them, or they don't come anyway."

She looked dreamily beyond us, maybe into the fantastic past, and came back to us, practical and businesslike—"Anyway, Nobby, just you don't stand any nonsense, any huffabaloos, just you get someone to give you a hand to throw them in here, and lock them in, and don't let them out. Don't let them out no matter what they promise you, and they'll promise you the earth."

We soon fell into an easy routine. Nob rose when he felt ready and opened up the bar and billiard room. He was contented, a man's man in a man's town. There was usually someone around to talk to, someone to smack the billiard balls around

folded, filigreed mother-of-pearl fans, jewellery of every description carved from mother-of-pearl and from the choice, semi-precious stones of the north-west. Shelves and shelves of tinned oriental delicacies, canisters of special teas, bottles and bottles of sake, and rice and spice, and brass gods and gongs, and ivory figures.

We had only two house guests, the lighter captain and Big Don, a Scotsman who was so big that he rumbled and shook when he laughed.

Settling down, we swam in the sharkproof pool whenever the tide was right. Housemaid, Ellie, cook, Susie, Big Don, Nob, and I—and then Postmistress began joining us, and Dutchy, who had a yen for Susie, and Mike the Yugoslav, who was enamored of little Ellie.



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It's a real push-button wizard. No mechanical monster, but cleverly designed so that **even a child can use it** (we can show you numerous testimonials). Casts on automatically, knits up to 200 stitches a second. Touch a button to the stitch pattern you want, glide the carriage across, and presto... you're knitting! **Only Empisal** gives you genuine push-button knitting. Always look for the **8 push-buttons**, which put 30,000 patterns at your fingertips—plain, intricate, Fair-isle and lace! Rib-knits without an attachment.

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**Only Empisal** has fully experienced teachers who will give you unlimited personal lessons—free. Day or evening classes at all Empisal Sewing and Knitting Centres. Empisal Knit 'n' Weave is so well made, it carries a **10 year written guarantee** (the only one that does.) Spares & Service always.

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**I have started a children's clothes home service**. Knitting them up on my Knit'n'Weave and sewing with my Empisal sewing machine. I have 150 people on my books.  
Mrs. Wilcox, NOWRA, N.S.W.

Letters from thousands of other happy owners may be read at all Empisal offices.

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# Sow now for early color

- Poppies • Violas
- Pansies • Primulas
- Stocks

**S**OWING some spring flowers early—iceland poppies, violas, pansies, and primula — will give you a longer flowering period, and color in winter as well as spring.

Others, such as stocks and most of the bulbs, can't produce a succession of flowers, and if sown too early will finish before the main spring display.

Iceland poppies are definitely at their best when sown early and kept moving so they are a reasonable size for planting out by mid-April.

Poppies can be difficult, but the secret of success lies mainly in thin sowing



• Iceland poppy, *Artist's Glory*, grown at Yates Trial Grounds, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

By ALLAN SEALE

and thinning the tiny seedlings as soon as possible. Crowded together they make little progress; thinned out to about 1/2 in. apart, they soon become sturdy plants.

In other words, sow in several seed-boxes or a sheltered seed-box. You won't achieve this spacing in small containers.

Use a fairly crumbly soil, such as one part moistened peatmoss or seed-raising mixture, with two parts sand. Avoid fine sieving, as the soil packs too tightly.

Firm it into shallow boxes or trays with slits or a few 1/2 in. holes in the base.

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The soil must be kept moist. It does help to cover the surface after planting with a piece of moist sacking, which also allows you to water through the bag without washing out the seed. The bag must be removed at the first signs of germination, usually in eight to ten days.

Keep the boxes in a cool place where the seedlings will get at least half sunlight. Plastic shadecloth or gauze wire makes a handy cover, and gives slight shade and protection from heavy rain.

When the young seedlings are laced closely together, thin them out with tweezers or use a toothpick to hold back the stronger seedling while the unwanted ones are pulled out.

Fortnightly watering with packeted liquid manure will speed progress of the seedlings. Keep the first two applications at half strength.

Toward planting-out time, lift and inspect a few of the seedlings. If they have large leaves and little more than a thin taproot, shear off the foliage with scissors to within about 1/2 in. of the crown. This induces strong, fibrous root growth in ten to 14 days.

If possible, plant out on a dull day. Have the soil just damp. Do not cover the crown of the seedling.

Results are best when about a third of a cup to the sq. yd. of complete plant food is raked well into the soil before planting out. A handful of compost or other fibrous material around each seedling will help create the open, moist soil-condition they prefer, and speed formation of fibrous surface roots.

When these roots develop, the plants form strong, compact multi-crowned clumps. Remove any buds which appear before the plants reach these proportions, and feed fortnightly with packeted liquid manure. Surface mulching is preferable to cultivation, which damages surface roots, checks growth, and causes flower stems to twist and distort as they do with wind damage.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

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Page 53



Make Lent a flavour event with

# Continental BRAND LENTEN RECIPES



## SPICY SALMON ROLLS

- |                                                |                                                 |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 8-10 large green cabbage leaves                | 1/2 cup (4 oz.) Rosella whole kernel sweet corn |
| 1 pkt. Continental brand Tomato Vegetable Soup | pinch salt, pepper and herbs                    |
| 1 1/2 cups water                               | 1 onion, finely chopped                         |
| 1 level tablespoon Tomato paste                | 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley            |
| 1 lb. salmon or tuna                           |                                                 |

**Method:** Plunge cabbage leaves into boiling water 30 seconds to soften, remove and drain leaves. Blend soup in large saucepan with water, add tomato paste and stir until soup boils, simmer 5 minutes. Drain off liquid from salmon and corn, then combine in a basin with seasonings, onion and half parsley. Divide mixture onto cabbage leaves then roll each up into parcels and squeeze tight, secure with toothpick. Place rolls into soup, simmer slowly 15 min., serve with extra parsley on top. Serves 4-5.

## BAKED EGGS IMPERIAL

- |                                                |                                              |
|------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| 1 oz. butter                                   | 2 cups cooked noodles, spaghetti or macaroni |
| 1 large onion, chopped                         | 1 1/2 cups grated tasty cheese               |
| 1 pkt. Continental brand Garden Vegetable Soup | 5 eggs                                       |
| 1 pint cold water                              |                                              |

**Method:** Melt butter in medium size saucepan and fry onion 2 minutes. Add contents of soup packet and cook 1 minute. Remove from heat and blend in water, stir until boiling and simmer for 10 minutes stirring occasionally. Place noodles into large greased casserole or individual size ovenware dishes. Pour over hot soup, then grated cheese. Make a hollow or "well" in noodles and carefully break an egg into the space. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes for soft cooked eggs or 25 minutes for well cooked. Serves 5.

## SAUTE OF SEAFOOD WITH MUSHROOMS

- |                                          |                             |
|------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 packet Continental brand Mushroom Soup | 1/2 lb. Tasmanian scallops  |
| 1/2 pint water                           | 1 jar mussels, drained      |
| 1 cup sour cream                         | 3/4 lb. cooked large prawns |
| 1 oz. butter and oil                     | 1/2 cup chopped shallots    |
| 1/4 teaspoon dried dill or herbs         | 4 cups boiled rice          |
|                                          | 8-10 fried bread shapes     |

**Method:** Blend soup in saucepan with water, add sour cream and stir until sauce boils, then simmer slowly 10 minutes. Prepare seafood, rinse scallops and mussels then peel prawns. Heat butter and oil together then quickly fry seafood mixture with herbs and shallots, stirring well until golden. Fill cake tin or mould with hot boiled rice then invert onto a serving plate. Pour over hot mushroom sauce then spoon over seafood. Serve with fancy bread shapes cooked golden brown in oil or butter. Decorate with parsley and lemon. Serves 5.

## WELSH CHEESE SOUFFLE

- |                                             |                   |
|---------------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 2 oz. butter                                | 1 oz. plain flour |
| 1 pkt. Continental brand Cheese & Leek Soup | 1 pint milk       |
|                                             | 4 eggs            |

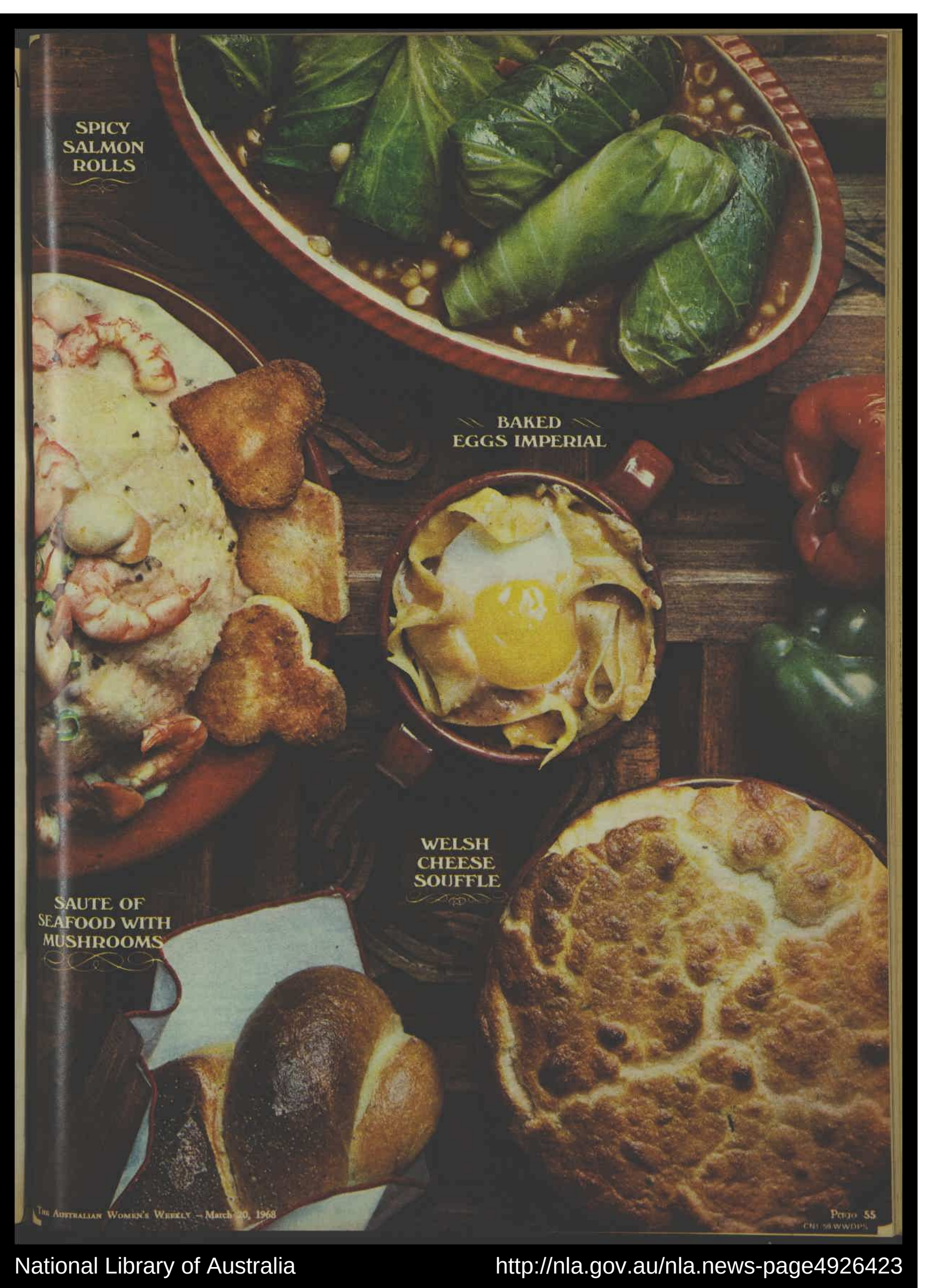
**Method:** Melt butter in medium size saucepan, add flour and cook slowly for 1 minute, stirring constantly, add contents of soup packet and cook 1 minute longer. Remove from heat and slowly blend in milk. Bring to the boil, stirring constantly, simmer 1 minute. Allow to cool until lukewarm. Add egg yolks one at a time, beating well. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into a greased souffle dish or large casserole. Bake in moderate oven for 40-50 minutes until well puffed and golden brown on top. Serve immediately. Serves 5-6.

N.B. Do not open oven door for at least 30 minutes.

# Continental BRAND MEATLESS SOUPS

GARDEN VEGETABLE • MUSHROOM • CHEESE & LEEK • TOMATO VEGETABLE





SPICY  
SALMON  
ROLLS

BAKED  
EGGS IMPERIAL

SAUTE OF  
SEAFOOD WITH  
MUSHROOMS

WELSH  
CHEESE  
SOUFFLE



**Special offer! Save \$1.50**

# MILO Thermo Bags

**Now only \$2 (Usually \$3.50)**



This is the ideal insulated carrier bag. The makers of Milo are offering it to you for just \$2.00 and the label from a Milo tin.\*

This attractive, durable Thermo Bag comes in a smart Red and White colour combination.

It usually sells for \$3.50...so hurry while they last at only \$2.00 each. Fill in coupon and post it off today.

## The Milo Thermo Bag



The Milo thermo bag is insulated to keep food and drink hot or cold for picnics, outings, the beach and sporting events. It is thickly padded to prevent damage to car upholstery and has plenty of room for big bottles. The strong zipper and sturdy handles are built to last. And the vinyl surface simply wipes clean with a damp cloth. Fill in the coupon now and secure the remarkable Milo Thermo Bag for your family.

**PLEASE NOTE:** You may purchase as many Milo Thermo Bags as you like, but please include a Milo label for each one.\*

Fill in this coupon to get your Thermo Bag.

TO: MILO THERMO BAG OFFER,  
P.O. Box 424, DARLINGHURST, N.S.W., 2010.

Please send me, post free, ..... Thermo Bag(s) at \$2.00 each. Herewith cheque/postal note made payable to the Nestlé Company (Aust.) Ltd. for ..... dollars and ..... Milo label(s) as full payment.\* For your own protection — no cash or postage stamps please.

NAME .....  
(please print)

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

POSTAL CODE .....

\* Label not required where this contravenes State Law.



# THE WINDS THAT BLEW AT COSSACK

From page 51

flattened-out kerosine tins, with hessian flaps, and awnings tied to the scrub. They were furnished with crudely made beds, uneven legs jammed in tins of kerosine to repel the bulljoes—which could almost eat you alive—and the lesser ants; box tables and chairs and the inevitable Coolgardie water safes, in which everything was kept.

There was one old character, old Doc, who had built a brush stockade to shelter the hillocks and valleys of a vegetable garden, with climbing beans lashed to the scrub fence, with a wandering Jew of a pumpkin vine, and a sad motley of salad and root vegetables. Another similar stockade corralled a moulting sisterhood of hens.

Old Doc, he was like Moses, until he opened his unibiblical mouth. A long grey beard hung in ringlets to knot in the ringlets on his chest, and his hair was snow-white, almost to his shoulders, his arms and torso fat, naked, brown, his long, ragged, drab (khaki-colored) trousers hitched to his waist with a fringed-with-age old school tie and tied close to his ankles with string, and his long-nailed but clean toes jutted out from his wretched old sandshoes.

Old Doc boasted that he knew every one of Shakespeare's plays by heart, and one of his buddies, a thin, scrawny, yellow skeleton of a man with a frightening shock of white hair, knew all of Omar Khayyam. It was nothing to hear them spruiking at the tops of their voices up in the scrub, trying to outdo each other.

"Royston," Doc told me, "Royston—physician and surgeon. Call me any time, dear, day or night."

Old Doc splurged when his remittance arrived, and came for dinner at the hotel, just the one evening each time in celebration. He looked rather weird, coming down from the scrub in a white duck tropical suit (pressed under his mattress) with a frayed shirt, bow-tie, and holey sandshoes.

Ellie gave him a little table to himself, he brought up wine from the bar, studied the menu with grave intent, ordered with a lordly air, and ate with languid elegance—putting away a double of everything. Thence he repaired to the bar, where on such occasions he was not surprisingly referred to as "Gentleman Jim," and gave many a broad hint of imminent, titled relatives in the background.

He spoke in an exquisitely bored manner, and it was pure delight to hear him use such phrases as "Af'm crook in the guts, old boy," or "Mai belly feels as though mai throat's been cut."

In the old Customs House there was a group of pale faces called "the turtle-suckies," for they had used the big place and fitted it

out as a soup factory, the high-wired enclosure with its railway line supports being the turtle pen. They ordered cases of cooking sherry through Nob and were dedicated to the task of creating a super brew for overseas consignment.

We were not long in Cossack when, overnight, the turtle-soup factory became a madhouse. The still air rang with weird screams, laughter, song, and dance, a veritable culinary chorus that went on for days and nights.

When a couple of the crazy chefs came to the bar for more cooking sherry they told Nob that they had brewed a soup that had sent them into a seventh heaven of rapture.

Only when the cooking sherry ran out did they descend rapidly and painfully to earth, nursing incredible hangovers, groans replacing Elysium's songs, and little sops of weak whisky and water on the veranda benches gradually restoring them to normal.

Soberly they returned to the soup-brewing business, soberly they awaited word from London in response to the trial consignment of nectar they had shipped there.

## The lighter sank, and men flung themselves on wool bales and were floating up the creek... Now, Postmistress, with a fine sense of irony, began to sing the "Maori Farewell"

MID-OCTOBER now, and the temperature soared to 100 degrees every day and would continue to do so for the solid three months to mid-January.

The lighter-captain, Skipper, had become friendly toward Nob and me and he had invited me to take trips out to the ships, on the Silver Star, any time I wished.

Skipper was a gentleman, a naval officer of the old school, miscast in the role of lighter-captain with a League of Nations crew. He felt that he did not receive the respect due to him and it soured him. "I'm a master mariner," he would say, trembling with arrogance and anger. "I hold my master's certificate."

Captains, officers, and crews were invariably friendly, their lives and those of the coastal folk being inextricably interwoven, their lives an extension of ours as they went up and down, up and down the old coast.

I could visit the stewardesses in their own cabins and gloat over everything dear to the female heart that they carried as a sideline. Their cabins were like miniature stores, with cases of the latest frocks and shoes, cosmetics and jewels from Perth, and exotic underwear, kimono, and lounge pyjamas from Singapore—these latter

outback stations or children from the little towns and ports, all of whom were treated as their own, with close attachments forming on either side.

In October Skipper complimented me. "It's wonderful having a little lady here, Mrs. Nob. Now I can allow my wife to come up for a visit. She's very cross because I wouldn't allow it before, but now I know she will have a good companion."

This was exciting news which I immediately shared with Susie, Ellie, and Postmistress. In this man's town the advent of another female was an event of major importance.

In October, a whing-dinger of a celebration started in the turtle-soup factory when word from London brought high praise and a large order for another consignment of soup.

As before, it ran itself out, the chefs dried out and went back to work. There was a period of ineffable peace and quiet, then a week when panic reigned and the news leaked out that the first consignment could not be duplicated. There was no recipe. The crazy cooks, inventing as they went along, had simmered and strained the turtle flesh, thrown in seasoning, sugar, herbs and spices, and sherry, tasted, and added a

little more this and that, until the first delectable brew emerged. Now, working in a frenzy, they sent abroad the nearest, the best they could come up with.

It was a failure. They folded their chefs' caps and aprons and silently stole away. In a more sheltered, narrower cove behind one of Cossack's headlands, about twelve miles away by road, a long jetty was being constructed. This was Port Samson, and when it was completed Cossack would have no more reason to exist: for it only existed now because it was a haven for the

lighters bringing in supplies for Roebourne, and when ships could tie up at the jetty there would be no more need for the lighters. Roebourne was built inland from the coast because there was a water supply.

Frayed tempers improved and spirits lifted a little when we heard that a south-bound ship was due, for from the north we sometimes received a cargo of tropical fruits, and the dining-room stewards might purloin a little sugar and tinned milk for us.

Also there would be extra wharf work, because the wool clip was coming through from Roebourne to be loaded for Fremantle.

The town was alive again, the wharf humming with industry, the sea at our door on a morning tide.

Two little trucks had clattered out of the dust and jerked up outside the pub with a load of wool and men. Austin, the wharf boss, was busy signing the men on, Skipper was jaunty, very much in command, the Roebourne and Cossack casual laborers joshing each other good-humoredly.

The men trundled the big bales along the wharf, the crane clutched them, plunging them into the hold of the Silver Star, while the Nichol Bay fretted and floundered in midstream,

waiting to get in for her share. The hold full, the lightermen guided and stacked the bales on the Star's deck, watching the captain like an orchestra watching the conductor, waiting for the baton to say "finis." But Skipper stood on deck, watching the bales mount higher and higher, until someone yelled, "Hey, Skip! She won't take no more!" at which he swung round, his face frozen. "Keep loading," he said, his voice slicing the hot air like a wedge of ice.

The Star low in the water, the Skipper barked an order, the anchor was swiftly hauled

Men had flung themselves over wool bales and were being floated up-creek, and some, their streaming faces stretched in astonishment, were philosophically, if dazedly, floating up on their own backs.

The Skipper, involuntarily, had gone down with his ship, and was now treading water in an unskilled fashion.

Postmistress—whose searching eyes had discovered her Horrie high and dry on the Nichol Bay—now, with a highly developed sense of satire, began plaintively and loudly to sing the "Maori Farewell," which was taken up boisterously by all the men in or out of the water, on the wharf, or on the Nichol Bay.

"You're very kind, Mrs. Nobby," Skipper said later when I took a tray to his room. He got to his feet,

● "Occasionally we were subjected to minor disturbances of the peace."



Are you ready?

Will this be the month you try a new means of sanitary protection? Because there certainly is an easier, better way.

It's Tampax tampons.

Worn internally, they keep you sure and secure. They never interfere with any of your normal activities.

They prevent odour and chafing. And the silken-smooth applicator makes insertion easy and comfortable.

Millions of modern discriminating women wouldn't use—or choose—anything else. Your choice of 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super) in standard 10's and the Economy 40's at substantial saving.



DEVELOPED BY A DOCTOR NOW USED BY MILLIONS OF WOMEN

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) send name, address and 6c in stamps to The Nurse Dept. A World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney, 2001.

## Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet.

Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences. Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as a leading adjunct in the treatment of piles. Improvement was recorded with patients many of whom had suffered for a number of years. A week's course can convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid.

★ Simple and dignified treatment.

★ Two tablets with meals.

**Varemoid** tablets

The oral treatment for HEMORRHOIDS

PRODUCT OF ZYMA SWITZERLAND

DIST. BY SERRA

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To page 58





• "Old Doc, he was like Moses, until he opened his unbiblical mouth."

## THE WINDS THAT BLEW AT COSSACK

From page 57

always the gentleman. "It couldn't have happened, Mrs. Nobby, it couldn't have happened." His voice was dazed. "Losing the wool clip. Losing the wool clip." He still couldn't believe it. "And those — those men

laughing," he choked. "They laughed. No discipline. No seamanship. No loyalty. And what are they going to think down south? I can't stand another reprimand, I just can't."

"It'll blow over, Skip."

"And my wife coming up — to see me a laughing stock, made to look a fool."

The sea, which had been in all morning, turned and began to race away. After a while he saw some of the wool bales coming back down-stream, some mounted and guided by the lighter-men who had had the sense to stay with them.

The men, whatever the mischief or malice of their make-up, toiled solidly all afternoon in the fierce sun, and a cheer went up when the Star floated on the early evening tide and slowly rose to her usual level at the wharf.

Salvaging operations continued for a couple of weeks. There was a bounty on the wool bales, and each day at low tide the lighter-men, the local wharfies, and Greek fishermen waded up-creek staking their claims and floating back atop of the bales, paddling them ashore near the wharf with greater and greater dexterity. It was a period of great good humor, a unique sight, and vastly entertaining.

Skipper was entitled to be glum. The incident would not go unremarked, and whatever reprimand he received would not be his first.

MRS. SKIPPER arrived and we were delighted to find her a most friendly, attractive woman. She was spirited, loving, and caring for her husband most tenderly, yet not accepting his very word as law.

Before long she had lifted him out of his deep depression and sense of being persecuted, and we all admired her because, accustomed in her homeland to a pleasant domestic and social life, there was no condescension in her manner toward the humble-bumble old pub and the mad mob she had to associate with.

She was great company for me. We went together by lighter to visit the ships, sat together on one of the dining-room verandas talking, reading, poring over the magazines she had brought from the south. She found the heat and pests trying, but never complained. None of our little group complained much.

Susie and Ellie were good girls, as many a man found to his cost. Susie was a great hand with an iron soup ladle or bucket of bore water.

Little, lame Ellie boiled all the hotel linen in a great wood-fired copper, poling out the heavy sheets, tablecloths, towels, etc., into the troughs, then rinsing, blueing, starching, and hanging them in the blazing sun. Bore water for her washdays had to be cleared of red mud overnight by the addition of Epsom salt or Condy's crystals.

She ironed for hours of an evening. She meticulously cleaned her silver, set her tables, and waited on them efficiently, cared for such of the guestrooms as might be in use, and did the "small" of the washing up.

Susie sloshed out and mopped her kitchen twice a day, polished

# The young adventures of



## Pure New Wool

**Part 2. The Fair.** These good-looking little knitteds are built for the rough-and-tumble life... for running in, for riding in, for sliding in, for falling over in. And they'll last and last and look good through it all. Because they're Pure New Wool.

Wool Award Winners. Left: Boy's shirt by V. Gedyne, 20" to 26", around \$4. Centre (and inset): Pinaturo dress by Crundall, 24" to 34", around \$10. Right: Blue and red shirt by Kathryn, 20" to 26", around \$2. Available at better stores everywhere. (Prices are approximate.)



PURE NEW WOOL

To page 62



• This is the tenth and last week of our ...

# \$15,000 P.A.M. FASHION CONTEST

**First Prize: \$10,000**

**Second Prize: \$2000**

**Third Prize: \$1000**

plus 20 Consolation Prizes of \$100 each

★ This week's paper includes the last of the ten color pictures you need to enter our great fashion contest, in which you test your fashion skill in judging the clothes with the most Please A Man appeal (and you can win \$10,000).

AS USUAL, the color picture is identified by the small picture on this page (at right).

Just leaf through the paper till you find this picture in color and cut it out.

Now you have all ten color pictures required for entry in the contest ...

And here's where you test your fashion skill!

Arrange the pictures in the order in which you think **THEY WILL MOST APPEAL TO A MAN**.

That's all! The rest of the "work" for the contest comes next week.

Next week's paper (dated March 27) will include the contest coupon.

You merely list the color pictures, in your order of preference, on the coupon—and tell us (in the space provided on the coupon and in 30 words or less) the reasons for your No. 1 choice.

All ten color pictures **MUST** be attached to the coupon or your entry will be disqualified.

Of course you may send in as many entries as you like—**BUT** each entry must be accompanied by an entry coupon and by its own set of ten color pictures.

The contest will close on April 3. After all the entries have been received, a panel of men will be chosen.

They will vote on the order in which they think the ten pictures should be placed, and these votes will produce the prizewinning order, from one to ten.

If no entry matches this solution, the prize will go to the entry with the most correct placings (see contest conditions at right).

If there is a tie, the best reason given for the No. 1 choice will be the deciding factor.

THIS WEEK: No. 10  
**LOOK FOR  
THIS PICTURE  
IN COLOR**

... cut out the color picture and keep it. You must have all ten of the color pictures, or your entry will be disqualified.



## CONTEST CONDITIONS

• All entries for the contest must be received by Wednesday, April 3, and must be addressed: P.A.M. FASHION CONTEST, THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, BOX 7052, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W. 2001.

• Entries must be on the coupon cut from The Australian Women's Weekly dated March 27, and must be accompanied by ten fashion pictures cut from the ten issues of the paper dated January 17 to March 20 inclusive.

• Entries which do not include all ten fashion pictures **IN COLOR**—as identified by The Australian Women's Weekly—will be disqualified.

• If no entry exactly matches the prize-winning order, the first prize will go to the entry with the most correct consecutive placings, beginning with No. 1 or, failing that, No. 2, and so on.

• In the event of a tie, the best reason for the No. 1 choice will be the deciding factor.

• Entries eliminated from a tie for first prize will be awarded the lesser prizes in order of merit, and the same procedure will follow with the lesser prizes.

• This contest is governed by the rules published in full in our issue dated January 17.

## NEXT WEEK: THE CONTEST COUPON

# Clean your silver\* today Still shining three months away



Cleans table silver instantly!

Just dip table silver into Goddard's Silver Dip, rinse, then for a lasting shine wipe with Goddard's Long Term Silver Cloth.



Shines silver superbly!

Rub on Goddard's Long Term Silver Foam—rinse off! Easy as that. Shine lasts 12 weeks or more. Pack contains special applicator.



Keeps silver sparkling!

Lightly wipe over with Goddard's Long Term Silver Cloth to remove light tarnish, and to give long lasting shine.

\*Goddard's Brass and Copper Polish gives long term protection to Brass and Copper ware.

**Goddard's** new three-way plan for silver care.





camel brown and maize check, camel plain



camel brown and maize stripe, maize plain



aqua and camel brown check, aqua plain

# Physician mix'n'





aqua and camel brown stripe, camel plain

nil and olive green check, olive plain

apricot and camel check, apricot plain

# match blankets



It's fun to play the mix 'n' match game.  
Take a plain, add a check or a stripe and you have new  
bedroom beauty. The combinations are endless.  
Just ask your Physician retailer.

Collins Bros. Latrobe Terrace Geelong Victoria



(Advertisement)

## How to Overcome Dry Skin

Although it is fragile, a dry skin pampered with proper care can, in fact, be brought to a state of velvety perfection and the development of wrinkle-dryness halted. There is no need to have a skin that feels drawn after washing and shows evidence of little dry lines that add unnecessary years to your appearance.

To begin with, soap-and-water cleansing that makes the skin feel taut and dry should be abolished from the beauty routine and a lemon complexion milk with a gentle, dissolving action used instead. Smooth the lemon dissolving milk gently over your skin and generously around your nose, eyes, mouth, and chin, and leave it for a moment to nourish and refine as it lightly lifts stale make-up and other impurities from the pores, then wipe off with tissues in upward and outward directions. Delph cleansing milk ensures that your complexion keeps its pretty smoothness and fine texture because it never removes natural oils or dries the skin.

This method of correct cleansing and a film of tropical moist oil of Ulan smoothed over the skin every day will soon give the complexion with tendencies to dryness a younger, dew-fresh loveliness.

## Get to know your hair again

The way it was. Vitapointe brings back the old, natural, shining-soft beauty, leaving hair healthy and controllable. And one tube holds about six months' supply. It's true, just ask your hairdresser.

Only 95c from your chemist or hairdresser.

**Vitapointe**  
HAIR CONDITIONER

## DON'T GAMBLE WITH BACKACHE!



Why experiment with untried remedies? Countless people in more than 80 countries have discovered that De Witt's Pills bring sure, fast relief from backache and the pain of rheumatism and sciatica. De Witt's is the remedy you can trust.

**De Witt's Pills**

# THE WINDS THAT BLEW AT COSSACK

From page 58

the big black stove, butchered meat, made bread, and provided amazingly good meals from whatever she could lay hands on.

November, beginning of the cyclone season, brought the little pearling fleet into port for lay-up.

Sitting dangle-legged on the wharf with my six-month-old son, I watched them coming across the bay, seven little luggers sailing home on the inrushing tide. The Japanese on board, looking rather like pirates with their bright bandanas about their heads, were excited when they saw Brian, chattering to each other and pointing from boat to boat, waving and calling to him.

Anchoring up-creek, they plunged overboard and made ashore to unlock their doss-house and then parade across the wharf to Shigini's for supplies, each stopping to admire my small son.

OCCASIONALLY we were subjected to minor disturbances of the normally prevailing peace. This was a period when roughs and toughs were touring the coast with mischief and malice aforethought, often in stolen trucks, and, of course, there were always men suddenly making a dash for town for a bender, from the goldfields or far-back stations.

These benders originated in Roebourne and climaxed at Cossack. Usually Roebourne hotel or police rang us a warning of a yahoo mob on its way down, telling us to lock up, douse all lights, and be on guard.

Sometimes we were caught unawares, but either way it made no difference — the hoodlums would come up to our bedroom and yell at Nob to get up and open the bar or they'd break it down.

We had, also, our full quota of confidence men. You know them, you recognise them, but they still "take" you. Always immaculate — even in that climate — it was as if they had graduated from some special school for the elite of bush-rangers.

Some arrived at our door by lighter, some by road; they walked confidently into the bar to request a room, surveyed the surroundings with a lordly, unbelieving, yet kindly condescending air, and relieved the monotony of our days with modest mention of "the family," "the patak," "the old home," with careless name-dropping and absolutely bored accounts of extraordinary business deals, contracts, and stock and shares.

They drank and shouted rounds of drinks expensively and expensively, borrowed — if possible — until the next wretched, how-in-the-devil's-name - could - it - be-delayed cheque never arrived, and did a moonlight flit shortly after an account was rendered. We not only accepted them but appreciated them.

The opposite of these were the old swaggies who wandered in off the road from time to time. Nob would put them on as yard-men, and they worked contentedly for beer, food, tobacco, a bunk, and a grub-stake when the wanderlust overcame them again.

I always welcomed them. They were scholars — mostly natural ones — philosophers, and simple and happy.

BEYOND what we called the "corner," where the hill curved to come right against the road, a miserable little farmlet huddled, shrouded in dust and mystery.

Sometimes, in the late afternoon, I wheeled Brian to the corner.

Nob had told me that the woman who lived there came every evening to the Weld to buy a couple of shillings' worth of brandy, which she carried home in a tin mug. Feeling intrigued, and also concerned about the desolate little family, on one occasion I strolled as far as the shacks.

There were three or four toddlers, two miserable mongrel dogs, and a few hens, all scabbling back and forth across the road and in and out of the mangroves. The children were

clad in ragged drawers, their hair was shaggy and tangled, their little bodies slimy with mangrove mud and torn with scratches, festered with sores.

I stopped to talk to them and they clambered around the pram, poking at my gleeful son. The woman came across the road. She walked shamblingly, with her head side on, and stood shuffling the dust with her worn canvas shoes.

"How old's it?" she demanded, jerking her head at the pram.

"Six months," I told her proudly.

"G'awn!" She was absolutely aghast. She jerked her head toward the shacks. "Come and look at this!"

I swung the pram and pushed it across the road, and she shambled to a lean-to and dragged a low, home-made trolley from its shade. In it lay a huge baby, incredibly white-faced, incredibly fat.

"Six months," she said, "make three of yours. Make three of anybody's. Whatcha feed it?"

I gulped in mortification. Brian had paled to an insignificant weed. My voice trembled as I enumerated: milk, fruit-juice, cod-liver oil,



"We saw the potato wife hurrying along, dragging the trolley behind her."

cereal? — I looked at her pleadingly — soup, mashed vegetables, a nice bone?

She snorted at me.

"This has everything! Absolutely everything. Everything we has, this has. Always has. The minute he opened his gob, I shoved something in it. Anything. And he's that strong, he can swallow anything." I looked at young Samson with sheer hatred. He beamed at me with a lovely, heart-catching smile.

"Never cries," his mother affirmed, "never a sound out of him. Just that stupid damn grin." She knelt in the dust, dragged him up in the trolley and hugged him. His big head lolled.

A man's voice yelled, "What about that brandy?" and she yelled back, "Don't get tied in a knot, I'm just going. You watch the kids." To me, she said, "You wait a minute, missis, and I'll walk back with you." The man

"There was this Saturday night when the shearers came down and this whole town was shaking. I was expecting my third. I was right at the last and he shouldn't of leaved me.

"Yes —" she stood still, considering very earnestly, "yes, missis, it's my comfort it was a judgment on him, my fine, handsome husband."

"What happened?" I begged, and she began to trudge along again, dragging the trolley. She stopped again, suddenly, and began to score a groove in the dust with her sandshoe. "See that? That's my mark. That's my mark I been stopping right here to make every night since . . .

"Right here," she said. "Right here's where I had that baby that night, right here. Crawling and yelling after him on my hands and knees I was, and not a soul could hear me with the whooping it up at the pub.

one, not even meaning to, shied a potato and smashed his face to bits."

When we reached the veranda of the Weld, I leaned over the trolley to say tata to the baby. He lay there unmoving, his skin thick and dull and sickly white. He gave me his one response, the sweet, confiding smile. "Is he a bit delicate, do you think?" I asked, hesitantly.

She gasped in amazement and launched again into a description of his digestive powers. "Make three of yours," she said, "make three of anybody's."

NOVEMBER brought the bane of willy-willies, duststorms, and cock-eye bobs. Willy-willies were peculiar to watch, to fathom. They began in a little stirring of dust, a collecting of leaves, twigs, and papers. Gathering momentum, they spun faster and faster, higher and higher, capable now of

## November brought the bane of willy-willies (peculiar to watch, to fathom—they began in a little stirring of dust, and had to be locked out), duststorms, and cock-eye bobs

bellowed, and she hissed at me, "Go back on the road, he's getting in his torment, but wait for me."

I wheeled the pram back on to the road, feeling a bit shaky and looking surreptitiously at the shacks. Then went cold all over and had to cling to the pram for support. A man was staring at me, and for a moment it was a man who had no face. I almost fainted and dared not look again.

The woman came out again and threw a tin pannikin into the trolley, which she pulled out on to the road by a rope. "I'll bring it for a walk," she said.

"You know what?" she said, and her voice quickened. "That man you just seen, he was the best-looking bloke for miles around. And wasn't he the vain one! Strutt, he was, like a peacock, and didn't I have a time catching him! Much good it did me . . .

"Well, he whooped it up for the last time that night. He's a vain man, missis, and he's never stirred out to be seen ever since. And ever since, every night, he gets in his torment, and I have to fetch the mug of brandy for him and he drinks it straight down his throat. Scarred inside and out."

"What happened?" I asked huskily.

"Things was flying all round the pub that night. Spears and boomerangs and harpoons, you'd a thought it was a blacks' night out. But it wasn't none of those robbed him of his youth and beauty. Oh no, it had to be a little thing smashed his nose all over his face and blacked his eyes back into his head. Now he can't see straight, and he can't smell anything or taste anything and he can't hear or talk proper, he just bellows and lashes round until I get this grog into him, then he shuts up and sits there all night lookin' at nothing."

I felt utterly worn out and could only whisper, "What hit him?"

"A potato," she said wistfully, "a damn potato. Some-

swirling upward empty tin, packets, and branches. They waltzed crazily along the road or down from the scrub, whirling around and along at incredible speed. They had be locked out.

So did the duststorms that often blanketed us for days.

But Cossack had lived up, for the boys constructing Port Sampson arrived faithfully in two truckloads every Friday evening, and from then until Sunday night or early Monday morning ours was a wide-open town.

In the main, the Samsonites gave us very little trouble, for it must be remembered that this was a period when men of education, of former good profession or trade, were forced into occupations once undreamed of. Musicians, theatre managers, bank managers, technicians, and vaudeville artists preferred road-building or pile-driving to the indignity of the dale, and there were almost as many of these as there were natural roughnecks and tough characters.

Of course they drank and gambled to extreme and of course there were often brawls. But Nob was a natural born diplomat. The

● From "The Winds That Blew at Cossack," by E. M. Noblet, published by Angus and Robertson, Sydney; copyright 1968, M. Noblet. The drawings, by Peter Harrison, are from the book.



chaps were very fond of him and often of their own accord cleaned up things.

It was amazing how swiftly Mrs. Skipper, the girls, and I became accustomed to the new order. Every weekend we were confined to barracks, none of us being allowed near the front building.

We made our own amusements. Dutchy and Mike might come up, or Kevin and Billy the Kid, or the Actor and the Boxer. Water fights started up any old time of the day or night. We were so young.

Most evenings we carried chairs out into the yard. Everyone has a story to tell and that backyard of the Weld was the place to tell it.

We all helped to prepare ten o'clock supper and sometimes under the baton of the Actor, the kitchen band struck up. Sauce-pan-lid cymbals, frying-pan lunjos flour-bin drums, bottle xylophones, combs with tissue paper. How we belted the "Anvil Chorus"!

Add this to the racket going on in the bar and the billiard-room, the weird squawks from the oriental records in the Jap dose-but, and throw in a few walloques floating down from the scrub, and you have the Cossack Weekend Symphony in full blast. The Japs, swarthy little roolie types, were quiet and inoffensive when left to themselves. Occasionally a few would come up to the Weld and ask permission to play billiards, but they never drank at the hotel.

Moonlit nights were so beautiful, yet so eerie; moonless nights almost terrifying, the great sea waiting ahead, the great desert waiting behind. Restless, I flitted around against strictest orders. If the lighter put out to meet some ship waiting in the dark sea, I slipped down to the wharf to watch her skimming across the bay, only half aware of the scrouching behind me and of some fellow stumbling out of the bar to roll himself wistfully around a veranda post.

Sneaking spectre-like back up the lane one night, I bumped into some poor fellow stumbling around looking for air. "Maisie!" he yelped. "Maisie! Oh, Mais, Oh, Mais, forgive me."

"Forgive me!" he implored, exaggerating at me, "Just once more, Mais—"

"Never!" I choked. "Never! Never!"

He threw his hands over his face and I fled for my life.

When he looked up and around again he bayed like a wolf-ound. Big Don came out, picked him up like a baby, and locked him up. He bayed all night.

At breakfast next morning I asked Don, "Whatever's wrong with that poor chap down there?"

"He's in the DTs. Reckons he saw his old sweetheart's ghost last night and it really sent him overboard."

Some nights — and it was humorous — we took the lighter-ship to meet the Kangaroo, the Antelope, the Centaur, and sat under the fans, swallowing as many ice-cream sodas as we could, biting yearningly into the chips, skidding around all over the ship, gathering news, gossip, and from up and down the coast, perhaps wistfully watching Singapore's tourists dancing on the beach, and keeping ourselves back in the shadows where country boys belonged.

Air-mail day was the event of the week. We had no radio — we called wireless — at Cossack. There was a big wireless station a couple of miles out of Broome and from there shipping movements, news, and storm warnings were telegraphed.

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ONE evening the potato wife didn't come for the brandy. It was a quiet week night and I kept looking up the road for her. So did Nob.

Then at last we saw her, hurrying along the road dragging the trolley. I ran to meet her.

"Oh, my baby, oh, my baby," she was jabbering, and I helped her pull the makeshift buggy to the veranda.

The men lifted it into the bar and I seized a hurricane lamp and bent over the baby. Recognising me, he tried to give his sweet smile, but his mouth quivered and he caught his breath with pain. He turned blue, then black, and writhed from side to

side. When I tried to lift him, his weight was incredible.

Someone grabbed a lamp and ran.

Then old Doc was there, breathing hard from his scurry down the hill, and he seized the heavy baby and plomped him flat on the bar counter. I saw his gnarled old claw descend to the baby's stomach and the child shrieked. The potato wife leaped to her feet and began to punch and kick at the old man. He swung round, grabbed her, shook her with arrogant wrath, and let her fall back against the wall.

Then he suddenly slumped and sorrow trembled on his aristocratic face and his words were gentle. "Don't waste time going

to Roebourne, take him south right away, right away."

"There's a ship in the morning," Mrs. Skip said.

"The morning," the potato wife said, confused. "Why, no, I can't go south, I can't leave me old man and the kids—"

"Give the child some brandy," Doc ordered, "as much as you can get down him. Kill the pain. Knock him out."

Nob handed her a half-bottle of brandy. "Here," he said, "and have one yourself."

She picked up the trolley rope and looked around the bar. "I want to say this," she said, her mouth quivering. "I want to say thank you for all yous done for me, and thank you, Mr. Doctor,

and ta very much for the brandy." The men lifted the trolley out to the road for her and we all watched her to the corner.

Doc sat on in the bar, sipping the stiff brandy my husband had proffered. Suddenly Doc spoke his thoughts aloud. "Royston, physician and surgeon!" he proclaimed haughtily, and we all pretended not to notice. Then the sorrow trembled across his face again, and he murmured, "Poor little blighter. Poor little blighter. Too late to save him. Too late to do anything now." And, very loudly and angrily, "A gut full of cancer!"

**NEXT WEEK: "BLOW-INS" — WITH BELLS ON**



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# WATCHING THE RIVER RISE

## READERS' STORIES

What's it like, in the "wet" of North Queensland, watching and waiting to see whether or not the muddy torrent of river outside your door is going to come inside? Writing from the Inkerman Sugar Mill, Home Hill, Qld., JOYCE CAMPBELL tells about it.

WHAT'S it like, waiting on the banks of the big Burdekin River for the flood that's surely coming after weeks of drenching rain?

Why, it's just like waiting on the Herbert at Ingham last spring (for flood); or in the town of Snugg, in Tasmania, last year (for fire); or maybe even on the island of Sicily last month (for earthquake). Just like waiting for any natural disaster, but in our big, glorious Australia, land of extremes, it is knowing that it will be big, glorious, AND extreme.

If you are a woman, it's being in your house, waiting and dreading, hearing rumors: "When it reaches 36ft. it will go" . . . "when it reaches 38ft. it will go" . . . "it will be at noon today" . . . "it will be at midnight tonight" . . . "dawn tomorrow" . . .

It's the night and day sound of bulldozers, tractors, and power shovels up and down the river bank.

It's the raucous squawks of radio-equipped jeeps calling information back and forth over the seething expanse of coffee-colored water.

It's sending the children off to school every morning at 8.30, and then getting a call to fetch them back again anything from two to five hours later.

It's rolling up the rugs and carpets till your house looks a wreck—and then having a horde of total strangers, introduced by your husband, for coffee and a plotting session on flood control.

It's going downtown to shop for last-minute gaps in the pantry, to find that the stores have lower shelves full of great sandbags while the items you want need a mountain climber to reach them. AND they have no butter, no eggs, no milk, no potatoes, no onions, and the last tin of corned beef was grabbed by a six-foot amazon ahead of you.

It's driving out and looking at the wild, magnificent, savage beauty of the Burdekin running hank to bank—so different from when you came into this country and it was a tiny trickle in a half-mile-wide expanse of sand. It's hearing your husband say, "It looks like the—brumuddy!"

It's meeting all your cane-farmer friends in town, because for one of the few times in their lives they don't need to be home tending to the irrigation pumps.

It's stocking your pantry and then eating the lot before the flood even comes.

It's having the family dogs, male and female, indoors permanently; and the female promptly comes on season.

It's washing every stitch you own (and drying it with a kerosine heater in the spare room) before they come and lift your washing-machine up out of the coming waters.

And your three-year-old falls down in puddles and has to be changed four times in one day.

It's looking in the clothes cupboard and wondering if you should brush the green mould off your husband's best suit, your winter shoes, and the boys' best pants, plus eight pairs of assorted boots and shoes—or just let them all float away.

It's taking your car off to distant high ground—and half an hour later discovering that your youngest has a mounting temperature and you are going to need a penicillin prescription.

## Watching for crocodiles

It's having your oldest spend an eager afternoon hanging out the bedroom window anxiously examining the river-bank garden for the first shark or crocodile to appear—and being bitterly disappointed when they don't materialise.

It's answering endless queries: "Will the water be higher than my Daddy?" "Higher than me?" "Higher than the dogs?"—and coping with the inevitable disappointment in your undramatic answers.

It's listening to radio flashes telling of people to the south evacuating their homes as their river has now flooded, and wondering what charitable soul is going to be persuaded to put up your family, complete with bitch in season, should the need arrive.

It's discovering that you have stacked all the heavy stuff on top of a chest that contains the only unread magazines and paperbacks in the house; and that television reception is no longer all it might be.

It's sitting alone at 10 o'clock at night wondering if your husband hasn't come back because the banks have finally broken, or because they are furiously sandbagging to make sure they don't.

It's being tired and longing for bed, but wondering if tomorrow morning you will swing your legs into cold, muddy water.

It's writing this while the impressions are fresh—but wondering if it will make it to the post office inside the next week.

It's waiting for the flood in the tide of affairs of the cane country in the Burdekin.

After having read "Growing up is . . ." by young staff writer Loraine Brown, in our February 14 issue, Tasmanian reader JAN BROWN wrote: "It took me back to those wonderful, painful years we all cherish. HE came into my life when we were both 16: we married at 20, and now, eight years later, we have three children.

"So I have written down some of my impressions of what motherhood means . . . it brings almost as many changes as those tender, beautiful, growing years."

## BEING A MOTHER IS . . .

. . . when that alarm clock you were given for a wedding present becomes a white elephant.

. . . when that frothy negligee is tucked away for "a special occasion" or "in case you go to hospital."

. . . when there is no room for your stockings to dry in the bathroom—it is filled with plastic bath, potties, ducks, boats, baby-powder, soap, oils, creams, lotions, cotton-buds, etc.

. . . when you swap places with the "head of the table" because it's easier to get up and down.

. . . knowing when to intervene in a squabble and when to turn a blind eye.

. . . when it takes you three years to grow your hair long—and two tiny fists pull it out by the handful.

. . . when some of your most devoted principles are sacrificed for a little harmony.

. . . is longing for some peace and quiet; then, when the house is empty, feeling miserable.

. . . making a mighty effort to conquer your aversion to spiders, beetles, worms, grasshoppers, mice, and dead birds.

. . . when you begin to wonder, "Did I have chicken-pox as a child?"

. . . not batting an eyelid when Batman is included in the evening prayers.

. . . smiling when it thunders, explaining why lightning lights the sky, trying not to tremble as a little hand finds comfort in yours.

# As I read THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY: Week starting March 13.

## ARIES: March 21-April 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Mainly bad stars until at least the 21st. Week begins in confusion and muddle and escalates into upset and tension. Cupid is in snide humor, and perhaps the disloyalty of a friend causes hurt. Stick to routine—it's a season of upheaval.

## TAURUS: April 21-May 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Saturday, Tuesday.

★ Torrid and turbulent star weather ahead! Your love life, whether you are married or single, is adversely pressured. Many romances will have an abrupt demise. There's intrigue in the matrimonial set-up. Start no new venture, romantic, or business.

## GEMINI: May 21-June 21

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, blue, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Monday.

★ You'll need all your versatile adaptability this week to cope. If married, tact will be needed to avoid trouble. Your usually acute wits could get muddled and erratic, which adds up to extra risks. It's bad for legal matters—look out for that mini-print.

## CANCER: June 22-July 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, green, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday.

★ That inbuilt geiger counter of yours should be clicking madly this week—and you'll need it, especially 17th-19th. Don't get financially involved with a friend, realise that your love-life is under deceptive influences, and be extra cautious travelling. Star weather, in brief, is lousy.

## LEO: July 23-August 22

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

★ Many Leos, particularly those born at the end of the sign, could find their personal life suddenly complicated and confused, with unpleasant undercurrents, especially if wed. There could be a sudden break with a friend involving money.

## VIRGO: August 23-September 23

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Tuesday.

★ It's a restless, unreliable period and brings big changes into the lives of many Virgos. For some, a turning point—things will never be quite the same again. You'll have to guard against confused thinking. Be extra vigilant travelling.

## LIBRA: September 24-October 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ You are a person who likes peace and balance, and you'll have to battle to hang on to your equilibrium, mental, emotional, and financial. March 17 is the best day for money matters. Ignore the blandishments of Venus—she is in a fickle mood. Don't trust your luck, 18th-19th.

## SCORPIO: October 24-November 22

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday.

★ Keep an ear cocked for that rustle in the grass. There's a spooky aura surrounding your personal concerns. Start no new project, but keep to routine. Marriage matters are unreliable. You could lose an admirer, and family brouhaha is indicated, 18th-19th.

## SAGITTARIUS: November 23-December 21

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, pink, navy. Lucky days, Friday, Monday.

★ Your forthrightness could land you in hot water, especially if married. A rift in the marriage loom is shown—it will take tact and patience to prevent it. Use care in travelling, both on land and water. The stars discourage the new, and speculation.

## CAPRICORN: December 22-January 20

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ All to do with the home or family comes under confusing and deceptive stars. It's bad for real estate, starting a home, new moves. Finances are also involved. March 18-19 is a time of upheaval and big changes. Be more than usually careful travelling. Water can prove dangerous.

## AQUARIUS: January 21-February 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, lilac, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday.

★ Note this week as very adverse. There is danger of losing a friend through an altercation over money. Anyway, keep the purse zipped. Start no new enterprises—there's a lot of deception and unreliability about—and keep an eye on career—you might get unpopular.

## PISCES: February 20-March 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, green, brown. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday.

★ It's still your cycle of get-up-and-go-go, but conditions are so bad, postpone action until after 18th at least. Big changes could take place in private and public life. Shelf important letters, especially if concerned with legal matters. Better stars around the corner.



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# Feet of clay



## LETTERS

In having a bushranger, Ned Kelly, as a national hero, I have always thought that Australians have a strange sense of values. But now it seems that this perverted romanticism is not existent in Australia alone. The fashion and film worlds are building a romantic image around Bonnie and Clyde — who were merely homicidal maniacs!

—“DISGUSTED,” New Lambton, N.S.W.

## Road “block”

DRIVING lessons for school students are not going to lower the deathrate through road accidents. Courtesy, or lack of it, is a major cause. Only by being particularly alert and careful can teenagers avoid accidents, often involving ill-mannered yet apparently mature adults, who are under the impression they are boss of the road. — M. Bartlett, Nunawading, Vic.

## On speaking terms

AS well as oral French and oral German, I feel that oral English should be added to our school syllabus. We speak English far more than we write it. Although many people refer to themselves as “myself” when writing, a great number refer to themselves as “meself” when speaking. More time should be spent in teaching us to express ourselves orally, as well as literally. — Susan Hall, Moorooka, Qld.

## Education . . .

THERE are many who complain that study and exams are no foundation for a teenager's future life. I think that study and exams help to show a teenager that if you want something worth while, you have to work for it. So this helps him to take a more adult look at life — and surely this is the whole purpose of education. — Sue Kinder, Casino, N.S.W.

## . . . and its rewards

IT was only after leaving school with a Junior Pass, and by working for a year, that I realised how important a higher education is. I have now returned to school to do Senior, as my parents had wished. Before, all I could think of was to leave and be more independent. But I soon found that distant fields are greenest, and that independence must be earned gradually. I now realise that education should be for life, and not just a means to acquire a position for a few years. My ambition has been fired, opening up many avenues of life which would have otherwise been unattainable to me. — Helen Hardess, Scarborough, Qld.

## Turn the tables

PRACTICALLY all my life I have lived in a town where there is a mental hospital, and I have got to know some of the patients. They are just the same as everyone else, except that they have some type of mental affliction. They, too, have feelings, and can get most irate over some comments. Those who scoff at these people should remember that they, too, could easily end up in a mental home. — “Hara,” Hobart.

## ROUND ROBIN



Adair

# THE ROUNDS OF THE KITCHEN

As I have said earlier, in the Sydney restaurant only the dining circle revolves.

The area is divided into three different-colored sections for easy identification by diners returning to their tables. I hope color-blind diners don't run into any trouble.

Imagine a young man stepping back on to the revolving area and sitting down at the wrong table.

If there were a strange girl there waiting for her escort there could be a nasty scene.

Ah, well, it would just go to show . . .

The course never does run smooth romance-wise.

Why should it clockwise?

## Top marks!

HERE'S a tip which I, and friends, have proved most useful. Each week make a number of bookmarks from ruled paper, and slip them into the various textbooks being used. When I come upon some special information I wish to memorise, I make a short note on the bookmark. Later, I go over these markers and pin them in a rough-notes book beside the corresponding subject, for future reference. — Heidi Hayes, Old Toongabbie, N.S.W.

## Who is game?

AS a party game the hostess asked us to write a paragraph about a favorite piece of furniture. When she substituted our boyfriend's

## Now or never

NOW I find life very interesting and enjoyable (mostly) because I've been thinking that you only live once, so why not make the best of things while you can? — Rhonda Connors, Kingaroy, Qld.

## In the minority

MAN is generally accepted to be on an infinitely higher plane than animals. But some of man's practices are too silly for animals to indulge in. Have you ever seen a white dog fighting with a black dog because of “his” color? I think that because man is mentally stronger than animals and no longer has to fight them for survival, he uses his aggressive urges to fight a

# For teenagers

(or girlfriend's) name for the furniture, it really sounded funny. Here's how mine came out: “One of Geoff's legs was riddled with woodworm and this made him slightly lopsided. When we moved, I gave him to a friend in case my mother put him out with the rest of the rubbish.” — M. Brown, Everton Park, Qld.

minority group of his own species — such as Negroes. — “Thinker,” Tranmere, S.A.

## Away from home

AT 18, after much arguing and opposition from my parents, I left home. I made mistakes (none of them drastic) at first, but pulled through very well. I now find myself a much better judge of people, can handle money, and take on responsibilities that many of my age couldn't. If a teenager has sound commonsense and parents who realise that mistakes must be made if we are to learn, then leaving home for a year is a wonderful experience. I have made many friends, as well as broadened my outlook on life and my country. — “Happy Wanderer,” Kangaroo Island, S.A.

## Matter of trust

A YOUNG and modern mother recently asked my middle-aged father what evening outings he would permit a 15-year-old daughter. My surprised father replied that as long as the child could be trusted, and transport was arranged, he could see no reason why the girl should be severely restricted. I think too many parents restrict their teenage daughters to the point where the girl may end up shy and unsure of herself when she is at last given some freedom. What teenagers need is trust. — “Trusted,” Floreat Park, W.A.



BEFORE accepting a cadetship or student-ship, teenagers should study the agreement carefully, noting the following points:

- Will you be able to follow your chosen course?
- Is there a lengthy period at the end of your course, during which you will be bonded, when you may want to travel?
- Do you really want to take up the profession for which you will be trained?
- Don't use a student-ship as an easy source of finance.

At the end of my first year of university I have found that my employers will not let me take the exact subjects I want to do. I hope that other teenagers are not caught like me. — “Experienced,” Ballarat, Vic.



## Beauty in brief:

# ANKLES ON VIEW

MAXI-SKIRTS are marvellous news for the not-so-Twiggy legs — but now the ankles will be on full view.

Thick ankles often mean that you are simply overweight. A reducing diet will slim them down as well as the rest of your legs.

If you have trouble with swelling ankles, do see your doctor and check that there's nothing medically wrong with you. If he says there isn't, try some slimming exercises.

Walk up and down stairs on tiptoe, or rotate your ankles first in one direction, then in the other.

Swimming, cycling, running, tennis, and walking will all help to tone the muscles and give your legs and ankles a good basic shape.

While good shape is important, smooth skin and a disguise for blemishes shouldn't be ignored.

If your ankles tend to be dry, rub a well-soaped pumice over them after your bath, then splash or spray with cold water. Pat dry with hand and body lotion.

Clever girls can use a dark tone make-up to slim down problem ankles.

## What's missing?

AT 18 I am an “old maid” in comparison with many of my girlfriends. One has two children, and many are working wives. Yet they were once in my class at school. For me, life has hardly begun. I finish my training at Teachers' College this year and want to see something for all the work I've put into it. Although I am going steady, I feel I have to learn to be responsible for myself before I can be to someone else. At the same time, I wonder if I'm missing out on a wonderful part of life. — “Old Maid,” North Adelaide.



# SINGING PLUMBER MISSES 'GAS' OLD GEAR!

**T**HE only regret for Melbourne's Johnny Farnham when he became an overnight success on the Australian pop charts was that he had to shed his plumber's overalls.

"I go for all this kinky gear," he says, "but it's not as comfortable as my old working 'duds.'"

Johnny, whose first record — "Sadie, the Cleaning Lady" — has topped all the Australian charts, was an apprentice plumber until the day before his disc was released.

"That was on November 23, and since then we haven't stopped," said Johnny, who has been touring Australia for television, stage, and personal appearances. "Sometimes I think it must be all a big joke."

For, although Johnny had been singing with a small Melbourne band since he left school, he had never made a professional presentation when the record was cut.

But that was soon to change.

Within weeks of its release, "Sadie" sold more than 47,000 copies. Last month it reached the 50,000 mark — earning Johnny a Golden Record.

"I hear it's going to be released in New Zealand, England, and America, too."

Meanwhile, Johnny, who at 18 has fan clubs in every State, is happy travelling around to meet his followers.

"That's why I must have some swinging gear," he said. And we think he has.

Story: KERRY YATES  
Pictures: DON CAMERON



● "Don't I look gas?" joked pop singer Johnny Farnham as he shows how he used to look in his old plumber's work clothes.



For teenagers

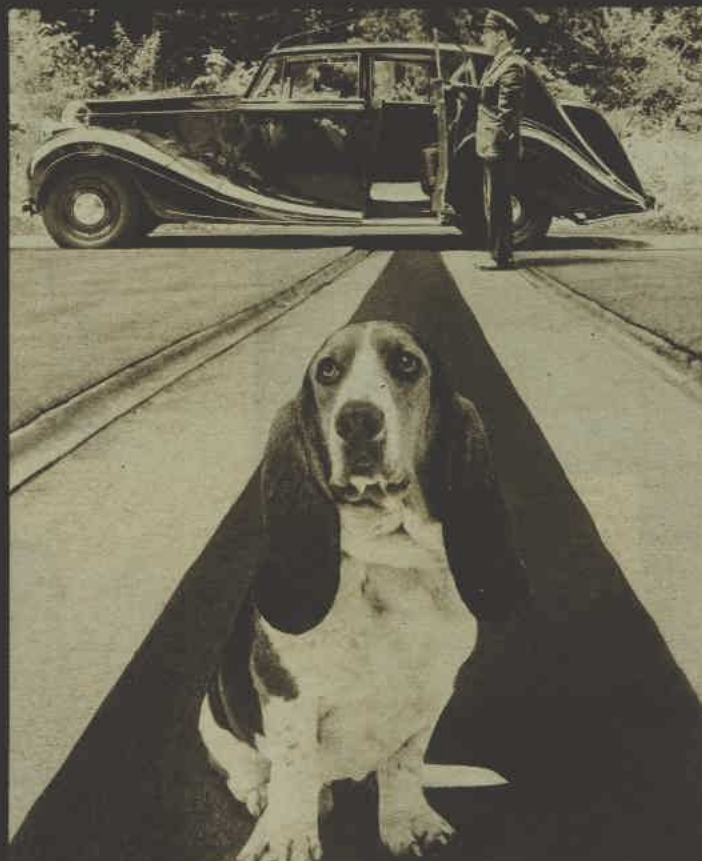


● Three-piece suit, left, is London-styled. Johnny favors conservative cuts in a bold, plain color.  
● Silk suit, above, has slightly waisted jacket and slim trousers, which Johnny prefers to the loose "baggies" some of the pop stars are wearing now.  
● Flannel jacket with maxi-collar, right, looks great with straight trousers, "buck" shoes.





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Left: Dramatically studded and belted natural untanned Cordoba leather coat which Viv teamed with ANITA in Dogie brushed pigskin. The look is bold, but feminine with beautiful new season's Hush Puppies.

Below: Georgia chose TULSA in Beetle glove leather to repeat the warm russet tonings of this red fox fur. Very versatile, these new season's Hush Puppies!



ANITA



TULSA



LEE





Left: Shown solo is RUTH in Tumbleweed breathin' brushed pigskin.

Far left: LEE in Rootbeer pigskin matches up with this French military style suit. Sparkly silver buttons march down the jacket and skirt — decorate the slash pockets and sleeves, too.



Above: Coffee coloured tomboy pants and zingy scarlet poorboy — terrific with PLYMOUTH in Scarlet pigskin. Start teaming carefree Hush Puppies with your winter casual clothes!

Left: Cute and kinky little citrus coloured dress with long zipper, long short sleeves from King's Road, London. Georgia teamed it with JENNY in Beetle glove leather.



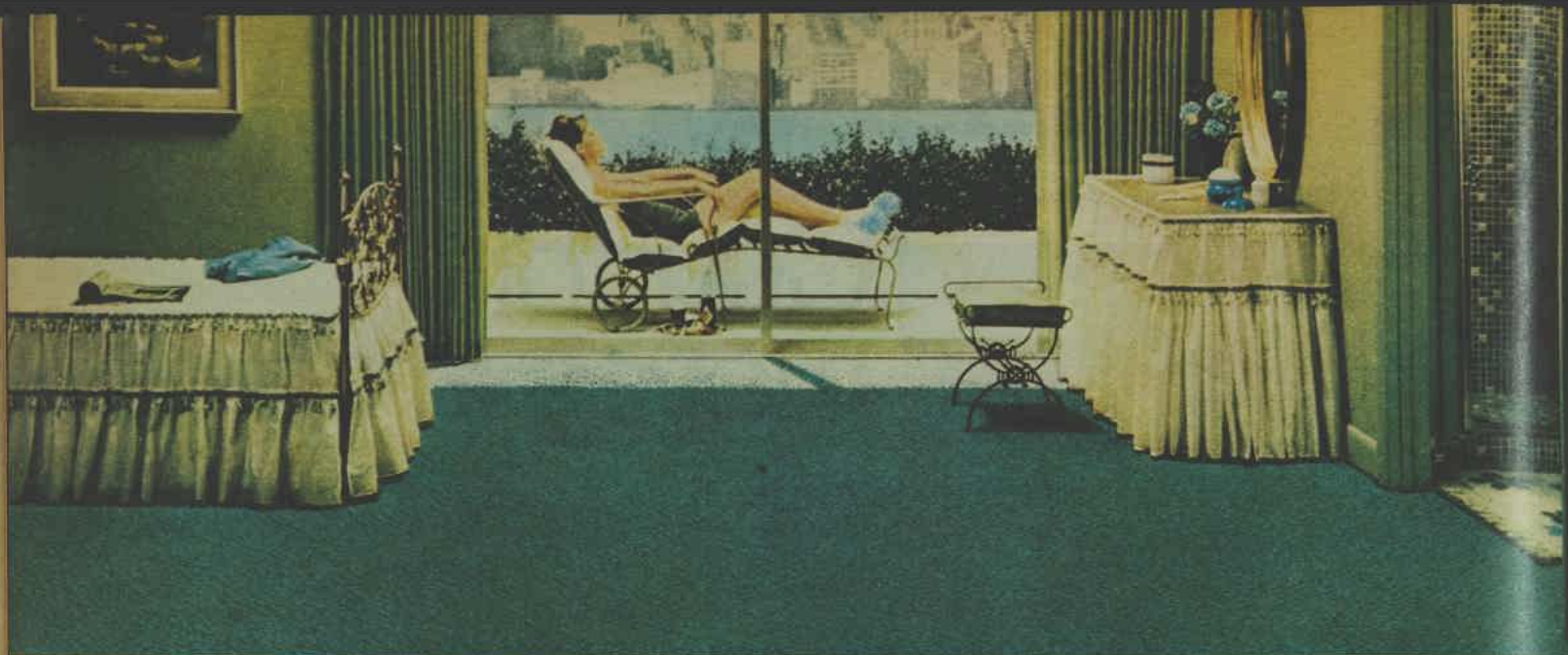
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# THE OMELET KING

● Millionaires fly Rudolph Stanish all over the U.S.A. to take charge of their omelet parties. For expenses plus \$125 per day, his presence guarantees both social and gustatory success.

"AN omelet is to cooking what a sonnet is to poetry," wrote Alexandre Dumas, and the same feeling inspired a new society fad in America — omelet parties.

"Banish everything else from your mind, and concentrate on the egg," writes Rudolph Stanish, a Dumas fan and omeleteer par excellence — America's contemporary egg-head, as it were.

Stanish is to eggs what Bob Hope is to jokes, cracking about 30,000 a year in pursuit of his calling.

If the hens only knew, they would be proud to see their offspring go to a glorious fate at the hands of Stanish, ending their days on America's richest and most dedicated palates.

Stanish, a slim, affable man descended from Slavic nobility, has spent most of his 54 years in the kitchen or in domestic service.

His father, once a colonel in the Tsar's Army, fled the revolution to dig coal in America. His mother collected scrap metal until she became "junk queen" of western Pennsylvania.

Rudolph was one of 15 children. He went into service after the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, on a visit, pointed out to his mother how fascinated the little boy

By ROBERT FELDMAN,  
of our New York staff

seemed in the preparation and serving of food. "He will be a great success one day, you will see," she predicted.

Rudolph learned cooking and butting in some of the best households in the U.S.

The eve of World War II found him in Australia on tour with his then employer, Detroit millionaire William Kirn and Mrs. Kirn. Stanish traipsed round the world with the Kirns and at home

ran their fashionable household at Grosse Pointe, Detroit's millionaire's row.

Mr. Kirn died, then Mrs. Kirn in 1946. And for the faithful servant a large annuity was left, "enough to assure that I wouldn't have to work again."

Rather than retire, however, the young and ambitious butler went to Paris, where he learned cooking as an art.

When he came back to America loaded with savoir faire, he attached himself to two of the biggest names in American theatre — successively, Max Liebman, who masterminded Sid Caesar's TV shows, and then Broadway producer Clinton Wilder.

For the past 15 years Stanish has held a lucrative post as luncheon chef for the executives and partners (about 40 of them) of a leading Wall Street investment house, Goldman Sachs and Company.

The job leaves his evenings and weekends free for

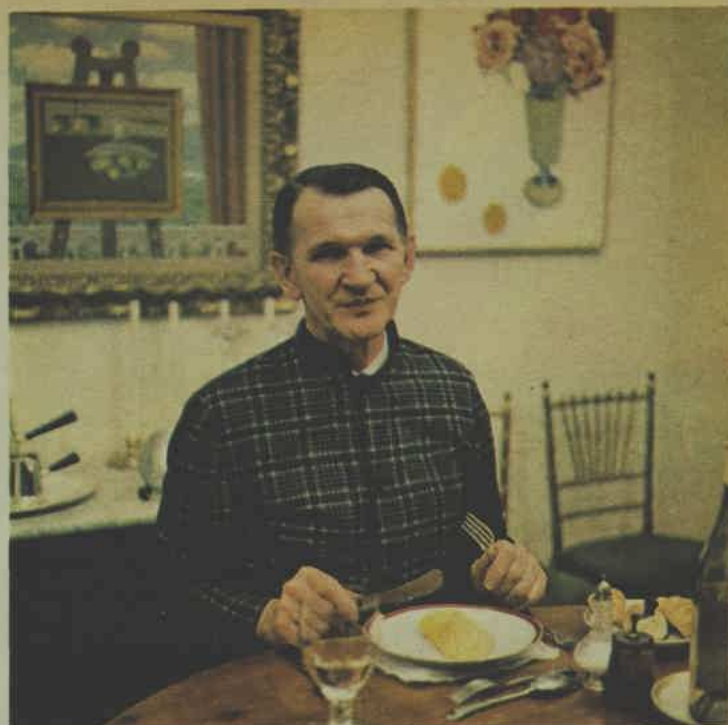
"moonlighting" among the social set and the very, very rich.

Stanish's weekend occupation began to catch fire a few years ago when he published his small cookbook and began writing omelet recipes for magazines.

He was crowned "The Omelet King" by the trade, and received the accolade recently when an aluminium company began to produce omelet pans according to his design—bearing his endorsement stamped on the underside, of course. (Everybody who is anybody in snob-conscious America has a Stanish pan.)

In addition to his private parties, Stanish gives lectures and demonstrations all over the world.

His platform manner, as well as his small talk to the rich, is easy-going and informal. He delivers it with a flair and economical style more impressive by the fact he is usually engaged at the same time in turning out omelets for the guests.



RUDOLPH STANISH prepares to enjoy his luncheon omelet. Behind him, in his dining-room, are two paintings he acquired in lieu of fees.

## SOME OF HIS HINTS

- Have eggs at room temperature. Allow an hour after they come from the refrigerator.
- Don't overbeat eggs, otherwise they'll become thin and the omelet will be tough.
- Always use butter, but never let it brown before adding the omelet mixture. Otherwise it will change the color and may make the omelet stick.
- The pan should have rounded, sloping shoulders, which let the mixture spread and when tilted slide the omelet on to the plate. Ideally it should be 7 in. in diameter, be made of heavy cast aluminium or iron, and have a long, sturdy handle. Don't cook anything else in it except crepes. It should be kept for making omelets.
- After use, wipe pan thoroughly with paper towelling and put away against the next time omelets are in order.
- Omelets should be served at once on warm, not hot, plates, or they will go on cooking.

## HOW TO MAKE A PERFECT ONE

● Here are Stanish's instructions from his recipe book for making a basic omelet. The book's foreword was written by Edward Albee, author of "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

ALBEE says that when people kept asking, "Oh, Rudolph, write it down, I want to learn how to do it!" he would reply, as he stirred something, "Watch me, watch me."

Finally, Stanish was persuaded to write it down, and the result was his book. This is his advice:

An omelet for one person, as a main dish, calls for: 3 eggs, 1 tablespoon cold water, 4 drops tabasco, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, scant 1 tablespoon lightly salted butter.

Beat eggs with a rotary beater or whisk until they start to foam. Don't overbeat or they will become liquid. Properly beaten, they look "stringy" and make threads when you lift up the beater.

Heat pan over medium heat until hot. To test, flick a few drops of water on the pan. If they jump, pan is ready; if steam

If water-drops "jump," pan is ready.

risks, pan is too hot. In which case, take pan off heat and wave it to cool it down. Add butter (if it's a new pan, butter sides all the way to the top).

Pour eggs into hot pan. With flat side of a fork, make circular motions round the bottom of the pan fast, as when making scrambled eggs. Speed is essential for lightness and fluffiness. While the right hand makes a circular motion, shake pan with left hand, rocking it back and forth, to keep the eggs loose.

When eggs are cooked and all liquid is firm, spread eggs evenly but lightly with a fork to cover any breaks in the surface. Pause briefly to allow eggs to set.

To turn out, grasp pan handle with left hand, palm side up (this makes it easier to tilt the pan). Tilt at 45 degree angle, and with fork in right hand, close to the handle, roll the omelet away from the handle to the opposite edge of the pan and on to a heated plate.

The entire operation should take 1 minute flat. The omelet should be served at once.

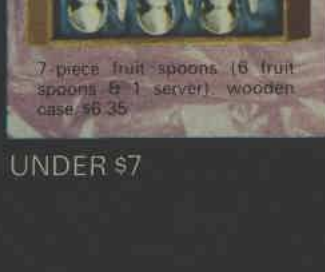
Grasp handle in left hand close to pan.





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## Pizza pies win prize

Delightfully savory little pizzas win this week's prize of \$10 in our weekly recipe contest; they're good for supper or as savories.

### PIZZAS A LA GREC

#### PASTRY

2 cups self-raising flour  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons oil  
2 oz. butter  
1 cup milk

#### FILLING

5 anchovy fillets  
1 black olives  
1 small onion  
1 large tomato  
1 oz. tasty cheese

#### SAUCE

2 oz. butter  
2 tablespoons plain flour  
1 salt, pepper  
1 pint milk

Mix oil and butter together until well blended, add sifted flour and salt gradually. Carefully add milk to make a soft dough (you may not need all the milk). Roll out to  $\frac{1}{4}$  in. thickness and cut into rounds with  $2\frac{1}{2}$  in. pastry cutter. Place on greased baking tray.

Cut anchovies into pieces, remove olives, and chop. Chop onion and tomato. Cut cheese into thin strips. Mix all filling ingredients together. Place a little of the filling on each pastry round.

Sauce: Melt the butter, add flour, and cook  $\frac{1}{2}$  minute. Remove from heat and gradually add the milk. Add salt and pepper to taste, continue cooking until thickened, stirring constantly. Pour a little sauce over each pizza. Bake 20 minutes in hot oven.

First prize of \$10 to J. E. Strache, 3 Morton Rd., Hamilton Hill, W.A. 6163.

### ECONOMY PLUM PUDDING

2 cups mixed fruit  
2 cups soft breadcrumbs  
1 cup milk  
1 teaspoon bicarb. soda  
1 mashed banana  
Juice  $\frac{1}{4}$  lemon

Dissolve bicarbonate of soda in milk. Mix all ingredients together, place in greased basin, cover, and steam 3 hours. Serve warm with custard. Serves 4 to 6.

Consolation prize of \$2 to E. Strick, 53 Flinders St., Queanbeyan, Vic. 3225.

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## HOUSEHOLD HINTS FROM READERS

Readers win a prize of \$2 each for these helpful hints they have tried and tested in their own households.

**K**EEP wornout and discarded gloves in the shoeshine box. Slip them on when cleaning shoes and keep your hands clean. This is especially useful for children.—Miss L. Ramsay, 13 Stewart St., Taree, N.S.W. 2430.

To save water and time, and keep garden shrubs thriving, plant a porous terracotta pot in the ground about level with the sur-

face of the soil and a few inches away from the shrub. Fill the pot with water each evening and it will seep gradually into the ground.—Mrs. P. Schofield, 20 Gipps Ave., Mordialloc, Vic. 3195.

If you'd like linen table mats but your budget won't quite stretch to them, buy plain linen teatowels. Each one will cut into four mats; embroider as desired. Matching table napkins can also

be made from the same economical source.—Mrs. P. M. Edwards, 5 Heather Drive, Ridgehaven, S.A. 5097.

To thread a needle with a length of wool, simply roll the end of the woollen thread between finger and a cake of soap. This slight coating will allow the thread to pass smoothly through.—Mrs. G. Fielding, 7 Greathead's Rd., Bundaberg, Qld. 4670.

For the busy mother who sews and worries about those broken needles and rusty pins! Keep an empty talcum powder tin beside the sewing machine and drop the rejected needles and pins into the tin. When full, it can be closed and disposed of easily.—Mrs. B. Buchanan, 25 Black St., Yeerongpilly, Qld. 4105.

For a new baby make a soft bath towel from three yards of butter muslin, folded in half and

sewn together along the sides. Finish with a narrow cotton fringe on both ends. This towel, used on top of an ordinary towel, dries baby easier, is soft on his skin, and dries in minutes.—C. Watson, 17 Junia Ave., Toongabbie, N.S.W. 2146.

To clean lace or mesh on white or light-colored shoes, first place a clean cloth inside the shoe, then use upholstery cleaner and a brush. This cleans the mesh very easily and quickly.—Mrs. T. B. Haddon, 77 Walpole St., Merrylands, N.S.W. 2160.





**SWISS APPLE CAKE:** Serve it in wedges, like large slices of apple pie. The recipe in this feature makes two of these cakes.



**APPLE SQUARES:** A soft, tender cake mixture is used to enclose the cooked and well-drained apple. At back, Granny Smith apple.



**DUTCH APPLE CAKE (left):** Has a filling of lemon-flavored apple and sultanas, topped with pastry. This is a nice cake to serve as a dessert, with cream or custard.

# THE TOP TEN APPLE CAKES



**APPLE AND BANANA SHORT-CAKE:** Flavors of apple, banana, passionfruit, and lemon are combined in this fine dessert cake. In front is a Delicious apple.



**RUSSIAN APPLE CAKE (above):** This beautiful cake is topped with quartered and sliced apples, with apricot jam added for extra flavor. Serve it with cream.

FROM  
OUR  
LEILA  
HOWARD  
TEST  
KITCHEN



March is the start of the apple season, and to celebrate we've chosen ten apple cakes, any of which would top the popularity poll in your home. So make the most of apple time, and treat the family to some of these lovely cakes. Many of them are delicious to serve as desserts, too.

Recipes for these cakes begin overleaf



**APPLE GINGERBREAD** (above): Baked as an upside-down cake, it has a luscious topping of sliced apple with centre of glace cherries. Good as a cake, or as dessert with ice-cream.

**SPICY APPLE SLICE** (right): A pastry shell has a filling of apple pulp cooked with cloves and lemon rind; the spicy topping is of cinnamon and sugar. The apple is a Democrat.

**APPLE TEACAKE** (left): A delightful little cake you'll want to make often, it's so easy. Serve it for afternoon tea or supper as a treat for the family. In front, a Crofton apple.



**APPLE CRUMB CAKE:** Walnuts, brown sugar, and apple are marbled through this good-tasting cake. Layers of cooked apple are alternated with layers of the cake mixture.



**DANISH APPLE CAKE:** The crunchy topping of slivered, blanched almonds mixed with cream and flour is baked on this Continental cake. In background, a Rome Beauty apple.



### APPLE SQUARES

- 4oz. butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar
- 1 egg
- 1 cup plain flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- 1 teaspoon mixed spice
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups stewed, drained apple

Cream together butter or substitute with sugar until light and fluffy, add egg, beat well. Sift flour with spices, fold lightly into creamed mixture. Spread half mixture on base of greased 6in. square cake tin, cover with well-drained apples, spread remaining

cake mixture on top. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes until golden brown. Serve hot or cold, cut into squares, and sprinkled with sifted icing sugar.

### SPICY APPLE SLICE

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour
- 3oz. butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar
- 1 egg-yolk
- 1 teaspoon water
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder

Cream together the butter or substitute and sugar until light and fluffy, beat in egg-yolk and water. Knead in sifted dry in-

gredients until mixture comes together in a ball; chill half hour. Roll out on lightly floured board, line slab tin (10in. x 8in.) with pastry.

### FILLING

- 4 large apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 2 tablespoons water
- few cloves
- little lemon rind
- 1 teaspoon butter

Peel, core, and slice apples thinly. Place in saucepan with sugar, water, cloves, lemon rind, and butter, cook gently until apples are tender, cool. Place

cold apple pulp in uncooked pastry shell.

### SPICY TOPPING

- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup plain flour
- 4 teaspoons cinnamon
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons sugar
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons butter or substitute

Sift dry ingredients into bowl, rub in butter or substitute, using fingertips, shape into a ball, chill until firm. Press ball of topping through colander or coarse grater on to apples.

Bake in moderate oven approximately 40 minutes. Cool, cut into slices.

### APPLE TEACAKE

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour
- pinch salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar
- 2oz. butter or substitute
- 1 egg
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk
- 1 to 2 apples
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon
- extra  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar

Peel and core apples, cut into thin slices, cut each slice in half.

Cream butter or substitute gradually add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar, beating until light and fluffy; beat in egg. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk, mixing to a smooth consistency. Spread mixture in well-greased 8in. sandwich tin, arrange a whirl of apple slices on top, sprinkle with combined cinnamon and extra sugar. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes.

### SWISS APPLE CAKE

#### PASTRY

- 5oz. butter or substitute
- 2-3rd cup sugar
- 1 large egg
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  cups self-raising flour
- pinch salt
- little milk

#### FILLING

- 6 cooking apples
- grated rind 1 lemon
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 2 teaspoons cinnamon

**Pastry:** Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy; add egg, beating well. Mix in sifted dry ingredients, adding a little milk, if necessary, to give a firm dough.

**Filling:** Peel and slice apples very thinly. Roll out half the pastry, line two 7in. greased sandwich tins. Arrange apple slices in pastry shells. Sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, and grated lemon rind. Roll out remaining pastry; cover tops. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate for further 30 minutes. Serve cold.

Makes 2 cakes.

### DUTCH APPLE SLICE

#### PASTRY

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups plain flour
- 4oz. butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup castor sugar
- pinch salt
- 1 egg

#### FILLING

- 6 cooking apples
- 2oz. sugar
- 3 tablespoons water
- few strips lemon rind
- 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs
- 2oz. sultanas

#### TOPPING

- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 dessertspoon cinnamon

**Filling:** Peel, quarter, and slice apples, place in saucepan with water, sugar, and lemon rind. Cook over low heat until apples are soft but not broken up; cool.

**Pastry:** Sift flour, sugar, and salt into bowl, rub in butter or substitute, using fingertips. Add sufficient beaten egg to mix to a firm dough (you may need to use only half of the beaten egg); chill  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

Roll out 2-3rds of pastry and line greased slab tin (10in. x 8in.), sprinkle pastry with crumbs.

Spoon cold, partially cooked apples into pastry case, sprinkle sultanas over. Roll out remaining pastry, cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. strips; place these diagonally across apples, forming a lattice effect. Glaze with remaining egg, sprinkle over topping made by combining the sugar with the cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven approximately 45 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes.

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By LOIS LANDER



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MARIA MANTILLI dropped the last rosy tomato into her apron and stood up to greet Father Ryan. But her heart did not lift as it once had when he came. In those first few weeks after her husband's death, he had called regularly, talked to her in her native tongue, listened to her outpourings of grief and sorrow, given her advice about the boys. She had longed for his visits, but he had changed now. Of late he had refused to speak with her in Italian at all.

"English," he had said on his last visit. "English is what you must speak, Mrs. Mantilli. You are in Australia, your boys are growing up here, and you must keep pace with them."

"My own language," Maria had protested, "surely I can speak. Here in this foreign country I learn to cook a new way, to live a new way. To my boys I am both father and mother."

"You have done well, Maria. You have worked to keep your boys, and they are good boys, but the worst is over now, and you must make a home for these boys, a real home."

"Show me," Maria had said, "where there is a better home. I scrub, I clean—"

"That," Father Ryan had interrupted, "is not enough. Your boys need a mother, a companion, not just a housekeeper who is not able to speak to their friends because she has no English. You live in an Australian society, and you must be a part of it."

Now, standing there in her well-ordered garden, Maria wondered with a small spurt of anger why the old priest had come. Certainly there was no time for any English nonsense today. With three days to Christmas, there was so much to prepare, so many things to be done.

"You will come in, Father?" she said. "A glass of wine perhaps?"

In the kitchen, she bustled about setting out wine, a plate of her Christmas pastries. Father Ryan bit resolutely into one of the pastries, and took the plunge.

"Mrs. Mantilli, I have come to ask you to help me."

"Of course, Father. There is sickness, and you would like me to clean the house, to cook perhaps a meal. You will tell me?"

"The help," Father Ryan said slowly, "is needed by a child, a small Italian girl. Two months ago, just after they came to this country, her parents were killed in a road smash. Since then she has lived in an orphanage. She is nine now, and arrangements were made to have her adopted. The foster-mother, who was to have taken her home yesterday, is now unable to take her at all. And now this child will remain in the orphanage, unless someone is willing to find room for her at Christmas."

"But surely there are many who would share their Christmas with a lonely bambino."

The priest's lips tightened as he remembered how many had insisted that they were quite unable to find room for the child.

"There is no one," he said, "unless you, Mrs. Mantilli, could— It is only for two nights."

Maria smiled suddenly. "She is Italian you say, this child?"

"Well," Father Ryan said slowly, "she is, but —"

"Then," broke in Maria, "I do it. She will come, the small one."

That night, for the first time in many months, Maria sang to her work. The boys were growing up now, rarely did they speak Italian. This surely was a present by heaven specially for her, this little girl from her own land. Together they would visit the



shops. Father was to bring the bambino early on the morning of Christmas Eve, and together the two Italian ladies, one big, one small, would choose for the small one a dress as gay as the flowers in Maria's own garden.

Maria, already dressed in her best black when the priest arrived with the child, hurried to meet them. The child, a small, pale thing with red hair, and a clear pale skin, was very different from the robust, olive-skinned bambino of Maria's dreams. The priest pushed the girl gently forward.

"This," he said in slow, careful English, "is the lady who will make Christmas for you, Rosalba. She hasn't," he said in a quick aside to Maria, "learned much English yet."

Maria bent, and put an arm around the thin shoulders. "And who," she said defiantly, "wants her to have the English? I, too, am Italian, we will talk together you and I, Rosalba."

Then, seeing the blank, uncomprehending look on the child's face, she whirled on Father Ryan. "What is this?" she said. "Her hair, her skin, and now her tongue, Italian, you say."

"I am sorry," Father Ryan said meekly. "Rosalba is an Italian, but she comes from Northern Italy and speaks a dialect that—"

The child, sensing the change in Maria, made a small, frightened movement, and Maria, suddenly contrite, gathered her close.

"Is right," she said. "Come, we go, then we shop."

The two Italian ladies, though their verbal communication was not quite as fluent as Maria had planned, found a lot in common. The gaieties of the shops were a mutual delight.

If the dress that Rosalba chose was several inches shorter than Maria thought suitable for a child of nine, she had to admit that the color was glorious—pale green it was, above which the clear, pale skin was alabaster, and the hair a red-gold halo.

Maria had turned to leave the shop when Rosalba tugged at her hand, then darted across the shop to stand before an outsize model dressed in soft blue.

"Come," she called gaily. Maria hurried over. "Is late," she said, "home now."

But the young Italian lady stood firm, touching first the soft blue, then the dull black of Maria's dress. Maria looked helplessly from the hovering attendant to the child. How to explain that a lady of her years were black, that the money in her purse, so sadly depleted by the purchase of the bambino's dress, was needed for sheets for the baby's beds.

She put out a tentative hand and touched the soft material, and turned toward the fitting-room.

Father Ryan gave Maria's arm an approving pat as she and Rosalba left the church the next morning.

"You're a thing of beauty, Mrs. Santilli," he said. "Bright and fresh as one of your own larkspurs. I'll pick up the girl tomorrow about five o'clock, and show you for what you've done."

For Rosalba the day was a perfect one, that even in after years she would remember with love and gratitude, but for Maria Christmas was clouded by the thought of losing the child the following day. That night, she took out an old exercise book and went carefully through her expenses. Rent, light, so many bills. She sighed, and closed the book. Clearly it was not possible to keep the child.

She had just finished packing

Rosalba's case the next afternoon when Vince, her son, called out that Father Ryan was coming.

Quite unemotionally, the two Italian ladies said goodbye. Rosalba tucked her hand into Father Ryan's, and Maria and Vince stood watching them down the garden path. Vince, seeing the odd, still look in his mother's usually expressive face, slipped a comforting arm through hers. Maria, still watching, was sure that at the gate Rosalba would turn and wave. But Rosalba did not. At the gate she pulled her hand free and ran back up the path.

"I stay," she said. "Please, I stay."

Maria ran forward and caught the small figure in her arms. She was strong, she had worked to keep her boys, she would work again to keep this child who had been sent.

"Mum," her son said, speaking in the Italian which he knew his mother loved. "Mum, you ought to keep her. I'll be getting a rise soon, you can have that."

Maria whirled on her son.

"The English you will speak, please," she said firmly. "Is English we speak in this house from now to always, understand. Your sister, the bambina Rosalba, how else does she learn?"

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# A GRADUAL JOY

By GLORIA GOLDREICH

SHE would begin, she told herself, as soon as the first side of the new Joan Baez record Ron had bought her sang its way into silence. It was a familiar pattern, these small bargains she made with herself whenever she faced a task that demanded effort and promised no pleasure. At school, she had promised herself she would memorise conjugations as soon as she finished the last short story in "The Dubliners."

She agreed mentally to do the laundry after completing a chapter. She would call her aunt and uncle and thank them for their engagement gift after she had called a close friend to complain about Ron's mother's latest foible. She would meet her mother and select linens only after she had allowed herself a full hour of drifting and browsing in Brentano's. She teased herself with rewards and threatened herself with punishments, but it was an effective system.

In the end, the conjugations were memorised, the laundry done, the social obligations completed, the linens purchased.

She poured herself a fresh cup of coffee, relishing the quiet and privacy of the hour, as Joan Baez drifted sadly into memories of a house in New Orleans. The cartons and parcels stood in the middle of the room, gathered together like chastened children from every corner of the studio apartment. Ron had rounded them up solemnly the night before; he had pulled them out of cupboards, from under the day bed, and even from behind the stove.

"You're such a squirrel." His tone was loving, ringed with affectionate irritation. He looked at her as she sat cross-legged on the couch, watching him create a semblance of order. "Haven't you ever thrown anything away?"

"Overdue notices from the library. And monthly

statements. Except from Lord and Taylor. I keep their bills because they're always so cute and clever. They want their money, but they're nice about asking for it."

"The credit manager will be delighted to hear that." He pulled out a large carton that had originally shipped dry cereal to Boston and that she had labelled in red crayon "Taylor College — Letters and Things."

She wondered what the "things" could be and groaned. "It will take me years to go through them. It's a good thing I quit my job three weeks before the wedding."

"Honey, why not just throw all this stuff away?" His plea was calm, rational, and, they both knew, hopeless. She had not been near the dust-laden, weary cartons for years and most probably would

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never have a need to approach them. But the thought of putting them in the incinerator unopened, the "things" forever unremembered and untouched, the letters unread that once had surely said something, was disloyal.

It indicated a lack of fidelity to her past, to the years that had been and the threads of relationships that had woven them into the gossamer fabric of her memories. To discard them uncaringly hinted at a casualness above the present and the future. What of Ron's letters, crossing from Boston to New York over the past years, now carefully tied together and easily available for reading and rereading?

Perhaps one day she would put them into a box, label them "Ron and Marilyn 1965," and shove them conveniently away in an attic or basement, to be discarded

## A GRADUAL JOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

during the next springcleaning.

And so she had decided, and he had agreed, that she would go through the cartons and shoeboxes and shopping bags while he went to Boston to see about connecting the telephone, turning on the electricity, and making arrangements with banks for their joint cheque and savings accounts. She had a full day, while he put their future in order, to organise the scattered papers and souvenirs of her past.

Joan Baez reached the last chorus, and Marilyn carefully drained the last of the coffee and washed the cup. She was scrupulous about keeping the bargains she made with herself, and she took a kitchen knife and headed resolutely for the largest carton. Numerous

cords were tied around it, ending in highly efficient, tight little knots. The box was gay with Customs stamps and scrawls, and she wondered who had tied the knots as she bent to read the label on the box.

In a familiar handwriting, in neat, green-inked letters, she read, "Marilyn — Les Memoires D'une Annee Fantastique."

The handwriting was Eugene's, of course. He had always used green ink. She remembered her father's picking up one of the few letters Eugene had written after her return to the States and commenting that he never trusted a man who used colored ink. It had been, by pure chance, a perceptive remark, because her father would certainly not have trusted Eugene.

She sliced the knots and remembered how earnestly Eugene had tied them, his dark hair falling

into his eyes, as he had helped her remove all traces of herself from the narrow, sun-streaked Saint-Germain room. They had left on the wall a poster advertising a Soutine exhibit, because they could not remove it without ripping it.

"It will be here for years," Eugene had predicted, with the matter-of-fact wisdom she had accepted with as much respect, awe, and ultimate ease as her father's decisions about the national situation and her mother's nutrition theories.

She wondered now if he had, in fact, been right, and if the American girls who had followed her to the rue Jacob pension gazed up at the wavering landscape between their adventures with love and loneliness.

She opened the carton and dug through the newspapers that

covered the contents. They were copies of "L'Express" and a yellowing picture of Mende France looked up at her. She tossed the papers aside and looked down at two papiermache masks, the faces of comedy and tragedy. Eugene had made for a student ball. She had worn the downmouthed face of the tragic mask because in those days the likes of walking the streets of Paris alone, washed in a melancholy she cherished as a lonely luxury.

She wrote sad little verses and painted, using dark watercolor washes to capture, in a colorless whisper, the scenes of rain dripping about the bridges. She was in Paris to study, and she took courses in romantic literature, memorising heartbreaking strains of Baudelaire and Rimbaud, reverberating over and over while the radio played violin music and caught the shattered voice of Edith Piaf.

EUGENE, whom she met in a seminar, took her to clubs where sad-eyed girls sang love songs without accompaniment and to dark cafes where young men strumming guitars and smiling moodily wandered around. She drank pink gin and grew even sadder and drifted home with Eugene's arm through silent streets, back to the room where the Soutine poster hung teasing on the wall.

"You enjoy all these mood," Eugene had said the night of the ball. "They're not real, are they? We are wearing the wrong masks."

He wore the face of comedy, because he laughed easily and loudly. An angry old woman scolding a dog in front of Notre-Dame could send him into storms of joy. He smiled at small children and teased monkeys in pet-shop windows. He taught her new dances and mimicked her accent. But he talked little about himself. His father, she knew, had been killed during the Occupation, and there was a crippled sister at home, for whom he constantly sought gifts that would distract and delight. He was studying medicine, but he audited courses in literature and spent much of his free time in galleries and concerts.

The shadow of the war, of his father's death, his sister's infirmity hovered over him, and he

## FROM THE BIBLE

● Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.  
— James 4; 8

seized at joy where he could, while she, glowing with vitamins and sun and exercise from good camps and good schools, groped for melancholy and sought sadness. Their masks, that evening, had been, after all, perversely appropriate.

She ferreted through the cartons. There were concert programs, listings of gallery offerings, letters from friends in America, keeping her informed of current events in Massachusetts. She scanned the letters. Helen was engaged; Marion was going to be an airline hostess; what a scandal about Patsy! She tried to remember Helen and Marion and Patsy, but they blurred into smiling faces and group photographs and room riddled with chatter and giggles.

There was a small packet of snapshots, fading into yellowness on the brown European photograph paper. There were pictures of her and Eugene on a walking trip in the Midi. There were pictures of her alone, sitting dreamily in front of a cafe, and of Eugene laughing beside a butcher's stall. The word *boulanger* had faded, but the cuts of meat — how wonderful the butchers' windows were in Paris! — shimmered behind the glass.

There was a snapshot of the boarding-house in Saint-Germain and one of the pension they had stayed at during their trip in Rome. "Separate rooms?" She remembered Eugene's incredulous

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protest and his good-natured laughter at her insistence.

At the bottom of the carton she found a pressed, faded bouquet of violets, tied with a blue ribbon that was shredding. Surely Eugene had bought them for her, but she could not remember when or why she had saved them. The blurriness of the memory saddened her, and she closed the carton, salvaging a photograph of herself and Eugene and one of a fountain in Rome. She wondered suddenly why she had not continued writing to him, and she pushed the carton sadly away.

She was about to attack the next carton when the phone rang. The sound jarred her. It was unfair for any relationship of the present to interfere with the few hours she had to spend with her past. It was as though the de-

## A GRADUAL JOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

mands of the working week had interfered with the joys of a weekend escape, and she felt an irrational annoyance as she answered the phone.

Ron's mother's voice, always just a decibel too loud, edged with an eagerness to like Marilyn and have Marilyn like her, came through the wire from Westchester. "Did I wake you, darling?"

It was eleven o'clock, and Marilyn thought suddenly that Ron's mother always called everyone "darling," even the dry-cleaner. "No, of course not," she said. "I've been up for hours." She noticed that she was still holding the snapshot of herself and Eugene and felt strangely guilty. She looked at

it as her future mother-in-law babbled on.

Ron's mother asked a question, and she jerked herself back into the present. In her I-hope-you-don't-think-I'm-interfering tone, Mrs. Leslie was gently inquiring whether Marilyn had phoned the mattress company about the special non-allergenic mattress. Ron had numerous and mysterious allergies, which he was totally unaware of, and which obsessed his mother.

She lay awake nights worrying about protecting him from dust particles and impure cotton and confided her maternal panics to Marilyn.

"No, I'll do it later. I haven't had a chance," Marilyn said.

"Please, dear," Mrs. Leslie wavered between commanding and pleading. "And it would be so helpful if you would decide on

your silver and china patterns and register them. Everyone's been asking."

"Yes, I will."

She did not want any particular patterns, and she disliked the idea of registering. She thought it would be fun to see what others would imagine she wanted and to have a collection of their affectionate selections.

But all the pressures for practicality rang with reason. They would not have a lot of money. Ron was still interning, and there were things they needed. The sensible thing to do was, of course, to make a list and trot down Fifth Avenue instructing Tiffany, Jensen, and B. Altman as to what her friends and relatives should give them as tokens of goodwill. Silverware, salad bowls, china, casseroles,

and linens all neatly ticked off and accounted for.

Her mother-in-law was particularly concerned with bedding, and before the call was completed Mrs. Leslie had gently dictated a list of manufacturers who made blankets that did not contain ingredients offensive to Ron's allergies.

Marilyn returned to the cartons with the beginning of a headache. She thought of the boat trip back from Europe, when there had been nothing to do but sit on the deck drinking in the sea and sun, playing chess, talk, and wander through the lounges with young men and girls she would never see again.

She was overwhelmed by the list of things she had to complete before she became Mrs. Ronald Leslie. The shopping, the packing, the wedding preparations, the acknowledgements of gifts, the table arrangements for the wedding. She began to feel exhausted, and before real fatigue overcame her she turned to the next carton.

It was marked "Taylor College," and she remembered how she and Fran had hitched into town and returned singing and laughing, in a taxi piled high with empty boxes. They were through with final examinations; their senior projects had been submitted and all accounts dutifully cleared with the college library. Only the prom, commencement, and a new freedom trembled before them, and they were delighted with themselves, their achievements, and the brightness of the years ahead.

THE Taylor College banner that had hung in their room opposite a wall ringed with Picasso and Klee prints was at the top of one of the cartons. She and Fran had briefly debated who should take the banner. But Fran was engaged and already engrossed in furniture catalogues and brides' magazines. There would be no room for a fading felt college banner in her teal living-room, her chrome bathroom, her Italian Provincial bedroom.

Marilyn had taken the banner and also the prints, still trailing darkened strands of cellulose tape, and the madras spreads that had covered the beds in their dormitory room. One of the spreads was thrown across her bed now, and both would be passed on to her young cousin when she and Ron covered their non-allergenic mattress with the upholstered bedspread that matched the headboard.

Her college yearbook was in the carton, and Marilyn blew off the dust that coated it and slowly leafed through it, looking at Taylor College in the spring, in the fall, in the whiteness of winter. She had not visited Taylor for eight years, although she and Ron had driven very near it on a recent trip. He had suggested that they stop; but a certain sadness had stood in her way, and she had objected, pleading tiredness, disinterest, vaguely suggesting another time.

She had not wanted to see the room in which she and Fran had giggled and studied and dreamed. She did not want to see other girls talking earnestly under trees, tensely over coffee in the snack bar, laughing lightly on the tennis courts. She protected her memory from reality. If she did not return, the girls on the library steps were still she and Fran and lovely, wonderful Judy, who had died of bone cancer the year after graduation.

She turned the pages and saw the faces of her classmates mingling up at her. Her own picture was unsmiling, her hair in a shoulder-length bob and her eyes large and serious. She had worried that year about graduate school, about a job, about her senior honors thesis, about Fran's engagement, about her writing, about her restlessness.

Fran's senior picture, face mottled with freckles, eyes crinkled with laughter, looked up at her from the centre of a page. Fran was to come to their wedding — her letter stipulated — "I can find a place to dump the bride." The brat, a freckled little blonde girl named Mandie, was all that remained of Fran's marriage. The laughing girl in the picture

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## A GRADUAL JOY

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return and relieving him of the package.

"Prego, signorina." His white teeth glittered, and he tipped his hat and hurried away.

It was an elaborate game they had played since the first wedding gifts had begun arriving. The brief dialogue, his smile and courtly courtesy lent warmth to the expensive, professionally wrapped gifts he brought.

She opened the package without excitement. It was an enormous milk-white casserole, in which she could easily prepare a meal for twelve. She was awed by the prospect of playing the elegant and accomplished hostess to a huge dinner party. She looked across

the room at her tiny kitchen, furnished with unmatched dishes, ceramic cups, and four battered pots and pans. She realised sadly that she would no longer have to rush to the five-and-ten to supplement her utensils with paper plates and cups, plastic knives and forks.

She put the casserole with her other gifts and turned to one of the drooping shopping bags that were packed in the carton. There was a pile of letters from college friends, scattered throughout the country, married or searching for marriage, chatting about jobs, apartments, men. They were addressed to the first apartment she had lived in after graduation, the tiny studio room on West Tenth Street.

She found also the pile of resumes and the form letter she

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

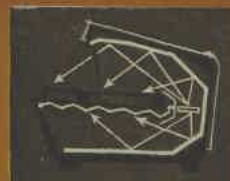
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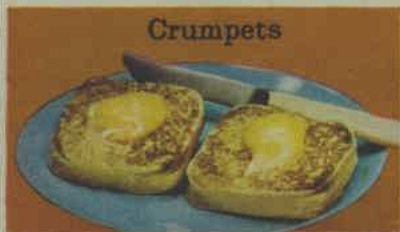
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## THE BOYFRIEND



"576 runs—don't you think it's safe enough to declare?"

had sent out when she had been looking for her first job. She smiled, noticing that the resume included such vital professional information as the fact that she had written her senior honors thesis on "Wordsworth as an Essayist." The job she had finally landed entailed typing, filing, and running out for coffee. No one had ever asked her about Wordsworth.

At the bottom of the bag there was a pile of menus from foreign restaurants, and she remembered how she and John, the young lawyer, who had lived on the floor above her, had bought "A Gourmet Guide to New York" and solemnly tramped from restaurant to restaurant, ending up at coffee shops that served unbelievably bitter coffee and stale, odd-looking cakes.

It was for John that she had cooked her first meals, and it was

## A GRADUAL JOY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

John who had introduced her to the world of gallery openings, cafes, and chess clubs. She had held hands with John at Lewisham Stadium and walked home arm in arm with him after concerts in Washington Square Park. She had wept more from shock and annoyance than from loss when John, gently but firmly, had told her he was returning to Illinois to marry a girl he had known in college. There were, somewhere in that shopping bag, an invitation to John's wedding and a thank-you note from his bride for the wedding gift she had sent.

She had seen John only a few months ago, as she and Ron rode downtown on a Madison Avenue

bus. He had grown bald, and she had noticed for the first time that his left leg was just slightly shorter than his right.

With the menus, she found a plain sheet of white paper on which she had pasted the narrow, yellowing prediction of a fortune teller. It read: "The whole equals but the parts. One whole means many hearts." She automatically placed it with the salvaged snapshots and letter.

In the next shopping bag, she found ten copies of the literary magazine that had bought her only published short story. She read it as she nibbled a sandwich and sipped her second cup of coffee. It was a sad, complicated tale, crowded with symbols and fragments with meaning. She had written and rewritten it for months and wept with excitement when it was sold for twenty dollars.

It was, she decided, almost tenderly, not a bad story but she was relieved that she had stopped writing fiction and turned to serious editorial work. She saved one copy of the magazine and tossed aside the nine others, wondering why she had bought that many.

A shoebox, laced round with two rubber bands, yielded a narrow packet of letters. They were from Eric, whom she had met shortly after moving uptown. Eric was a serious man, serious about her and about his invalid wife, who lived in the pollen-free peace of Arizona. He was a good man, unwilling to risk her future, unwilling to take advantage of the laughing hours they spent together.

It had been Eric, serious and bespectacled, who had first advised her about her writing, gently discouraging her from attempting serious fiction and indicating other uses for her talent for words. From Eric she had learned about honesty and loyalty and graceful ways of accepting disappointment. The letters had been written from Arizona, during a visit to his wife, and they were long and generous, wise and loving, kind and careful.

She reread the last letter, in which he told her he was staying in Arizona. He would be happy for her, she knew. She wondered what Eugene was doing, if he was happy practicing medicine. She hoped John had lots of children, remembering how he had spent long weekends photographing children at play in the Village streets. She wished them well, these men who had shared their gaiety and sadness with her and taught her to accept the warmth of Ron's love and prepared her for the responsibility of their new life together.

She went swiftly through the other boxes and cartons, and late in the afternoon, as a slight drizzle fell, she carried the debris to the incinerator.

The room seemed oddly empty when she returned, and the tiny heap of salvaged letters and photographs lay forlornly on the floor. She took them to the desk and added Ron's letters to the small pile. On top she placed the yellowed sliver of paper with the fortune-teller prophecy and the pile in the drawer.

Pleasantly tired, she started the Joan Baez record again and leaned back on the studio bed as the delicate, sweet voice wavered her warning: "Love, I'm going to leave you . . ."

She was drifting with the music when the phone rang. Ron's voice, filled with long-distance love, came across the wire. "Hi, darling. I took care of everything. Have a nice day? Got everything done? Anything happen?"

The tiredness dropped, and she felt warm with joy at the sound of his voice. "I'm fine, honey. It was a lovely day. I took care of a lot of things. Nothing happened. Darling—"

"Yes?"

"Hurry back. I miss you."

"Hey, I miss you, too. I'll be home soon."

The phone clicked, and she stood for a moment, stroking the receiver and smiling.

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## RECIPE

### BEST FOODS FIESTA SALAD

Toss together  $\frac{1}{2}$  lettuce torn in bite-size pieces, 3 medium-size tomatoes cut in wedges, 1 sliced, medium-size cucumber, 1 can of luncheon meat cut in fingers, 1 tblspn each chopped mint and parsley, 2 tblspns chopped onion, 3 halved hard-boiled eggs. This salad may be tossed with Best Foods True French or True Italian Dressing, or served at table with the creamy Dressings, True Coleslaw or Swiss Italian.



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# IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

By MARY LAVIN

LIKE a rock in the sea, she was islanded by fields, the heavy grass washing about the house, and the cattle wading in it as in water. Even their gentle stirrings were a loss when they moved away at evening to the shelter of the woods. A rainy day might strike a wet flash from a hay barn on the far side of the river—not even a habitation! And yet she was less lonely for him here in Meath than elsewhere. Anxieties by day, and cares, and, at night, vague, nameless fears—these were the stones across the mouth of the tomb.

But who understood that? They thought she hugged tight every memory she had of him. What did they know about memory? What was it but another name for dry love and barren longing? They even tried to unload upon her their own small, purposeless memories. "I imagine I see him every time I look out there," they would say as they glanced nervously over the darkening fields when they were leaving. "I think I ought to see him coming through the trees." Oh, for heaven's sake! she'd think. I'd forgotten him for a minute!

It wasn't him she saw when she looked out at the fields. It was the ugly tufts of tow and scutch that whitened the tops of the grass and gave it the look of a sea in storm, spattered with broken foam. That grass would have to be topped. And how much would it cost?

At least Ned, the old herd, knew the man to do it for her. "Bartley Crossen is your man, Ma'am. Your husband knew him well."

She couldn't place him at first. Then she remembered. "Oh, yes—that's his hay barn we see, isn't it? Why, of course! I know him well—by sight, I mean." And so she did—splashing past on the road in a big muddy car, the wheels always caked with clay, and the wife in the front seat beside him.

"I'll get him to call around and have a word with you, Ma'am," said the herd.

"Before dark!" she cautioned.

But there was no need to tell him. The old man knew how she always tried to be upstairs before it got dark, locking herself into her room, which opened off the room where the children slept, praying devoutly that she wouldn't have to come down again for anything—above all, not to answer the door. That was what in particular she dreaded: a knock after dark.

"Ah, sure, who'd come near you, Ma'am, knowing you're a woman alone with small children that might be awakened and set crying? And, for that matter, where could you be safer than in the middle of the fields, with the innocent beasts asleep around you?"

If he himself had to come to the house late at night for any reason—to get hot water to stoup the foot of a beast, or to call the vet—he took care to shout out long before he got to the gable. "It's me, Ma'am!" he'd shout. "Coming. Coming!" she'd cry gratefully, as quick on his words as their echo. Unlocking her door, she'd run down and throw open the hall door. No matter what the hour! No matter how black the night! "Go back to your bed now, you, Ma'am," he'd say from the darkness, where she could see the swinging yard lamp coming nearer and nearer like the light of a little boat drawing near to a jetty. "I'll put out the lights and let myself out."

Relaxed by the thought that there was someone in the house, she would indeed scuttle back into bed, and, what was more, she'd be nearly asleep before she'd hear the door slam. It used to sound like the slam of a door a million miles away.

There was no need to worry. He'd see that Crossen came early.

It was well before dark when Crossen did drive up to the door. The wife was with him, as usual, sitting up in the front seat the way people sat up in the well of little tub traps long ago, their knees pressed together, allowing no slump. The herd had come with them, but only he and Crossen got out.

"Won't your wife come inside and wait, Mr. Crossen?" she asked.

"Oh, not at all, Ma'am. She likes sitting in the car. Now, where's this grass that's to be cut? Are there any



"Excuse my saying so, Ma'am, I've never seen such beautiful hair," Crossen said.

stones lying about that would blunt the blade?" Going around the gable of the house, he looked out over the land.

"There's not a stone or a stump in it," Ned said. "You'd run your blade over the whole of it while you'd be whetting it twenty times in another place!"

"I can see that," said Bartley Crossen, but absently, she thought.

He had walked across the lawn to the rickety wooden gate that led into the pasture, and leaned on it. He didn't seem to be looking at the fields at all, though, but at the small string of stunted thorns that grew along the riverbank, their branches leaning so heavily out over the water that their roots were almost dragged clear of the clay.

Suddenly he turned around and gave a sigh. "Ah, sure, I didn't need to look! I know it well!" As she showed surprise, he gave a little laugh, like a young man. "I courted a girl down there when I was a lad," he said. "That's a queer length of time ago now, I can tell you!" He turned to the old man. "You might remember it." Then he looked back at her. "I don't suppose you were thought of at all in those days, Ma'am," he said, and there was something kindly in his look and in his words. "You'd like the mowing done soon, I suppose? How about first thing in the morning?"

Her face lit up. But there was the price to settle. "It won't be as dear as cutting meadow, will it?"

"Ah, I won't be too hard on you, Ma'am," he said.

"I can promise you that!"

"That's very kind of you," she said, but a little doubtfully.

Behind Crossen's back, Ned nodded his head in approval. "Let it go at that, Ma'am," he whispered as they walked back toward the car. "He's a man you can trust."

And when Crossen and his wife had driven away, he reassured her again. "A decent man," he said. Then he gave a laugh—it, too, was a young kind of laugh for a man of his age; it was like a nudge.

"Did you hear what he said, though—about the girl he courted down there? Do you know who that was? It was his first wife! You know he was twice married? Ah, well, it's so long ago I wouldn't wonder if you never heard it. Look at the way he spoke about her himself, as if she was some girl he'd all but forgotten! The thorn trees brought her to his mind! That's

To page 95

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 20, 1968



## Collectors' Corner

Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.



● English jug.

PICTURED (above) is a jug which has been in my family for 60 years. I brought it to Australia from Malta more than 40 years ago. The color is gold with a bit of blue painting on the leaf patterns. It has no markings at all. Could you please give me some indication of its origin? — Mrs. L. Carabott, Cobourg, Vic.

Your jug is an English Staffordshire copper-lustre pottery jug of moulded design depicting dancing figures in Welsh costume. It was made about 1860 to 1875.

★ ★ ★  
I AM enclosing a picture (not published) of a child's mug which belonged to my great-grandmother, who died 40 years ago aged 89. The only mark on the bottom is a gold-colored figure "8". I would be very interested to know the age of this mug. — Mrs. F. Hayward, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

This charming child's mug was made in Staffordshire about 1820 to 1835.

★ ★ ★  
WOULD my chest-of-drawers be regarded as an antique? I enclose a picture (not published). — Mrs. D. Messenger, Legend, Qld.

Your large Colonial cedar chest was made about 1875. An article is not considered an antique until it is 100 years old.

★ ★ ★  
WOULD be glad of your advice about the jug shown in the enclosed picture (right). It has been in our family for a great many years and is said to be an old Chinese wine jug. There does not seem to be any maker's mark on it. The handle is in the form of vine stalks and leaves. — Miss N. Hunt, Newcastle, N.S.W.

The Victorian pitcher shaped pottery jug is English. It was made in Staffordshire about 1855 to 1865.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.



● Staffordshire jug.

# BABY DOLL. YOU'RE LOOKING AT A GORGEOUS GUSH OF TRIMS. PRETTY PRETTY THINGS FROM SKYLINE.



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EXPO

JACKIE

WENDY

COULD you give me some information about a dish which was originally brought out from England by my late grandmother? The dish is gold and white with the centre of the plate painted with a design of four beautiful women in an outdoor setting of moss-green grass, trees, and blue mountains. The signature on this painting is "Angelica Kauffmann."

There is a matching powder bowl with the same painting on the lid. I am not a connoisseur of the arts, but really prefer the old style to the modern-day trend. I hope you can help me with the information. — Mrs. Jill Cullimore, Toowoong, Qld.

The dish was made about 1910. The decoration is a copy after a painting by Angelica Kauffmann, who was an active painter in England during the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

★ ★ ★  
RECENTLY I acquired an old chair (picture enclosed but not published). I wondered if you could tell me anything about it, please. It has a label attached with the maker's name as G. Bartholomew, Manufacturers Furnishing, London. The two oblong pieces near the top of the chair are carved—one with fruit and the other with a leaf design. — Mrs. L. Perkins, Cowangie, Vic.

Your chair was made about 1895 to 1905.



Chris Turner wears  
Berlei Fancy Free  
pants to trim her  
slim white

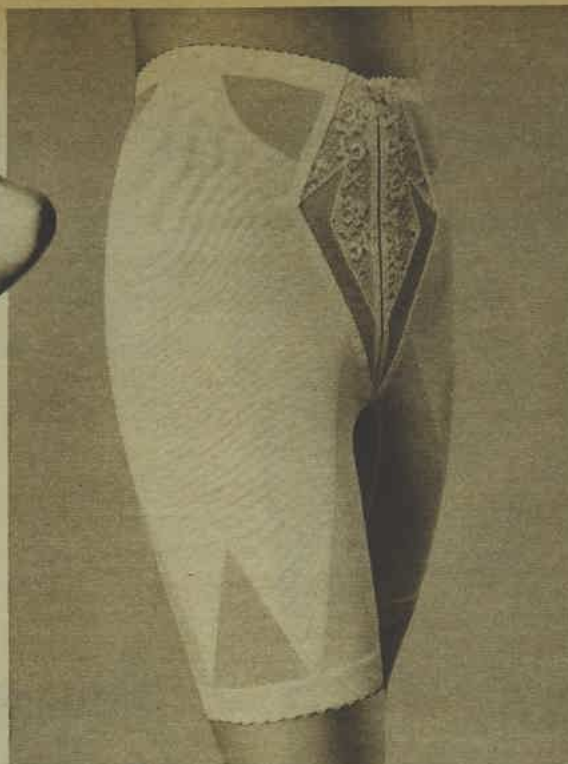


wool...her dashing Trent  
dinner suit...and the skirt  
she wears at weekends.



Fancy Free "Persian Garden"...wild wonderful pants with 6" leg. Matching Convertible bra, too. Pants \$8.00, bra \$5.00. Dinner Suit by Trent.





Fancy Free pants with long 8"  
leg...give support and control  
at hips...long slim leg line  
No. 588—\$13.50.  
Dress by Stephen Glass.



Fancy Free briefs give  
firm control at tummy and  
behind—ideal under minis.  
No. 521—\$8.95.  
Skirt and jumper by Jantzen.

Fancy Free by Berlei  
The prettier pants.





## Now - a washing-up juice! Sunlight Lemon Liquid

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where they used to meet, only youngsters, when they first took up with each other.

"Poor Bridie Logan — she was as wild as a hare. And she was mad with love, young as she was! They were company-keeping while they were going to school. Only nobody took it seriously — at least of all, maybe — all the winter he went away to the agricultural college in Monakilly. She started writing to him then. I used to see her running up to the postbox at the crossroads every other evening. And when the whole village knew the letter was going.

"His people were fit to be mad when he came home in the summer and said he wasn't going back, but was going to marry Bridie. All the same, his father set them up in a cottage on his own land. It's the cottage that's used now for stall-feds — it's back of the new house. Oh, but you can't judge it now for what it was then! Giddy and all as she was — as light-headed as a thistle — you should have seen the way she left that cottage. She'd have had it scrubbed away if she didn't start having a baby. She wouldn't let her take the scrubbing brush into her room after that!"

"But she wasn't delicate, was she?"

"Bridie? She was as strong as a kid goat, that one! But I told you she was mad about him, didn't I? Well, after she was married to him she was no better — worse, you'd say. She couldn't do enough for him! It was like as if she was driven on by some kind of a fever. You'd only to look in her eyes to see it. Do you know! From that day to this, I don't believe I ever saw a woman so full of going as that one!"

"Did you ever happen to see little birds flying about in the air like they were flying for the devilment of it and nothing else? And did you ever see the way they give a sort of a little leap in the air, like they were forcing themselves to go a bit higher still — higher than they ought? Well, it struck me that was the way Bridie was acting, as she rushed about that cottage doing this and doing that to make him prouder and prouder of her. As if he could be any prouder than he was already and the child getting noticeable!"

All characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

## IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

"She didn't die in child-bed?"

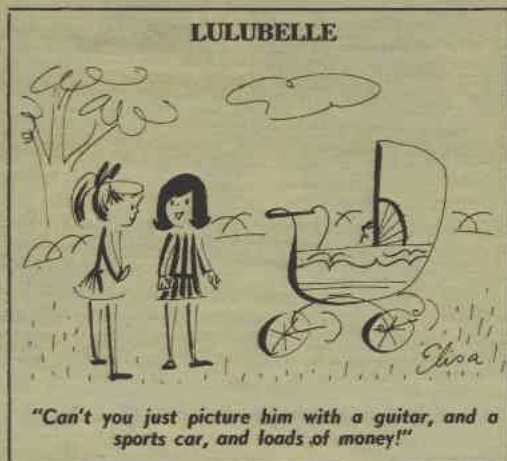
"No. Not in a manner of speaking, anyway. She had the child, nice and easy, and in their own cottage, too, only costing him a few shillings for one of those women that went in for that kind of job long ago. And all went well. It was no time till she was let up on her feet again. I was there the first morning she had the place to herself! She was up and dressed when I got there, just as he was going out to milk.

"Oh, it's great to be able to go out again," she said, taking a great breath of the morning air as she stood at

do me?" she shouted back.

"I went stiff with fright looking after her. And I thought it was the same with him, when he threw down the cans and started down the hill after her. But looking back on it, I think it was the same fever as always was raging in her that started raging in him, too. Mad with love, that's what they were, both of them — she only wanting to draw him on, and he only too willing!"

"Wait for me!" he shouted, but before she'd even got to the bottom she started to brake the bike, putting down her foot like you'd see a youngster do, and raising up



"Can't you just picture him with a guitar, and a sports car, and loads of money!"

the door looking after him. "Wait! Why don't I come with you to milk!" she called out suddenly after him. Then she threw a glance back at the baby asleep in its crib by the window.

"Oh, it's too far for you, Bridie!" he cried. The cows were down in the little field by the river — you know the field, alongside the road at the foot of the hill on this side of the village. And knowing she'd start coaxing him, he made out of the gate with the cans.

"Good man!" I said to myself. But the next thing I knew, she'd darted across the yard.

"I can go on the bike if it's too far to walk!" she said. And up she got on her old bike, and out she pedalled through the gate.

"Bridie, are you out of your mind?" he shouted as she whizzed past him.

"Arrah, what harm can it

such a cloud of dust we could hardly see her."

"She braked too hard!"

"Not her! In the twink of an eye she'd stopped the bike, jumped off, turned it round, and was pedalling madly up the hill again, her head down on the handlebars like a racing cyclist. But that was the finish of her!"

"Oh, no! What happened?"

"She stopped pedalling all of a sudden, and the bike half stopped, and then it started to go back down the hill a bit, as if it skidded on the loose gravel at the side of the road. That's what I thought happened, and him, too, I suppose, because we both began to run down the hill. She didn't get time to fall before we got to her. But what use was that? It was some kind of internal bleeding that took her. We got her into the bed, and the neighbors came running, but she was gone before the night."

"Oh, such a thing to happen! And the baby?"

"Well, it was a strong child. And it grew into a fine lump of a lad. That's the fellow that drives the tractor for him now — the oldest son, Bartley."

"Well, I suppose his second marriage had more to it, when all was said and done."

"That's it. And she's a good woman — the second one. The way she brought up the child of Bridie's! And filled the cradle, year after year, with sons of her own. Ah sure, things always work out for the best in the end, no matter what!" he said, and he started to walk away.

"Wait a minute, Ned," she said urgently. "Do you really think he forgot about her — for years, I mean?"

"I'd swear it," said the old man. And then he looked hard at her. "It will be the same with you, too," he added kindly. "Take my word for it. Everything passes in time and is forgotten."

AS she shook her head doubtfully, he shook his head emphatically. "When the tree falls, how can the shadow stand?" he said. And he walked away.

I wonder! she thought as she walked back to the house, and she envied the practical country way that made good the defaults of nature as readily as the broken sword knits back into the sword.

Again that night, when she went up to her room, she looked down toward the river and she thought of Grossen. Had he really forgotten? It was hard for her to believe, and, with a sigh, she picked up her hairbrush and pulled it through her hair. Like everything else about her lately, her hair was sluggish and hung heavily down, but after a few minutes under the quickening strokes of the brush, it lightened and lifted, and soon it flew about her face like the spray above a weir.

It had always been the same, even when she was a child. She had only to suffer the first painful drag of the bristles when her mother would cry out, "Look! Look! That's electricity!" and a blue spark would shine for an instant like a star in the grey depths of the mirror.

That was all they knew of electricity in those dim-lit days when valleys of shadow lay deep between one piece of furniture and another. Was it because rooms were so badly lit then that they saw it so often, that little blue star? Suddenly she was overcome by longing to see it again, and, standing up impetuously, she switched off the light.

It was just then that, down below, the iron fist of the knocker was lifted and, with a loud, confident hand, brought down on the door.

It wasn't a furtive knock. She admitted that even as she sat stark with fright in the darkness. And then a voice that was vaguely familiar called out — and confidently — from below.

"It's me, Ma'am! I hope I'm not disturbing you!"

"Oh, Mr. Grossen!" she cried out with relief, and, unlocking the door, she ran across the landing and threw up the window on that side of the house. "I'll be right down!" she called.

"Oh, don't come down, Ma'am!" he shouted. "I only want one word with you."

"But of course I'll come down!" She went back to get her dressing-gown and pin up her hair, but as she did

## Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"ROMA."—Maternity frock is available in pink, gold, navy, or aqua white-flecked lightweight rayon tweed frocking.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$13.35; 36 and 38in. bust, \$13.55.

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Postage and dispatch 60 cents extra.

● Note: If ordering by mail, send to address given on this page. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders.



"You've started to notice girls, eh, son?"



"He's an incurable romantic!"

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 713.—DRESS

Shirtmaker dress is available cut out to make in sky-blue, golden sand, or lime-fruit-green textured-finished cotton. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.50; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.70. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 714.—DUSTER BAG

Duster bag (ring not supplied) is available ready to sew and embroider on blue, green, yellow, or grey cesarine. Price is \$1.15, plus 15 cents postage and dispatch.

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she heard him stomping his feet on the gravel. It had been a mild day, but with night a chill had come in the air, and, for all that it was late spring, there was a cutting east wind coming across the river. "I'll run down and let you in from the cold," she called, and, twisting up her hair, she held it against her head with her hand without waiting to pin it, and she ran down the stairs in her bare feet to unbolt the door.

"You were going to bed, Ma'am!" he said accusingly the minute she opened the door. And where he had been so impatient a minute beforehand, he stood stock-still in the open doorway. "I saw the lights were out downstairs when I was com-

## IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

ing up the drive," he said contritely. "But I didn't think you'd gone up for the night!"

"Neither had I!" she said lyingly, to put him at his ease. "I was just upstairs brushing my hair. You must excuse me," she added, because a breeze from the door was blowing her dressing-gown from her knees, and to pull it across she had to take her hand from her hair, so that the hair fell down about her shoulders. "Would you mind closing the door for me?" she said, with some embarrassment, and she began to back up the stairs.

"Please go inside to the sitting-room, won't you?" she said, nodding toward the door of the small room off the hall. "Put on the light. I'll be down in a minute."

But although he had obediently stepped inside the door, and closed it, he stood stoutly in the middle of the hall. "I shouldn't have come in at all," he said. "I know you were going to bed! Look at you!" he cried again in the same accusing voice, as if he dared her this time to deny it. He was looking at her hair. "Excuse my saying so, Ma'am, but I never saw such a fine head of hair.

God bless it!" he said quickly, as if afraid he had been rude. "Doesn't a small thing make a big difference," he said impulsively. "You look like a young girl!"

In spite of herself, she smiled with pleasure. She wanted no more of it, all the same. "Well, I don't feel like one!" she said sharply.

What was meant for a quite opposite effect, however, seemed to delight him and put him wonderfully at ease. "Ah sure, you're a sensible woman! I can see that," he said, and, coming to the foot of the stairs, he leaned comfortably across the newel post. "Let you stay the way you are, Ma'am," he said. "I've only a word to say to you, and it's not worth your while going up them stairs. Let me have my say here and now and be off about my business! The wife will be waiting up for me, and I don't want that!"

**S**HE hesitated.

Was the reference to his wife meant to put her at her case? "I think I ought to get my slippers," she said cautiously. Her feet were cold.

"Oh, yes, put something on your feet!" he cried, only then seeing that she was in her bare feet. "But as to the rest, I'm long gone beyond taking any account of what a woman has on her. I'm gone beyond taking notice of women at all."

She had seen something to put on her feet. Under the table in the hall was a pair of old boots belonging to Richard, with fleece lining in them. She hadn't been able to make up her mind to give them away with the rest of his clothes, and although they were big and clumsy on her, she often stuck her feet into them when she came in from the fields with mud on her shoes. "Well, come in, where it's warm, so," she said. She came back down the few steps and stuck her feet into the boots, and then she opened the door of the sitting-room.

She was glad she'd come down. He'd never have been able to put on the light. "There's something wrong with the centre light," she said as she groped along the wainscot to find the plug of the reading lamp. It was in

an awkward place, behind the desk. She had to go down on her knees.

"What's wrong with it?" he asked, as, with a countryman's interest in practicalities, he clicked the switch up and down to no effect.

"Oh, nothing much, I'm sure," she said absently. "There!" She had found the plug, and the room was lit up with a bright white glow.

"Why don't you leave the plug in the socket, anyway?" he asked critically.

"I don't know," she said. "I think someone told me it's safer, with reading lamps, to pull them out at night. They might be a short circuit, or mice might nibble at the cord, or something — I don't get what I was told. I got into the habit of doing it, and now I keep on." She felt a bit silly.

But he was concerned about it. "I don't think any harm could be done," he said gravely. Then he turned away from the problem. "About tomorrow, Ma'am!" he said, somewhat offhandedly, as he thought. "I was determined I'd see you tonight, because I'm not a man to break a word — above all to a woman."

What was he getting at? "Let me put it this way," he said quickly. "You understand, Ma'am, that as far as I'm concerned, topping land is the same as cutting hay. The same time. The same labor cost. And the same wear and tear on the blade. You understand that?"

On her guard, she nodded. "Well now, Ma'am, I'd be the first to admit that it's not quite the same for you. For you, topping doesn't give the immediate return you'd get from hay —"

"There's no return from it!" she exclaimed crossly.

"Oh, come now, Ma'am, come! Good grassland pays as well as anything — you know you won't get nice sweet pickings for your beasts from neglected land, but only dirty old tow grass knotting under their feet. It's just that it's not a quick return, and so — as you know — I made a special price for you."

"I do know!" she said impatiently. "But I thought that part of it was settled and done."

"Oh, I'm not going back on it, if that's what you think," he said affably. "I'm glad to do what I can for you, Ma'am, the more so seeing you have no man to attend to these things for you, but only yourself alone."

"Oh, I'm well able to look after myself!" she said, raising her voice.

Once again her words had an opposite effect to what she intended. He laughed good-humoredly. "That's what all women like to think!" he said. "Well, now," he said in a different tone

To page 99



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### Mrs. H. WIFE



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## IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

"Oh, not at all, Ma'am! Nothing, thank you! I'll have to be getting home." He stood up.

She stood up, too.

"I hope you won't think I was trying to take advantage of you," he said as they went toward the door. "It's just that we must all make out as best we can for ourselves — isn't that so? Not but you're well able to look after yourself, I must say. No one ever thought you'd stay on here after your husband died. I suppose it's for the children you did it?" He looked up the well of the stairs. "Are they asleep?"

"Oh, long ago," she said indifferently. She opened the hall door.

The night air swept in immediately, as it had earlier. But this time, from far away, it bore along on it the faint scent of new-mown hay. "There's hay cut somewhere already!" she exclaimed in surprise. And she lifted her face to the sweetness of it.

For a minute, Crossen looked past her out into the darkness, then he looked back. "Aren't you ever lonely here at night?" he asked suddenly.

"You mean frightened?" she corrected quickly and coldly.

"Yes! Yes, that's what I meant," he said, taken aback. "Ah, but why would you be frightened? What safer place could you be

under the sky than right here with your own fields all about you!"

What he said was so true, and he himself, as he stood there, with his hat in his hand, so normal and natural it was indeed absurd to think that he would no sooner have gone out the door than she would be scurrying up the stairs like a child!

"You may not believe it," she said, "but I am scared to death sometimes! I nearly died when I heard your knock on the door tonight. It's because I was scared that I was upstairs," she said, in a further burst of confidence. "I always go up the minute it gets dark. I don't feel so frightened up in my room."

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Page 99



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"Isn't that strange now?" he said, and she could see he found it an incomprehensibly womanly thing to do. He was sympathetic all the same. "You shouldn't be alone! That's the truth of the matter," he said. "It's a shame!"

"Oh, it can't be helped," she said. There was something she wanted to shrug off in his sympathy, while at the same time there was something in it she wanted to take. "Would you like to do something for me?" she asked impulsively. "Would you wait and put out the lights down here and let me get back upstairs before you go?"

AFTER she had spoken, for a minute she felt foolish, but she saw at once that, if anything, he thought it only too little to do for her. He was genuinely troubled about her. And it wasn't only the present moment that concerned him; he seemed to be considering the whole problem of her isolation and loneliness. "Is there nobody could stay here with you — at night, even? It would have to be another woman, of course," he added quickly, and her heart was warmed by the way — without a word from her — he rejected that solution out of hand. "You don't want a woman about the place," he said flatly.

"Oh, I'm all right, really. I'll get used to it," she said. "It's a shame, all the same," he said. He said it helplessly, though, and he motioned her toward the stairs. "You'll be all right for tonight, anyway," he said. "Go on up the stairs now, and I'll put out the lights." He had already turned around to go back into the sitting-room.

## IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

Yet it wasn't quite as she intended for some reason, and it was somewhat reluctantly that she started up the stairs.

"Wait a minute! How do I put out this one?" he called out before she was halfway up.

"Oh, I'd better put out that one myself," she said, thinking of the awkward position of the plug. She ran down again, and, going past him into the little room, she

But he didn't move. He stood there, the full of the doorway.

"The other switches are over there by the hall door," she said, unwilling to brush past him. Why didn't he move? "Over there," she repeated, stretching out her arm and pointing, but instead of moving he caught at her outstretched arm, and, putting out his other hand,

he caught at her with both hands she had wrenched her arm free of him, and, ignominiously ducking under his armpit, she was out next minute in the lighted hall.

Out there — because light was all the protection she needed from him, the old fool — she began to laugh. She had only to wait for him to come sheepishly out.

But there was something she hadn't counted on; she hadn't counted on there being anything pathetic in his sheepishness. There was something actually pitiful in

slowly. "I'm getting on to an old man now. I thought I was beyond all that," he wiped his face again. "Beyond letting myself go, away," he amended miserably.

"Oh, it was nothing," he said.

He shook his head. "I wasn't as if I had caused what I did."

"But you did nothing," she protested.

"It wasn't nothing to me," he said dejectedly.

For a minute, they were there silent. The hall was still ajar, but the door dared to close it. What was he going to do with him now, she thought. I'll have to be here all night if I'm not careful. What time was it anyway? All scale and portion seemed to have come from the night. "Well, I'll see you in the morning," she said, as much of a fact as possible.

He nodded, but made no move. "You know I mean no disrespect to you, Mr. Crossen," he said, looking imploringly at her. "I always had a great respect for you. And for your band, too. I was thinking of him this very night when you were coming up to the house. And I thought of him when you came to the house looking like a young man. I thought what a pity it was that he was taken from you and you both so young. And what came over me at that time. And what would Mona say if she knew?"

"But you wouldn't tell her, I hope!" she cried. What was of a figure would she cut in white told about her coming down in her bare feet with her hair down her back! "Take care, would you tell her!" she warned.

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## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUDD



kneelt and pulled at the cord. Instantly the room was deluged in darkness. And instantly she felt that she had done something stupid. It was not like turning out a light by a switch at the door and being able to step back at once into the lighted hall.

She got to her feet as quickly as she could, but as she did, she saw that Crossen had come to the doorway. His bulk was blocked out against the light beyond. "I'll leave the rest to you," she said, in order to break the peculiar silence that had come down on the house.

he pressed his palm against the doorjamb, barring the way.

"Tell me," he whispered, his words falling over each other, "are you never lonely — at all?"

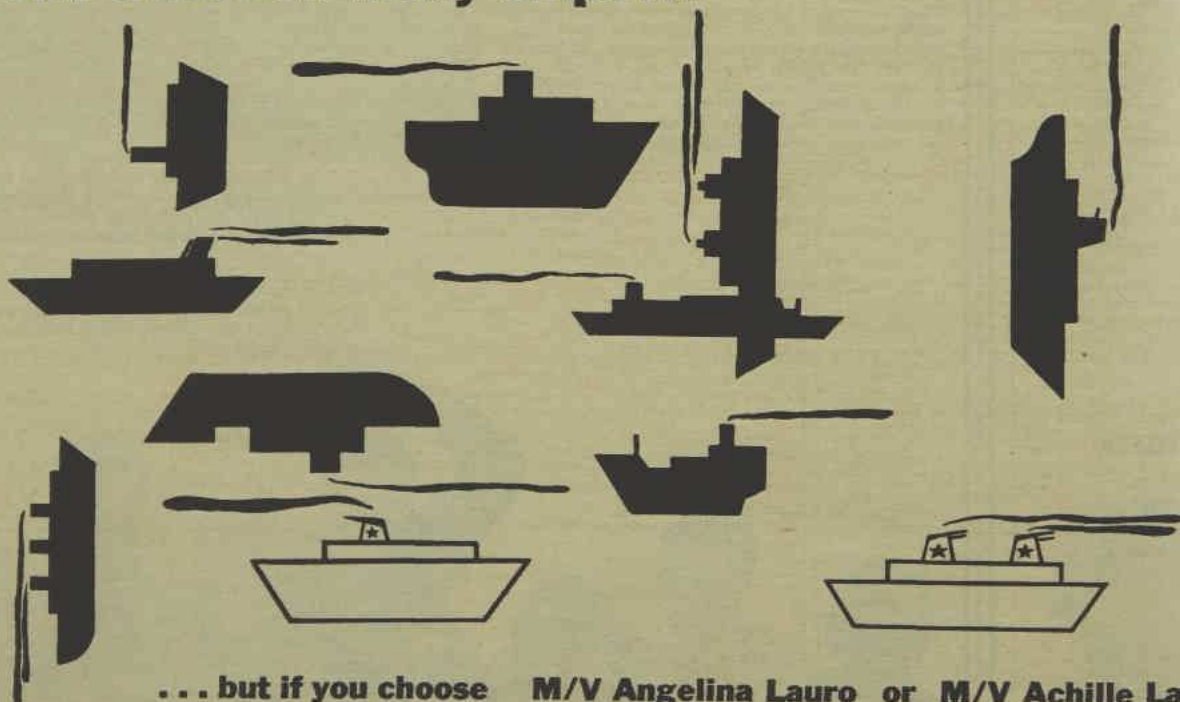
"What did you say?" she said in a clear voice, because the thickness of his voice sickened her. She had hardly heard what he said. Her one thought was to get past him.

He leaned forward. "What about a little kiss?" he whispered, and to get a better hold on her he let go the hand he had pressed against the wall, but before

the way he shambled into the light, not raising his eyes. And she was so surprisingly touched by him that before he had time to utter a word she put out her hand. "Don't feel too bad," she said. "I didn't mind."

Even then, he didn't look at her. He just took her hand and pressed it gratefully, his face still turned away. And to her dismay she saw that his nose was running water. Like a small boy, he wiped it with the back of his fist, streaking his face. "I don't know what came over me," he said

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# THE PRIZE

by  
Paul  
Rafferty



Ralph Winter and his wife sat in front of the television anxiously awaiting the name of the literary award winner.

intellect. Then she met the author himself at a literary luncheon, and a real-life romance blossomed. Compatibility of interests drew them together irresistibly and matrimony ensued.

For a time, the professional rivalry between them was good-natured and stimulating. They criticised each other's work in helpful fashion and rejoiced in each other's successes generously. But as their stature grew in the murder mystery field, artistic temperament began rearing its double-sided head.

There were critics who hailed Mr. Winter as tops in his craft and other critics who wrote that Mrs. Winter's work had no equal. Husband and wife began quoting these authorities to — or rather at — one another. Letters from admiring readers flowed in and these, too, were quoted back and forth.

A high State Department official wrote Mrs. Winter that he took her books to bed with him and that her beautiful prose invariably lulled him away from his anxieties about divers problems in Europe, Asia, and Africa. One of the U.S. astronauts wrote Mr. Winter that his complex plots were as marvellous as the mechanics of a space ship.

Mr. Winter said the State Department man was a woolly-headed idealist and probably dangerous to the country. Mrs. Winter said the astronaut was a robot rather than a man. "The perfect type for a space pilot!" Her husband countered sharply. "You," he continued, "should be writing essays—lovely highbrow stuff with a lot of big words."

"And you," Mrs. Winter returned heatedly, "should be sitting down and learning to use a few big words. You won't find it easy. I'm afraid, my dear, you can't teach an old dog new tricks."

"I might remind you that you and I are the same age," Mr. Winter shot back on a happy inspiration.

Things had gone along like that for quite a while, and now the zero hour was at hand. The clock on the mantel began striking 11. Mrs. Winter turned on the TV set and a handsome young man sitting at a

desk swam into view. Mr. Winter filled his pipe in nervous fashion and began puffing hard.

Ten minutes passed as the newscaster touched all bases on the various international situations. Labor troubles, tax developments, and a startling divorce case used up another five. Then followed a panegyric about a detergent and a deodorant, both nothing less than miraculous. Mr. Winter crossed and recrossed his legs restlessly.

At last it came, with the two listeners sitting like statues. "At a dinner in the Chisholm Hotel tonight, the Mystery Society's annual prize for the best murder mystery of 1966 was awarded to Leslie Marsden for his book 'The Santa Claus Slayer.'"

In the room there followed perhaps ten seconds of total silence. Then Mr. Winter reached over and switched off the set.

It is the single virtue of tragedy that it wipes out superficial estrangements and draws people together to make common cause. After several days of speaking to one another in nothing but monosyllables, Ralph and Cora Winter began conversing again. The controversy between them had dissolved. At first they mainly ranted against the stupidity of the Mystery Society judges, but suddenly they realised they were friends again, friends and allies—with an identical viewpoint. And if they were allies, and thought alike, why not . . .

The same idea came to them both at the same instant. "Why not collaborate?" said Mrs. Winter. Her husband snapped his fingers. "Cora, you took the words right out of my mouth. By Jove, why not!"

And so it happened. The next day Mrs. Winter moved her typewriter into Mr. Winter's den, and they set to work together, fighting mad. Within a week the project was well under way, and, of course, you know who won the Mystery Society's award for 1967. That's right. Ralph Winter and Agatha Wynn, for "Two Can Die As Cheaply As One," a murder mystery that has everything. Elegant style, absolutely baffling plot.

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THE ARTS AND  
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MR. AND MRS. RALPH WINTER were sitting in their handsome living-room waiting for the 11 o'clock news, but the atmosphere was anything but cosily domestic. Ralph Winter, gnawing a pipe, sat at one end of the long settee; his wife, lighting one cigarette after another and stubbing them out half smoked, was at the other. Between them was a noticeable coolness. They might have been strangers in a waiting-room.

They were awaiting an item that would come after the usual news report: national and international news, the sports and the weather. It would be the news that the Mystery Society's 1966 award for the year's best murder mystery, which was being announced at a dinner in a hotel some five miles away. The Winters had, of course, been among the invited guests, but they had declined by spontaneous mutual agreement.

One of them would certainly capture the prize and they had no desire to reveal publicly the intense and jealous rivalry between them. That it would be so revealed would have been inevitable. They were very good writers but very poor actors.

Mr. and Mrs. Winter had been monopolising the society's coveted award for four years now. In 1962 Mr. Winter had won it with his wonderfully ingenious "Murder By Satellite." In 1963 Mrs. Winter had won the honor with her beautifully written "You Only Live Six Times." In 1964 Mr. Winter rebounded triumphantly with his classic puzzle "Blood Is Thicker Than Prussic Acid," and in 1965 his wife had won matters with another literary triumph, "You Only Live Until You Die."

Meanwhile, the competition between them had been steadily eroding their once harmonious domestic relations. Now it was 1966, and they sat a yard or two apart, waiting tensely. The tie was about to be broken. The time was 10.45.

Mr. Winter finally stirred and spoke. "Care for a drink?" His wife stared into the grate fire and shook her head once. Mr. Winter poured himself a small one, and then returned his seat and continued chewing on his pipe. The ticking clock on the mantel became the only sound.

Mrs. Winter's name was Cora but she wrote under the pen-name of Agatha Wynn. She had received numerous letters from critics and university English professors, praising her books for their beautiful style.

Mr. Winter had a sheaf of praises from scientists and mathematicians, complimenting him on the involved and challenging plots of his stories. And this was the prime bone of contention between them—the comparative merits of fancy writing versus intricate plotting in murder mysteries.

They never saw eye-to-eye on the question but did dispute it frequently jaw-to-jaw. Mr. Winter talked at style. Mrs. Winter pooh-poohed plot. Sometimes the arguments grew very acrimonious. Fortunately they had no children.

Their marriage had begun as if arranged in the heavenly courts. Mr. Winter had a neat beard and a high forehead and magnetic dark eyes. This was the exact image of the super-sleuth he employed to solve the high crimes he wrote about.

Mrs. Winter, brown-eyed and blonde, had read one of his books and at once was strongly attracted to the fictional detective of the mystery nerves and computer-like



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"I don't suppose I ought," he said, but he said it uncertainly and morosely, and he leaned back against the wall. "She's been a good woman, Mona. I wouldn't want anyone to think different. Even the boys could tell you. She's been a good mother to them all these years. She never made a bit of difference between them. Some say she was better to Bartley than to any of them! She reared him from a week old. She was living next door to us, you see, at the time —"

He hesitated. "At the time I was left with him," he finished in a flat voice. "She came in that first night and took him home to her own bed — and, mind you, that wasn't a small thing for a woman who knew nothing about children, not being what you'd call a young

girl at the time, in spite of the big family she gave me afterward. "She took him home that night, and she looked after him. It isn't every woman would care to be responsible for a newborn baby. That's a thing a man doesn't forget easy! There's many I know would say that if she hadn't taken him someone else would have, but no one, only her, would have done it the way she did.

"She used to have him all day in her own cottage, feeding him and the rest of it. But at night, when I'd be back from the fields, she'd bring him home and leave him down in his little crib by the fire alongside of me. She used to

let on she had things to do in her own place, and she'd slip away and leave us alone, but that wasn't her real reason for leaving him. She knew the way I'd be sitting looking into the fire, wondering how I'd face the long years ahead, and she left the child there with me to break my thoughts.

"And she was right. I never got along to brood. The child would give a cry, or a whinge, and I'd have to run out and fetch her to him. Or else she'd hear him herself maybe, and run in without me having to call her at all. I used often think she must have kept every window and door in her place open, for fear she'd lose

a sound from either of us, so, bit by bit, I was knit into a living man.

"I often wondered what we have become of me if it was for her. There are men and women the bright way closes to them, there's no knowing but they'll be a dark way. And I was that of man.

"I told you she used to the little fellow away in the night and bring him back at night. Well, of course, she used to bring him away again coming on the real dark of night. She'd take him away to her own bed.

"But as the months went on he got bigger, I could see she was taking him away from me. He was beginning to smile and play with his fists and be real comfortable. 'I wonder ought I leave him with you tonight,' she'd say then, after night.

"And sometimes she'd run and dump him down in the middle of the big double bed in the room off the kitchen, but the next minute she'd snatch him up again. 'I'd be afraid you'd see him! You might smother him. 'You'd better take him,' I'd say. I used to hate to see him myself by this time. All the time I was afraid he'd start crying in the night, and what would I do then? If I had to go out for him in the middle of the night, it could cause a lot of talk.

"There was talk enough of things were, I can tell you, although there was no ground for it. I had no more notice of her than if she wasn't a woman at all — would you believe that? But one night when she took him up and put him down, and put him down and took him up, and went on and went on about leaving him or taking him, I had a laugh. 'It's a pity you can't settle all,' I said.

"I was only joking her, but she got as red as fire, and next thing she burst out crying! But not before she'd caught up the child and wrapped her coat around him. Then, after giving me a terrible look, she ran out of the door with him.

"Well, that was the beginning of it. I'd no idea she had any feeling for me. I thought it was only for the child. But men are fools, a women well know, and she knew before me what was right and proper for us both. And for the child, too. Some women have great insight into these things. And God opened my own eyes then to the woman I had in her and I saw it was better I took her than wasted away after the one that was gone. And wasn't it right?"

"Of course you were right," he said quickly.

But he slumped back against the wall, and the abject look came back into his eyes.

"I'll never get rid of him," he thought desperately. "Ah, what ails you!" she cried impatiently. "Forget it, can't you?"

"I can't," he said simply. "It's not only me — it's the way I'm thinking about. I've shaken her!"

"Ah, for heaven's sake, don't got nothing to do with her at all!"

Surprised, he looked up at her. "You're not blaming yourself, surely?" he asked.

She'd have laughed at that, she hadn't seen she was making headway — another stroke and she'd be rid of him.

"Arrah, what are you blaming any of us for!" she cried. "I got nothing to do with any of it — with you, or me, or the woman at home waiting for you. It was the other one! That girl — your first wife — Bridie! It was her! Blame her! She's the one who did it!"

The words had broken from her. For a moment, she thought she was hysterical and that she could not stop. "You thought you could forget her," she said. "See what she did to you when she got the chance!" She stopped and looked at him.

He was standing at the door. He didn't look back. "Rest her soul," he said, and stepped into the night.

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## IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELDS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100



# BUTTERICK

## PATTERNS



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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

MANDRAKE leaves the casino with the judge, telling Chance he has not seen the last of him. Meanwhile, Narda is called downstairs by a girl. READ ON:



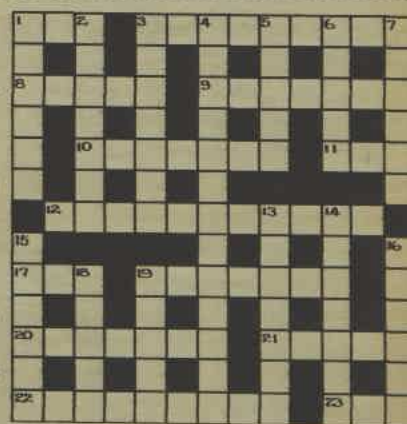
## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- Be with ease for a honey producer (3).
- Unequaled without a light (9).
- Scorch about one seat (5).
- Nothing in the duty list for this bird (7).
- Undercoats for school books (7).
- Fate of an auction item (3).
- Half shakes the notes (11).
- Vehicle for a backward warship (3).
- Back street or hit birds (7).
- British admiral of World War I sounds robust (7).
- In rented entrance (5).
- Squeeze in seed reversed affects with low spirits (9).
- Seek justice from this girl (3).



Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

### DOWN

- The French male deer for a fastener (6).
- Formerly big enough pattern (7).
- Market in one drink (7).
- Six stone footballers? (13).
- Owlsh cries of disapproval (5).
- Highly praise formerly to fifty (5).
- Fairy betting ceremony (6).
- Musical instruments around in musical instruments (7).
- Thieves cattle and makes silky sounds (7).
- Misused a vehicle editor (6).
- Form the French stronghold (6).
- A remnant of tree makes part of a wicket (3).
- Travel on foot about the chaplain (5).



**Arnott's**  
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**SHREDDED WHEATMEAL**  
Biscuits

Spread them with butter...  
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*There is no Substitute for Quality*





# The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion News

Black-and-white diagonal-striped wool cape and dress go together or separate into individual pieces. White pique collar and cuffs accent the dress, and front welt-ing matches detail on cape. Sizes 12 and 14. Cape \$48. Dress \$61. (Loys, 74 Castlereagh St.)



# SUITS

High-button suit in camel wool (left) styled with two pockets and front panels and belted at waist with metal chain. XSSW-W. About \$28.50. Wide-brimmed cream hat by Mister of Melbourne, about \$20. (All Grace Bros. Stores.)



Italian wool-knit jacket dress styled with a three-piece look accents white-and-navy chalk stripes with emerald-and-navy trim. XSSW and SSW. About \$140. Otto Lucas hat in emerald velvet, about \$44. (David Jones' 6th Floor.)

Fashions from the SHOPS



Snappy two-piece suit (right) with interesting rolled collar is a good choice for trans-seasonal occasions. In camel and grey, sizes 10 and 12. About \$59. (Farmer's Suit Dept.)



Below: Houndstooth crimplene suit is checked in black and white. Also available in bone and white, brown and white combinations. Sizes 12 to 20. About \$30. (Farmer's, 2nd floor.)



English wool jacquard knit three-piece suit (above) has sleeveless wool blouse. Sizes 12-20. About \$37. (Farmer's Suit Department.)



Nifty town suit in bone wool gabardine has button and pocket detail on the jacket and a slim line skirt. XSSW-W. About \$30. Brimmed white hat with gilt studs by Mister of Melbourne. About \$20. (All Grace Bros. stores.)





AT LEFT: Eyecatching swing raincoat of washable polyester and cotton in black on white matchstick print. Sizes small, medium, large. About \$32. Matching rainhat about \$5. (Mark Foy's, Farmer's, David Jones', Curzons, Horderns Mid-city.)



Gay and lighthearted in multi-colored stripes of vivid orange and yellow, this raincoat is a four-button, single-breasted design with a double-breasted look. Also in purple, green, and blue combinations. XXXSSW-SW. About \$22. (All Grace Bros. stores.)



AT RIGHT: Brown and white houndstooth check all-weather coat has slit pockets, tabbed sleeves. XSSW-XW. About \$35. The yoked, bone trench coat is available in XXXSSW-W. About \$26.50. (All Grace Bros. stores.)

# RAINWEAR

To brighten dull days or  
take the chill off autumn



BELOW: Cut a dash in this cream cotton raincoat. It's a double-breasted design with flap pockets, gilt button trim. In green, sage, lemon, too. XXXSSW-SW. About \$23.99. (All Big W Stores.)



AT LEFT: Brief bone mini-mac with tie belt (left) has lots of swing appeal. By John J. Hilton. XXXSSW-SW. About \$20. Accessories are gilt studded white felt Garbo hat. About \$12. Decorative fab watch in luminous red, green, and white. About \$24. (All Grace Bros. stores.)

## FASHIONS from the shops

ABOVE: Smart rain-and-shine coat is red, white, and blue striped gabardine, cut on double-breasted lines with a high yoke, angled pockets, and straight sleeves. In green, pink, and orange stripes, too. XXXSSW-SW. About \$21.99. (Big W Family Dept. Stores.)





One of the jauntiest looks around — a cranberry felt hat for winter with grey accent trim. About \$11.20. (Grace Bros., Chatswood.)

## HATS . . .



Close little bowler hat in white stitched fur felt with matching scarf is a great way to top a new winter suit or coat and a wonderful temporary cover-up for wind-blown locks. About \$12.60. (Curzons.)



Debonair Garboish-style hat (left) in stitched coffee fur felt with grosgrain ribbon trim. About \$13.50. (Curzons.)



Down Under hat in Kentucky-green fur felt with smart striped band and chinstrap. About \$12.60. (Curzons.)





Fashion verve in black-and-white-check wool tweed dress cut on easy lines with reverse self cuffs and hemline detail. Plain flat bow with long ends at neck. XXSSW-SSW. About \$18. (Big W department stores.)



Bonded wool crepe shirtdress with glitter buttons in bone, blue, navy, black, brown, XSSW-W. About \$33.50. (Farmer's, Horderns Mid-city.) Overcheck wool coatdress in range of colors with grey, XSSW-W. About \$25.50. (Horderns Mid-city.)

## ... and DRESSES

Shapely coatdress in pale pink seamed and welted wool (left). Long sleeves are cuffed and cartridge pockets button down. XSSW-SW. About \$18.50. (David Jones' Young Idea Shop.)

Neat as a pin skimmer (right) in camel shades in pure new wool with welted seaming, can be dressed up or down to suit any number of occasions. XSSW-W. About \$25. (Horderns Mid-city.)







ABOVE: American visitor Miss Susan Clark, of Los Angeles, with Miss Sylvia White at the Bonython Gallery. Miss Clark wore a psychedelic floral print jersey she bought in New York, and Miss White chose a striking dress of chocolate-brown crepe with white box panelling.

AT RIGHT: Mrs. Mike Kitching, at the Bonython Gallery, looked cool and casual in a bright orange cotton shift which featured a multi-colored motif. The day after the opening of the exhibition the Kitchings left for a seven-month trip to Europe, where Mike will take up an art scholarship.



MRS. ROGER FRY designed the charming quaker-style black crepe dress with white organza cuffs and collar she wore to the joint exhibition by Yvonne Audette and Robert Klippel at the Bonython Gallery at Paddington.

## What people are wearing in Sydney



JAN DE SOUZA (centre) was at Mascot to greet London models Angela Harvey (left) and Joanna Ford when they flew in by Qantas from London for Orlon parades in stores throughout Australia. Jan had arrived from London a week before. The three girls looked chic in Orlon mini-skirted dresses. Jan wore an all-black outfit, including knee-high patent boots.





ABOVE: Maxi contrasted with mini when Joy Phillips, in an Edwardian-inspired dress of lime, flame, and black striped silk, met Pam Noon, in a calf-length gown of black velvet trimmed with swansdown, at the Wool Fashion Awards. Both wore the latest ringlet hairstyles.

AT RIGHT: Maxi-look was favored by Jaye Goodman at the Wool Fashion Awards with Helen Hughes. Miss Goodman, who recently came from New York, wore a cameo-pink mid-skirt with a white organdie frilled blouse. Miss Hughes wore a white crepe dress with a low pin-tucked square neckline.



ABOVE: Mardi Henderson, wife of TCN9 personality Brian Henderson, looked lovely in a long black dress topped with a white guipure lace jacket, at the presentation of the Wool Fashion Awards at the Wentworth Hotel. Her husband compered the fashion parade.



AT RIGHT: A sophisticated full-length satin trench-coat over a gold lame polo-necked skivvie was the choice of Miss Patricia Spencer when she attended the presentation of the Australian Wool Fashion Awards.



# What people are wearing OVERSEAS



Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, right, accompanied by her son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. Charles Robb, arriving at the home of New York socialite Mrs. Mary Lasker, who gave a dinner dance in honor of the Robbs. America's First Lady wore a heavy brocade coat over her evening dress. Her daughter Linda was in a crepe dress with glittering lame sleeves and collar.



Princess Margaret wore a full-length evening coat of gold brocade when she attended a gala ballet performance at the Adelphi Theatre with the Earl of Snowdon. It was the Princess' first public outing since her tonsils operation.

Mrs. Clifton Daniel, left, who was Margaret Truman, daughter of a former United States President, with her husband, who is managing editor of the New York "Times." Here they join entertainer Dinah Shore in song during a party, following Miss Shore's opening at a club in New York.





Tommy Steele, in a Beau Brummell camel overcoat, and his wife in a black mini-dress and coat, at London Airport on their way to America for the premiere of Tommy's film "Half a Sixpence."



Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy leaving the Ballet Center, New York City, after a performance of "Don Quixote," with Cecil Beaton, who had just returned from a visit to Australia. Mr. Beaton wore one of the "ten-gallon hats" he favors on occasions.

At right: American comedienne Lucille Ball, arriving in London for her film "Yours, Mine and Ours," was well wrapped up against the cold in a fur hood and outsize muff.

At left: Susan Mero, of the Chicago Public Library, doesn't appear too unhappy that she had been sacked by the library's art director because of her mini-skirts and avant garde ideas about art. Here she wears one of the dresses her employer described as "garish and extreme for public employment."





# FOR THE OLDER WOMAN



The little-black-dress — a wonderful standby to have in a wardrobe. This one, above, is in black wool jersey, styled by John J. Hilton. It has a simple elegance and lots of wearability. SSW-XW. About \$26.99. (Waltons.)

Slimming stripes in button-through style (left) in camel, pink, or blue courtelle. SSW-XW. About \$28.50. (Available April.) Low-waisted dress in diagonal weave crimplene (at right) has welt finish. XSSW-XW. About \$26. (McDowells.)



Chic bright navy and black printed cape is the answer to rainy days. Neck is high and collared and there are two slit pockets. Sizes 10-18. About \$32. Matching rain hat about \$4.50. (Grace Bros.)



Double-knit wool jersey dress (left) in grey, blue, and brown. SW-SOS. About \$30. Double-breasted jersey dress in blue, brown, charcoal. OS-SOS. About \$25. (McDowells, in April.)



The Australian  
**Women's Weekly** presents

## KNITTING FOR THE FAMILY

● Mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers — all are catered for in these warm, wonderful knitting patterns. Directions for all designs are in this booklet.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER out for a stroll in a pretty bib-fronted sweater and matching dress. See page 2.



## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER Color picture page 1

**Materials:** Woman's Sweater: 11 (13) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (2) balls contrast color (c.c.); Girl's Dress: 8 (10) balls main color (m.c.), 1 (2) balls contrast color (c.c.) Patons Bluebell; 1 pair No. 9 Milward Disc or Patons Beehive knitting needles; No. 11 Phantom crochet hook; 4in. Lightning zip fastener (Gold Pack); 5 small buttons.

**Measurements:** Woman's Sweater: To fit 33 (36) in. bust; length, 22 (22½) in.; sleeves, 16½ in. both sizes. Girl's Dress: To fit 24 (26) in. underarm; length, 19 (22) in.; sleeve seam, 10 (12) in.

**Tension:** 13½ sts. to 2in.  
**Abbreviations:** M.c., main color; c.c., contrast color; d.c., double crochet.

### SWEATER FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 120 (130) sts. Work in st-st. for 12½ in., ending with p row.

**To Shape Front—Next Row:** K 46 (50) sts., cast off 28 (30) sts., k 46 (50) sts. Work 14 rows on last 46 (50) sts.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next and alt. rows until 10 (14) sts. rem., then in every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off. Join in m.c. at front edge, work other side to correspond.

### BACK

Using m.c., cast on 120 (130) sts. Work in st-st. until same length as front to underarm, ending with p row.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of next and every alt. row until 78 (84) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Divide for Back Opening — Next Row:** K 2 tog, k 37 (40) sts., turn. Cont. on these sts., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every alt. row until 24 (29) sts., then in every row until 15 (16) sts. rem. Cast off. Join in m.c. at centre back, work other side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 54 (58) sts. Work 8 rows st-st. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 8th rows until there are 86 (92) sts. Cont. without shaping until side edge measures 16in.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next

and every alt. row until 6 (10) sts. rem.; 36in. size only: then every row until 6 sts. rem. Both sizes: Cast off.

### BIB

Using c.c., cast on 30 (32) sts. and work 62 (66) rows st-st.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** K 8, cast off 14 (16) sts., k 8. Cont. on last 8 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every alt. row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off. Join in c.c. at neck edge, work other side to correspond.

### COLLAR (Make 2)

Using c.c., cast on 33 (36) sts. Work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of first 7 rows, then every alt. row until there are 55 (58) sts. Work 7 rows straight.

**Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., k 1, rep.

Continued on page 4

## NAVY AND WHITE Color picture page 3

**Materials:** Woman's Jumper — 18 (19) balls main color (m.c.), 4 (3) balls contrast color (c.c.). Girl's Dress — 10 (11) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (2) balls contrast color (c.c.) Patons Jet. Pair each Nos. 5 and 4 needles; Milwards Phantom crochet hook No. 5; 5in. Lightning zip-fastener (Gold Pack) for jumper; 4in. Lightning zip-fastener for dress.

**Measurements:** Woman's Jumper — To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22 (22½) in.; sleeve seam, 16½ (17½) in. (or length desired). Girl's Dress — To fit 22 (24) in. chest; length, 16½ (17½) in.; sleeve seam, 9 (11) in.

**Tension:** 8½ sts. to 2in. in width.  
**Note:** When using two colors, twist colors under and over to prevent holes.

### JUMPER BACK

Using m.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 68 (72) sts. and work 1in. in st-st.

Change to No. 4 needles and cont. in st-st. until back is 14½ in., ending p row \*\*.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Dec. once each end of needle in next and every alt. row until 50 (50) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Divide for Back Opening:** K 2 tog., k 23 (23) sts., turn. Leave rem. sts. on a st-holder. **Next Row:** K 1, p to end.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 11 (12) sts. rem. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre back and work rem. sts. to correspond.

### FRONT

Work as back to \*.  
**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 32 (36) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 9 (11), cast off 10 (10) sts., k 9 (11), k 2 tog. **Next Row:** P 10 (12) sts., turn.

Dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 2 sts. P 2 tog. Fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge and work rem. sts. to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using m.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 35 (37) sts. **Next Row:** K 13 (14) m.c., 9 c.c., 13 (14) m.c.

**Next Row:** P 13 (14) m.c., 9 c.c., 13 (14) m.c. Rep. last 2 rows for 1in.

Change to No. 4 needles. Keeping c.c. stripe in centre of sleeve, inc. once each end of next and every foll. 6th row until there are 63 (67) sts. Cont. straight until side edge measures 16½ (17½) in.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 3 (3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end of next and alt. rows to 7 sts. Cast off.

### STRIPES FOR SIDE (make 2)

Using c.c. and No. 4 needles, cast on 12 sts., work 14in. st-st., ending p row.

**Next Row:** K 3, cast off 6 sts., k 3. Cont. on last 3 sts., dec. once at beg. of next alt.

row. Work 1 row. K 2 tog. Fasten off. Join yarn to rem. sts. and work to correspond.

### TO MAKE UP

Using slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using fine b-st., with right side facing, sew striped panels into sides of garment, placing one edge of stripe to front and one edge to back. Sew up sleeve seams. Sew sleeves to body, noting tops of sleeves form part of neckline. Using crochet hook and m.c., work 2 rounds d.c. round sleeve edges. Turn up to form hem and sl-st. on wrong side. Using c.c., work 2 rows d.c. round neck and lower edges. Sew in zip-fastener.

### GIRL'S DRESS

#### BACK

Using m.c. and No. 4 needles, cast on 66 (70) sts. Work 6 rows st-st.

Cont. in st-st., shaping sides in next and every foll. 6th row thus: K 4, k 2 tog., k to last 6 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 4, until 46 (50) sts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures 12 (12½) in., ending with p row.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Dec. once at each end of next and every alt. row until 40 (40) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Divide for Back Opening:**

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 18, turn. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle. **Next Row:** K 1, p 18. **Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to end. Rep. last 2 rows until 9 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join yarn at centre back and work rem. sts. to correspond.

### FRONT

Work as back until front measures 12 (12½) in. ending with p row.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 22 (26) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 5 (7), cast off 8 (8) sts., k 5 (7), k 2 tog. **Next Row:** P 6 (8) sts., turn. Dec. once each end of next and every alt. row until 2 sts. P 2 tog. Fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge, work rem. sts. to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using m.c. and No. 5 needles, cast on 24 (26) sts.

**Next Row:** K 9 (10) m.c., 6 c.c., 9 (10) m.c. **Next Row:** P 9 (10) m.c., 6 c.c., 9 (10) m.c. Rep. these 2 rows twice.

Change to No. 4 needles. Keeping c.c. stripe in centre of sleeve, inc. once each end of next and every foll. 5th row until there are 40 (44) sts. Cont. straight until sleeve is 9 (11) in., ending p row.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 2 (2) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. once each end next and alt. rows to 6 sts. Cast off.

### STRIPES FOR SIDE (make 2)

Using c.c. and No. 4 needles, cast on 9 sts. and work 11½ (12) in. in st-st., ending with p row.

**Next Row:** K 3, cast off 3, k 3. Cont. on last 3 sts. dec. once at beg. of next alt. row. Work 1 row. K 2 tog. Fasten off.

Join yarn to rem. sts., work to match. Make up dress as for jumper.



NAVY AND WHITE. A smart combination for children and adults. Directions for mother's sweater and daughter's dress, each in two sizes, see page 2.



BIG SISTER (above). An ideal dress for girls from late-teens on — it's so easy to knit. Directions for two sizes are overleaf.



WINTER ORANGE (right). Smocking trims a young dress designed for the active miss. Directions begin on page 4.



## WINTER ORANGE Color picture page 3

**Materials:** 13 (15, 17) balls Lincoln Buffalo, Bri-Nylon 8-ply, or Cleckheaton 8-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 9 needles; 3 small buttons; No. 9 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest; length, 21 (23½, 26) in.; sleeve, 3in.

**Tension:** 6sts. to lin.

### BACK

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 104 (109, 114) sts. Work in rev. st-st., beg. p row for 6in. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 8th rows until 94 (99, 104) sts. rem. Cont. straight until work measures 13 (14½, 16½) in., ending k row.

**Next Row:** P 4, \* k 1, p 4, rep. from \* to end. **Next Row:** K 4, \* p 1, k 4, rep. from \* to end. Rep. these 2 rows for 4½ (5, 5½) in.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end next and alt. rows until 70 (75, 78) sts.

**To Divide for Back Opening:** Work 35 (37, 39) sts., turn. Work on this side only, until armhole measures 5½ (5½, 6) in.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off from armhole edge on alt. rows, 7 sts. twice and 7 (8, 8) sts. once. Cast off rem. sts. Rejoin yarn at centre back. K 2 tog. on 2nd size only. Work to correspond with 1st side.

### FRONT

Work as back until armholes measure 3½ (3½, 3½) in., omitting back opening.

**To Shape Neck:** Work 27 (29, 30) sts., cast off centre 16 (17, 18) sts., work to

end. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of 2nd row, then dec. 1 st. every row until 21 (22, 22) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armhole measures same as back. Shape shoulder as back. Rejoin yarn at inner edge to rem. sts., work to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 8 needles, cast on 54 (59, 64).

**1st Row:** P 4, \* k 1, p 4, rep. from \* to end. **2nd Row:** K 4, \* p 1, k 4, rep. from \* to end. Rep. these 2 rows for 1½ in., change to rev. st-st. Cont. straight until sleeve measures 3in. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 26 (29, 30) sts. rem., then every row to 16 (17, 18) sts. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Using fine bk-st., join shoulder seams. With No. 9 needles, pick up and k 70 (71, 74) sts. round neck-edge. Work in g-st. for lin. Cast off.

### SMOCKING

Work smocking by catching together the two k sts. of rib across back and front below armholes, beg. 1½ in. from beg. of rib and working every ½ in. on alt. sts. Work on sleeves ½ in. above cast-on edge.

Sew in sleeves, join side and sleeve seams. Turn up 2in. hem at lower edge and sl-st. in position. Work 1 row double crochet round sleeve edges, also on back opening, making 3 buttonloops on right side. Sew on buttons.

## BIG SISTER Color picture page 3

**Materials:** 13 (14) balls main color (m.c.), 5 (5) balls 1st contrast (c.c.1), 4 (4) balls 2nd contrast (c.c.2) Patons Skol; 1 pr. No. 5 needles; 1 No. 7 crochet hook; 20in. Lightning zip fastener (Gold Pack); 1 stitch-holder.

**Measurements:** To fit 33 (36) in. bust. Length, 36in.; length of sleeve, 17in.

**Tension:** 8½ sts. and 11 rows to 2in.

### FRONT

Using m.c. cast on 80 (88) sts. Work in st-st. for 14 rows.

Cont. in st-st., working 6 rows c.c.1, 10 rows c.c.2, 6 rows c.c.1, 16 rows m.c. Rep. last 38 rows of color sequence throughout. Work st-st. until 74 rows are complete.

**To Shape Sides:** Dec. 1 st. each end next row and every 6th foll. row 6 times. 66 (74) sts. Cont. straight until 120 rows are complete.

Cont. in stripe, inc. 1 st. each end next row and every 6th foll. row 3 times. 74 (82) sts. Cont. in stripe until 152 (148) rows are complete.

**To Shape Raglan:** Keeping stripe correct cast off 2 (4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end next row and alt. rows to 34 (34) sts., ending p row.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 10, cast off loosely 10 (10) sts., k 10, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** P 9, p 2 tog., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

Cont. to dec. at raglan edge every alt. row as before, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every row until 2 sts. rem., k 2 tog. on next alt. row and fasten off. Return to rem. sts. and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

### BACK

Work as front until 86 rows are complete. 76 (84) sts.

**To Divide for Back Opening — Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 36 (40), turn. Work on this side only, still dec. at side edge every 6th row as before until 33 (37) sts. rem. Cont. straight until 120 rows are complete.

**Next Row:** Inc. 1 st. at beg. of row and every 6th foll. row 3 times. Cont. straight until 152 (148) rows are complete.

**To Shape Raglan:** Cast off 2 (4) sts. at beg. next row. Work 1 row straight.

Cont. in stripe, dec. 1 st. at beg. next

row and at same edge every alt. row until 12 sts. rem. Cast off loosely.

Return to rem. sts. and work to correspond with first side in reverse.

### SLEEVES

Using m.c. only, cast on 38 (40) and work in st-st. for 6 rows. Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end next row and every 8th (6th) foll. row to 58 (66) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 16½ (16½) in., ending on p row. Cast off 2 (4) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. each end next row and every alt. row until 8 (8) sts. rem. Cast off.

Press on wrong side with warm iron over damp cloth. Join 4 raglan seams.

Using crochet hook and m.c., work 2 rows d.c. loosely round neck edge. Fit zip fastener into back of dress. Sew sides and sleeve seams. Work 2 rows d.c. in m.c. round cuffs and lower edge. Press seams.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER . . . continued

from \* to end of row, 37 (39) sts. Work 1 row. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Using slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly.

Using bk-st., join sleeves to front and back, join side and sleeve seams. Using m.c., work 2 rows d.c. round lower edge.

Using c.c., work shell edge round shaped edge of collar, side and cast-on edges of bib and lower edges of sleeves as follows: With crochet hook, work 1 row d.c.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. in first d.c., \* miss 2 d.c., 6 tr. in next d.c., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. in next d.c., rep from \* to end.

Pin bib in position, place top edges ½ in. down from raglan seams.

Turn to wrong side and sl-st. jumper to row of d.c. round bib. Using a flat seam, sew collar in position. Sew in zip. Sew buttons on bib. Press seams.

### GIRL'S DRESS

#### FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 132 (148) sts. and work 14 rows st-st.

**15th Row:** K 10 (11) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 30 (34) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 44 (50) sts., k 2 tog., k 30 (34) sts., k 2 tog., k 10 (11) sts. Work 9 rows straight.

**25th Row:** K 10 (11), sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 29 (33) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 42

(48) sts., k 2 tog., k 29 (33) sts., k 2 tog., k 10 (11) sts. Work 9 rows straight.

**35th Row:** K 10 (11) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 28 (32) sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 40 (46) sts., k 2 tog., k 28 (32) sts., k 2 tog., k 10 (11) sts. \*\*

Cont. dec. thus in every 10th row until 96 (104) sts. rem. Work 3 rows straight.

**To Shape Front — Next Row:** K 36 (40) sts., cast off 24 sts., k 36 (40) sts. Work 5 rows on last 36 (40) sts.

**Next Row:** K 1 (2) sts., k 2 tog., k 21 (23) sts., k 2 tog., k 10 (11) sts. Work 9 rows straight.

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 20 (22) sts., k 2 tog., k 10 (11) sts., 32 (36) sts. Work 8 rows straight.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at armhole edge in next and every alt. row until 6 (8) sts. rem., then in every row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off. Join in m.c. at front edge and work other side to correspond.

### BACK

Work as front to \*\*. Cont. dec. thus: In every 10th row until 88 (96) sts. rem. Work 7 rows straight.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1

Continued on page 7





## TWEED CLASSIC

**Materials:** 7 (8, 9) 2oz. balls of Sirdar Candytwist; 1 pair Nos. 6 and 9 needles.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust. Length, 24 (24½, 24½) in.; sleeve seam, 17 (17, 17½) in.

**Tension:** 4½ sts. and 6 rows to 1 sq. in.

### BACK

With No. 9 needles cast on 84 (88, 92) sts. Work k 1, p 1 rib for 16 rows.

Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. until back measures 15½ in., ending p row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. at both ends next 5 (6, 7) rows. Cont. straight until armholes are 8½ (8½, 9) in., ending p row.

**To Shape Shoulders:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 7 sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Cast off rem. 28 (30, 32) sts.

### FRONT

Work as back until armhole shaping is

completed. Work 1 (2, 1) rows straight, ending p row.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** K 33 (34, 35), turn. Leave rem. sts. on spare needle and cont. on left side sts.

**Next Row:** P 2 tog., p to end. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge on foll. p row, then every foll. 3rd row until 19 sts. rem. Cont. straight until armhole measures same as back, ending p row.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. next 2 k rows, 7 sts. on next k row.

Rejoin wool to sts. on spare needle. 1st Row: Knit. Next Row: P to last 2 sts., p 2 tog. Cont. as left side, reversing shapings.

### SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles cast on 38 (40, 42) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 16 rows.

Change to No. 6 needles and st-st. Work for 2 rows. Inc. 1 st. at both ends next and every foll. 6th row 13 times in all.

Cont. straight until sleeve measures 17 (17, 17½) in., ending p row.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. both ends next 5 rows (46, 48, 50 sts.) Dec. 1 st. both ends every foll. k row 14 times. Cast off 3 sts. beg. next 2 rows. Cast off.

### NECK BORDER

Join right shoulder seam. Right side of work facing, with No. 9 needles, pick up and k 50 (51, 52) sts. down left side front neck, 1 st. at V centre, 50 (51, 52) sts. up right side front neck, 28 (30, 32) sts. across back neck.

1st Row: (K 1, p 1) rib to 1 st. before V centre st., p 3 tog. (k 1, p 1) rib to end. 2nd Row: Rib to 1 st. before V centre st., k 3 tog., rib to end. Rep. 2 rows 3 times, ending on right side.

**Next Row:** Rib to V centre st., pick up running thread and k into back of it, p V centre st., pick up running thread and k into back of it. Rep. this row 7 times, alternately knitting and purling V centre st. Cast off in rib.

Omitting all ribbed parts, press work on wrong side, using warm iron over damp cloth. Sew up left shoulder, cont. along edges of neck border. Fold border in half and slip-stitch to wrong side. Set in sleeves. Sew up sleeve, side seams.

## LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON Color picture page 6

**Materials:** 10 (13, 17, 19) balls main color (m.c.); 3 (3, 3, 4) balls contrast color (c.c.) Patons Skol; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 7 needles; 4 buttons; 1 stitch-holder; 1 press-stud.

**Measurements:** To fit 28 (31, 39, 42) in. chest; length from shoulder, 17½ (21, 26, 26½) in.; length of sleeve, 14 (16, 19½, 19½) in.

**Tension:** 8½ sts. to 2 in. over st-st. on No. 5 needles.

### BACK

Using c.c. and No. 7 needles, cast on 68 (74, 90, 96) sts. 1st Row: \* K 1 t.b.l., p 1, rep. from \* to end.

2nd Row (wrong side facing): Knit. Rep. last 2 rows until work measures 1½ (1½, 2, 2) in., ending on wrong side.

Change to No. 5 needles and m.c., k 1 row, inc. 1 st. at end of row.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Cont. in st-st. until work measures 11 (13½, 16½, 16½) in. or length required to underarm.

**To Shape Raglan (right side facing):** Cast off 4 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

**Next Row:** Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 21 (23, 27, 27) sts. rem. Cast off.

### FRONT

Work as back until 59 (61, 71, 71) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on a k row.

**To Shape Front Opening:** Purl 27 (28, 33, 33) sts., turn. Work on this side only, leaving rem. sts. on holder.

**Next Row:** Cast on 5 sts., k 5 cast-on sts., then k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

**Next Row:** P to last 2 sts., k 2.

**Next Row:** K to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Rep. last 2 rows until 17 (18, 21, 21) sts. rem., ending with p row.

**Next Row:** Cast off 7 (8, 9, 9) sts., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1. Cont. to dec. at raglan every alt. row as before and at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 3 sts. rem. R.s.f., k 2 tog. at beg. of next row. Next Row: P 2 tog. Fasten off.

Place 4 markers for buttons just inside 2 border sts., 1st ½ in. from top and 4th in. from start of border, and 2 others evenly spaced between.

Return to rem. 32 (33, 38, 38) sts.

**Next Row:** With wrong side facing, k 2, p to end.

**Next Row:** K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to end. Rep. 1st 2 rows, making buttonholes to correspond with markers.

**To Make Buttonhole:** R.s.f., work to last 4 sts., y.fwd., k 2 tog., k 2.

Cont. as before, dec. at raglan every alt. row, and making 3 more buttonholes, until 17 (18, 21, 21) sts. rem.

**To Shape Neck:** With wrong side facing cast off 7 (8, 9, 9) sts., p to end. Cont. dec. at raglan every alt. row, at the same time dec. 1 st. at neck edge every alt. row until 3 sts. rem., k 2 tog. at end of next row. Next Row: P 2 tog., fasten off.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 7 needles and c.c., cast on 34 (36, 42, 44) sts. Work as back until hand measures 1½ (1½, 2, 2) in.

**Next Row:** R.s.f., change to No. 5 needles and m.c. and knit.

**Next Row:** Purl.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of 5th row and every 6th foll. row to 52 (56, 68, 74) sts.

Cont. in st-st. until sleeve measures 14 (16, 19½, 19½) in., ending on p row.

**To Shape Raglan:** Cast off 4 (4, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Work 2 rows st-st. Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

**Next Row:** Purl. Rep. last 2 rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

### COLLAR

Using No. 7 needles and c.c., cast on 69 (73, 85, 85) sts. 1st Row: (K 1 t.b.l., p 1) to last st., k 1 t.b.l.

2nd Row: Knit. Rep. last 2 rows until collar measures 3 (3, 3½, 3½) in. Cast off 6 (7, 8, 8) sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Using slightly damp cloth and warm iron, press lightly. Using bk-st. for seams, sew sleeves to front and back. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Using flat seam, sew shaped edge of collar to neck edge, commencing and ending 3rd stitch in from front edge. Sl-st. lower end of placket facing into place. Sew on buttons. Sew press-stud to top of placket at neck edge. Press seams.





**LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON** (above). Trim sweater-shirts outlined in dark contrast are warm and comfortable for family outings. Directions for 28, 31 and 39, 42in. chest measurements, page 5.

**BANBURY CROSS** (below). A snug Aran-style sweater with natural good looks. Directions for five sizes, up to 30in. chest, are on page 7.



**SWING HIGH** (above). V-neck cardigan knitted in a new flecked yarn is an all-occasion casual. Directions for 20 to 30in. chest sizes are on page 7.



## BANBURY CROSS Color picture page 6

**Materials:** 7 (8, 9, 10, 11) balls Villawool Super Crimp 8-ply Bri-Nylon; 1 pair each Nos. 7 and 9 Aero needles; 1 cable needle (c.n.).

**Measurements:** To fit 22 (24, 26, 28, 30) in. chest; length, 12½ (14, 15½, 17, 18½) in.; sleeves, 8 (9½, 11½, 13, 14½) in.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to lin.

**Abbreviations:** Tw.2, twist 2, (knit into 2nd st., then into 1st st., slip both sts. off left needle tog.); c.2.b, cable 2 back, (sl. next 2 sts. on to c.n. to back of work, k 2, k 2 from c.n.); c.2.f, cable 2 front (sl. next 2 sts. on to c.n. to front of work, k 2, k 2 from c.n.); b.p., Berry Pattern.

**BERRY PATTERN** (multiple of 4 sts.)

**1st Row** (right side facing): Purl.

**2nd Row:** (K 1 p 1 k 1 into next st., p 3 tog.), rep. to end. **3rd Row:** Purl.

**4th Row:** (P 3 tog., k 1 p 1 k 1 into next st.) rep. to end.

Rep. these 4 rows inclusive.

### BACK

With No. 9 needles, cast on 74 (80, 86,

92, 98) sts. Work 2in. k 1, p 1 rib, ending on wrong-side row. Change to No. 7 needles and proceed thus:

**1st Row:** K 12 (15, 16, 19, 22) sts., tw.2, p 1, k 9, p 1, tw.2, b.p. 20 (20, 24, 24, 24) sts., tw.2, p 1, k 9, p 1, tw.2, k 12 (15, 16, 19, 22) sts.

**2nd Row:** P 14 (17, 18, 21, 24) sts., k 1, p 9, k 1, p 2, b.p. 20 (20, 24, 24, 24) p 2, k 1, p 9, k 1, p 14 (17, 18, 21, 24).

**3rd Row:** K 12 (15, 16, 19, 22) sts., tw.2, p 1, c.2.b, k 1, c.2.f, p 1, tw.2, b.p. 20 (20, 24, 24, 24) sts., tw.2, p 1, c.2.b, k 1, c.2.f, p 1, tw.2, k 12 (15, 16, 19, 22).

**4th Row:** As 2nd row.

Cont. in patterns as established and work cable row on every foll. 6th row. Cont. until work is 8 (9, 10, 11, 12) in. (or length required), ending on wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglans:** Cast off 5 (5, 5, 5, 6) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

**Next Row:** K 1, k 2 tog. t.b.l., work in patt. to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Cont. until same length as back to raglans, ending at side edge.

**To Shape Raglan and Front:** Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next row. P 1 row. (Omit this row for right front.)

**Next Row:** K 2 tog., k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. on front edge.

Cont. to dec. on raglan edge on every 2nd row, at the same time dec. 1 st. at front edge on every foll. 4th row until 6 sts. rem. Dec. at raglan edge only until 2 sts. rem. P 2 and cast off.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work as left front in reverse.

### SLEEVES

With No. 10 needles cast on 34 (36, 38, 40, 42, 44) sts. and work k 1, p 1 rib for 1 (1½, 2, 2½, 2½) in. and inc. 1 st. at end of last row on all sizes.

Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd, then every 6th row thereafter until 47 (51, 55, 59, 63, 67) sts. Cont. until sleeves measure 6 (7, 9½, 11, 12½, 14) in. (or length required), ending on p row. Shape raglans as back until 3 sts. rem., ending on p row. Cast off.

Carefully press on wrong side. Using small bk-st. sew raglan seams. Press

**Next Row:** P 2, work in patt. to last 2 sts., p 2.

Rep. last 2 rows to 32 (34, 36, 38, 40) sts. Work 1 row. Cast off.

### FRONT

Work as back until 50 (52, 54, 56, 58) sts. rem. in raglan shaping, ending on right-side row.

**To Shape Neck—Next Row:** Work 18 sts., cast off centre 14 (16, 18, 20, 22) sts., work 18 sts. Cont. on last 18 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge on next and every 2nd row 7 times, at the same time cont. raglan until 2 sts. rem. Work 2 tog. Fasten off. Ret. to rem. sts., join yarn at neck edge, finish to correspond with other side.

### SLEEVES

With No. 9 needles cast on 35 (35, 37, 39, 41) sts. and work firmly in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2in., ending on wrong-side row. Change to No. 7 needles, cont. thus:

**1st Row:** K 10 (10, 11, 12, 13) sts., tw.2, p 1, k 9, p 1, tw.2, k 10 (10, 11, 12, 13) sts.

**2nd Row:** P 12 (12, 13, 14, 15) sts., k 1, p 9, k 1, p 12, 12, 13, 14, 15) sts.

seams open. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

**Front Band:** With No. 10 needles, cast on 10 sts. and work in k 1, p 1 rib. Cont. until band when slightly stretched fits to centre back neck. Cast off ribwise.

Mark off for 5 button positions, first ¼ in. from lower edge, 5th below beg. of front shaping, 3 evenly between.

## MOTHER AND DAUGHTER . . . concluded

st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 68 (70) sts. rem. Work 1 row.

**To Divide for Back Opening — Next Row:** K 2 tog., k 32 (33) sts., turn. Cont. on these sts., dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every alt. row until 18 (20) sts. rem., then every row until 13 sts. rem. Cast off.

Join in m.c. at centre back and work other side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 38 (40) sts. and work 6 rows st-st.

Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 6th rows until 62 (68) sts. Cont. straight until side edge is 9½ (11½) in.

Shape top by casting off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of

**3rd Row:** K 10 (10, 11, 12, 13) sts., tw.2, p 1, c.2.b, k 1, c.2.f, p 1, tw.2, k 10 (10, 11, 12, 13) sts.

Cont. in patt. as established and work cable row on every foll. 6th row, at the same time inc. 1 st. each end every 5th (5th, 5th, 6th, 6th) row until 49 (53, 57, 61, 65) sts., taking all inc. sts. into st-st. Cont. until sleeves measure 8 (9½, 11½, 13, 14½) in. (or length required), ending on wrong-side row. Shape raglans as back until 7 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

### TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Using small bk-st. sew up 2 front and right back raglans. Press seams open.

**Crew Neckband or Polo Collar:** With right-side facing and No. 9 needles neatly pick up and knit 78 (82, 86, 90, 94) sts. evenly round neck edge and work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. for crew neck or ¾ (¾, ¾, ¾, ¾) in. for polo collar. Cast off loosely ribwise on next row.

Sew up rem. raglan. Flat seam neckband or polo collar ends tog. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams open.

**Front Band with Buttonholes:** Work as other side making buttonholes opp. markers.

**To Make a Buttonhole:** Rib 4, cast off 2 sts., rib to end. On next row, rib and cast on 2 sts. over cast-off 2 sts.

Neatly attach front bands and join at centre back. Sew on buttons.

next and every alt. row until 6 sts. rem. Work 1 row. Cast off.

### BIB

Using c.c., cast on 26 sts. and work 56 (62) rows st-st.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** K 6, cast off 14, k 6. Cont. on last 6 sts., dec. 1 st. at neck edge in every alt. row until 1 st. rem. Fasten off. Join in c.c. at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

### COLLAR (Make 2)

Using c.c., cast on 23 sts. and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of first 7 rows, then every alt. row until there are 43 sts. Work 5 rows. **Next Row:** K 1, \* k 2 tog., k 1, rep. from \* to end of row (29 sts.). Work 1 row. Cast off.

Make up as for woman's jumper.

## SWING HIGH Picture page 6

**Materials:** 6 (7, 8, 9, 10, 11) balls Villawool Telstar; one pair each Nos. 8 and 10 Aero needles; 5 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 20 (22, 24, 26, 28, 30) in. chest; length, 10½ (11½, 13, 14½, 15½, 17½) in.; sleeves, 6 (7, 9½, 11, 12½, 14) in.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to lin.

**Note:** If making cardigan for girl make buttonholes on right band.

### BACK

With No. 10 needles cast on 66 (72, 78, 84, 90, 96) sts. and work k 1, p 1 rib for 1 (1½, 1½, 1½, 1½) in. Change to No. 8 needles and st-st. Cont. until work measures 6 (6½, 7, 8½, 10, 11½) in. (or length required), ending on p row.

**To Shape Raglans:** Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 22 (24, 26, 28, 30, 32) sts., ending on p row. Cast off.

### LEFT FRONT

With No. 10 needles cast on 32 (34, 38, 40, 44, 46) sts. and work k 1, p 1 rib for 1 (1½, 1½, 1½, 1½) in.; 1st, 3rd, and 5th sizes only dec. 1 st. at end of last rib row. (31, 34, 37, 40, 43, 46 sts.)





SHIRT DRESS (above). With cable pattern and fashion colors, this design will suit mums and grown-up daughters. Directions for knitting dress and cap are on page 10.

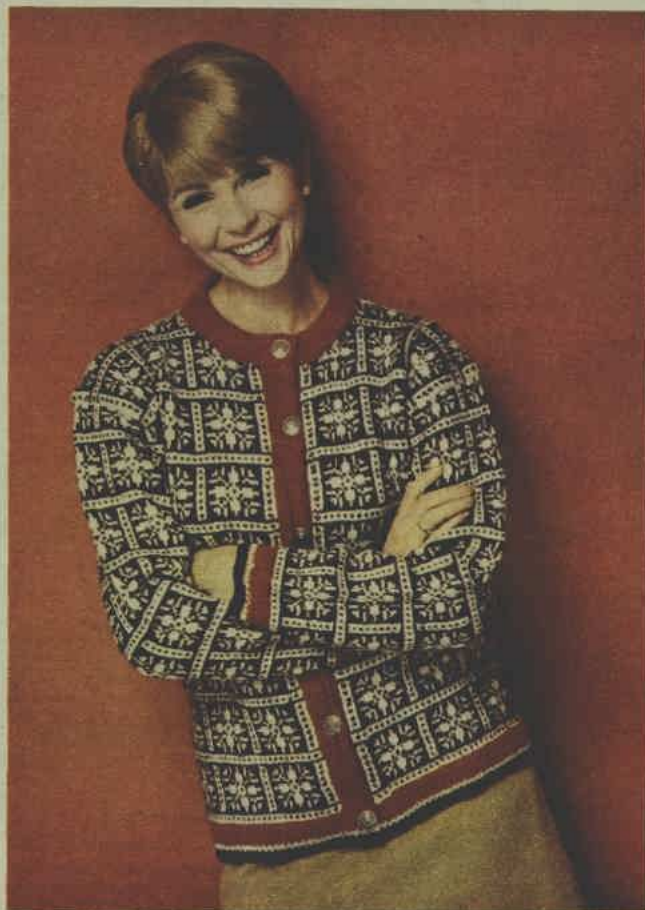
SQUARE DEAL (below). There's nothing like lace to frame a face, and what better way than with a pretty stole. Crochet directions on page 10.



JET SET (right). A lively checkerboard sweater designed specially for knitting-machine addicts. Directions for three bust sizes, page 12.







**CARDIGAN CASUAL** (left). A dazzling design in Fair Isle outlined in red has dropped shoulder and 6-button front opening. See page 12.

**TEEN TALK** (above). Co-ordinated shift and divan rug, made on a knitting-machine, add glamor to a teenage studio bedroom. Directions are on page 13.



## SHIRT DRESS Picture page 8

**Materials:** Dress — 24 (26) balls main color (m.c.), 2 (2) balls contrast color (c.c.), Villawool Speediknit; Tam-o'-shanter — 5 balls contrast color (c.c.); 1 pair No. 7 Aero needles; 1 cable needle (c.n.); 6 buttons.

**Measurements:** To fit 34 (36) in. bust; length, 34in. (both sizes); sleeves, 17in. (both sizes); Tam, to fit average head.

**Tension:** 5 sts. to lin. in reverse st-st.  
**Abbreviations:** Inc. 1: Make 1 st. by picking up horizontal loop before next st., slip it on left needle, then purl it.

### PANEL PATTERN 9 STS. (p.p. 9)

1st Row: K 9. 2nd Row: P 9.  
3rd Row: Sl. next 3 sts. to c.n. to back of work, k 1, k 3 from c.n., k 1, slip next st. to c.n. to front of work, k 3, k 1 from c.n. 4th Row: As 2nd row.  
Rep. these 4 rows incl.

### DRESS BACK

With No. 7 needles and m.c., cast on, using "thumb" method, 128 (135) sts.

1st Row (wrong side facing): 1st Size: (K 1, p 1) rep. to end. 2nd size: K 1, (p 1, k 1) rep. to end.

2nd Row: 1st Size: As 1st row. 2nd Size: P 1, (k 1, p 1) rep. to end.

3rd Row: As 1st row. Proceed thus:

## SQUARE DEAL Picture page 8

**Materials:** 23 balls Villawool Starlite Crepe; No. 12 Aero Crochet Hook.

**Tension:** 1 motif to measure 4in.

### TO MAKE A MOTIF

Make 8 ch., join in circle with sl-st.

1st Round: 1 ch., 12 d.c. in circle, join with sl-st.

2nd Round: 5 ch., (1 d.tr. 2 ch.) in each d.c. of previous round 11 times, join with sl-st. to 3rd ch.

3rd Round: 3 d.c. in each ch. lp., join with sl-st.

4th Round: 10 ch., \* (1 d.tr. in each of next 3 d.c. keeping last lps. on hook, y.o.h., pull through all 4 lps., 3 ch.) twice \*\* 1 d.tr. in each of next 3 d.c. keeping last lps. on hook, y.o.h., pull through all 4 lps., 7ch. for corner \*, rep. \* to \* twice, then \* to \*\* once, 1 d.tr. in each of next 2 d.c. keeping last lps. on hook, sl-st. in 3rd ch.

1st Row (right side facing): P 7 (8) sts., \* p.p. 9, p 12 (13) sts., rep. from \* to last 16 (17) sts., p.p. 9, p 7 (8) sts.

2nd Row: K 7 (8) sts., \* p.p. 9, k 12 (13) sts., rep. from \* to last 16 (17) sts., p.p. 9, k 7 (8) sts.

Cont. in patt. as established, working in panels of reversed st-st. and p.p. 9 sts. until back is 5in., ending wrong-side row.

1st Dec. Row: P 5 (6), p 2 tog., \* p.p. 9, p 2 tog., p 8 (9), p 2 tog., rep. from \* to last 16 (17) sts., p.p. 9, p 2 tog., p 5 (6) sts. (116, 123 sts.)

Cont. on these sts., working 2 sts. less in reversed st-st. panels between the p.p. 9, and 1 st. less on each side for further 4½in., ending on wrong-side row.

2nd Dec. Row: P 4 (5), p 2 tog., \* p.p. 9, p 2 tog., p 6 (7), p 2 tog., rep. from \* to last 15 (16) sts., p.p. 9, p 2 tog., p 4 (5) sts. (104, 111 sts. rem.)

Cont. for further 4in., keeping patt. in order and ending on wrong-side row.

3rd Dec. Row: P 3 (4), p 2 tog., \* p.p. 9, p 2 tog., p 4 (5), p 2 tog., rep. from \* to last 14 (15) sts., p.p. 9, p 2 tog., p 3 (4) sts. (92, 99 sts. rem.)

Keeping patt. in order, cont. for further 1½in., work will now measure 15in. from beg., ending on wrong-side row.

Change to c.c. Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: 1st Size: (K 1, p 1) rep. to end. 2nd Size: K 1, (p 1, k 1) to end.

of 10 ch. lp. and pull through all 3 lps.

5th Round: \* 9 d.c. in corner lp., (4 d.c. in 3 ch. lp.) twice, rep. from \*, join with sl-st.

6th Round: 4 ch., miss 1 st., 1 d.tr. in next st., \* miss 1 st., 1 ch., 1 d.tr. 3 ch. 1 d.tr. in corner st., (miss 1 st., 1 ch., 1 d.tr. in next st.) 8 times, 1 ch. 1 d.tr., 3 ch. 1 d.tr. in next st., (1 ch., 1 d.tr. in next st., miss 1 st.) 8 times, rep. from \* ending join with sl-st. to 3rd ch.

7th Round: 2 d.c. in each 1 ch. sp., 3 d.c. in each corner 3 ch. sp., join with sl-st. Fasten off.

Make 90 motifs.

Join 5 motifs for width, 18 rows of 5 motifs for length. Lightly press on wrong side. Work 1 row d.c. round all edges and work loops of 15 ch. at even intervals on short edges for tassels (11 loops on illustrated stole). With 16 lengths of yarn 21½in. long, make a tassel in each loop.

Next Row: 1st Size: As 1st row. 2nd Size: P 1, (k 1, p 1) rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until ribbing in c.c. measures 2in., ending wrong-side row \*\*.

Change to m.c., k 1 row. Cont. thus:

1st Row (wrong side facing): K 4 (5) sts., \* p.p. 9, k 6 (7) sts., rep. from \* to last 13 (14) sts., p.p. 9, k 4 (5) sts.

Keeping patt. in order, work 10 rows, ending on wrong side of work.

Next Row: P 3 (4) sts., inc. 1, p 1, \* p.p. 9, p 1, inc. 1, p 4 (5) sts., inc. 1, p 1, rep. from \* to last 13 (14) sts., p.p. 9, p 1, inc. 1, p 3 (4) sts. (104, 111 sts.)

Keeping patt. in order, cont. until work measures 25in., ending wrong side.

To Shape Armholes: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and every 2nd row until 76 (81) sts. rem.

Cont. until armholes measure 7½in. on the straight, ending on wrong-side row.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off at beg. of next and every row 5 (6) sts. twice, 6 (6) sts. twice. (54, 57 sts. rem.)

To Shape Shoulders and Neck: Next

Row: Cast off 6 sts., work until 8 (9) sts. on needle, cast off centre 26 (27) sts., work 14 (15) sts.

Cont. on last 14 (15) sts. and cast off for shoulder at beg. of next and each alt. row 6 sts. twice, at the same time cast off 2 (3) sts. at beg. of 2nd row on neck edge. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, finish to correspond with 1st side.

### FRONT

Work as back to \*\*. Change to m.c. and work front opening thus:

Next Row: K 43 (46) sts. and cast on 1 st. Leave rem. 49 (53) sts. on holder.

Proceed on these 44 (47) sts. thus:

Next Row (wrong side facing): K 1, \* p.p. 9, k 6 (7) sts., rep. from \* to last 13 (14) sts., p.p. 9, k 4 (5) sts.

Keeping patt. in order, work 10 rows.

Next Row: P 3 (4) sts., inc. 1, p 1, \* p.p. 9, p 1, inc. 1, p 4 (5), inc. 1, p 1, \* rep. to last 10 sts., p.p. 9, inc. 1, p 1. (50, 53 sts.) Keeping patt. in order, cont. until work measures same as back to armhole, ending at side edge.

To Shape Armhole: Cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every 2nd row 8 times. Cont. on rem. 36 (38) sts. until armhole measures 5in. on straight, ending at front edge.

To Shape Neck: Keeping patt. in order, cast off 6 (7) sts. at beg. of next row. Dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 2nd row 7 times. Cont. on rem. sts. until armhole measures same as back, ending at armhole edge.

To Shape Shoulder: Keeping patt. in order, cast off at beg. of next and each alt. row 5 (6) sts. once, 6 sts. 3 times.

Return to rem. sts., sl. first 6 (7) sts. on to a safety pin. With m.c. cast on 1 st., k across rem. 43 (46) sts. (44, 47 sts.)

Next Row: K 4 (5) sts., \* p.p. 9, k 6 (7) sts., \* rep. to last 10 sts., p.p. 9, k 1. Finish to correspond with other side.

### SLEEVES

With No. 7 needles and m.c., cast on, using "thumb" method, 57 (59) sts.

1st Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) rep. to end.

2nd Row: P 1, (k 1, p 1) rep. to end.

3rd Row: As 1st row. Proceed thus:

1st Row (right side facing): P 7, \* p.p. 9, p 8 (9) sts., rep. from \* to last 16 sts., p.p. 9, p 7.

Cont. in patt. as established and inc. 1 st. each end of 9th row, then every 11th row until 75 (77) sts., taking all inc. sts. into reversed st-st.

Cont. until sleeves measure 17in., ending on wrong-side row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 6 (7) sts. twice, 2 sts. 8 times, then dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until 31 sts. rem. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 3 sts. 6 times, 13 sts. once.

### COLLAR

With No. 7 needles and m.c. cast on 26 (27) sts. and work in g-st. Cast on at end of every row 2 (3) sts. twice, 2 sts. 18 times. (66, 69 sts.) Work 14 rows, break yarn. Join yarn to side edge, neatly pick up and k 9 sts., then k the 66 (69) sts., pick up 9 sts. on side edge. (84, 87 sts.)

Next Row: (K 1, p 1) 4 times, inc. 1 in next 2 sts., rib to last 10 sts., inc. 1 in next 2 sts., rib 8. Next Row: Rib.

Next Row: K 1, (p 1, k 1) 4 times, inc. 1 in next 2 sts., rib to last 11 sts., inc. 1 in next 2 sts., rib 9. Work 1 row, cast off loosely ribwise on next row.

### TO MAKE UP

Press on wrong side. Using small bk-st., sew up shoulder seams, press seams open.

Continued on page 13

The Australian Women's Weekly — March 20, 1968



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Diplomat 5







## JUMPER SUIT Picture page 14

**Materials:** Jumper — 14 (15, 17, 19) balls, Skirt — 10 (11, 12, 13) balls Emu Bri-Nylon 8-ply or English Knit 8-ply; 1 pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; stitch-holder; elastic for waist.

**Measurements:** Jumper — to fit 31 (35, 39, 43) in. bust (actual measurement 33 (37, 41, 45) in. for easy fit); length, 21 (21½, 22½, 23) in.; sleeve, 14 (14, 14½, 14½) in. Skirt — to fit 31 (35, 39, 43) in. hips (actual measurement 33 (37, 41, 45) in.); length, 18 (19, 20, 21) in.

**Tension:** 5 sts. and 7½ rows to 1 sq.

### JUMPER BACK

\*\* Using No. 10 needles, cast on 85 (95, 105, 115) sts. Work 11 rows in st-st. K next row (hemline). Comm. k row, work 12 rows st-st. Change to No. 8 needles.

**1st Row** (right side facing): K 6, \* w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.fwd., k 7, rep. from \*, ending k 6. (A k st. has been added to each end of every row to give a firm edge. Join side seams, through this.)

**2nd and Alt. Rows:** K 1, p to last st., k 1.

**3rd Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., k 3, \* w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, rep. from \* to last 9 sts., w.fwd., k 3, w.fwd., k 3, k 2 tog., k 1.

**5th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., k 2, \* w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, rep. from \* to last 10 sts., w.fwd., k 5, w.fwd., k 2, k 2 tog., k 1.

**7th Row:** K 1, k 2 tog., k 1, \* w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., rep. from \* to last 11 sts., w.fwd., k 7, w.fwd., k 1, k 2 tog., k 1.

**9th Row:** K 4, \* w.fwd., k 2, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.fwd., k 3, rep. from \* to last st., k 1.

**11th Row:** K 5, \* w.fwd., k 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.fwd., k 5, rep. from \* to end. **12th Row:** As 2nd.

These 12 rows form patt. Cont. until work measures 12 (12, 12½, 12½) in. from the hemline, ending wrong-side row.

**To Shape Raglan Armholes:** Keeping cont. of patt., cast off 2 (2, 2, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

**1st, 2nd, and 3rd Sizes Only:** Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until 69 (83, 97) sts., ending wrong-side row.

All Sizes: Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows \*\* until 37 (39, 41, 43) sts., ending wrong side. Leave aside.

### FRONT

Work as back from \*\* to \*\* until 53 (55, 57, 59) sts. rem., ending wrong side.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** K 2 tog., patt. 15, turn.

Still dec. at armhole edge, dec. 1 st. at neck edge on every row until 6 sts. rem. Cont. to dec. at armhole edge only, until 2 sts. rem. Work 1 row. K 2 tog. Fasten off. Join yarn at neck edge to rem. sts., patt. across the 19 (21, 23, 25) sts. at centre, and leave on holder, patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog. Complete to match 1st side.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 54 (54, 58, 58) sts. Work 11 rows in st-st. K next row to mark hemline. Comm. with k row, work 11 rows in st-st.

**Next Row:** P 7 (7, 5, 5), \* p twice into next st., p 3 (3, 2, 2), rep. from \* to last 7 (7, 5, 5) sts., p twice into next st., p 6 (6, 4, 4). 65 (65, 75, 75) sts.

Change to No. 8 needles and patt. as back until work measures 14 (14, 14½, 14½) in. from hemline, ending wrong side.

**To Shape Raglan Top:** Cast off 2 (2, 2, 3) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. 4th rows until 49 (45, 61, 53) sts. rem., then 1 st. each end of alt. rows until 17 sts. rem., ending wrong-side row. Leave on sp. needle.

### NECKBAND

Using bk-st., join raglan seams, except left back seam. R.s.f., using No. 10 needles, k 17 sts. on top of sleeves, pick up and k 13 sts. either side of neck, k centre sts., and centre back neck sts. 116 (120, 124, 128) sts. Comm. with p row, work 10 rows st-st. K next row. Comm. with k row, work 10 rows st-st. Cast off loosely.

### SKIRT (back and front alike)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 85 (95, 105, 115) sts. Work hem as jumper.

Change to No. 8 needles and patt. as jumper until 15 (16, 17, 18) in. from hemline (or 3in. less than desired length).

Change to No. 10 needles, work 3in., ending wrong-side row and dec. 1 st. at end of last row. Work lin. in k 1, p 1 rib. Cast off in rib.

Pin out to correct measurement, press

Bri-Nylon with cool iron, dry cloth, wool with warm iron, damp cloth.

**Jumper:** Using bk-st., join left back raglan and neckband. Join side and sleeve

seams. Fold all hems back and sl-st.

**Skirt:** Using bk-st., join side seams. Fold hem to wrong side and sl-st. Make a herringbone casing over elastic at waist.

## TEEN TALK Color picture page 9

**Note:** These designs are worked on an Empisal Home Knitter and Weaver.

### DRESS

**Materials:** 11 (12, 13) balls Lincoln Buffalo or Bri-Nylon 8-ply or Cleckheaton 8-ply in main color (m.c.), 2 (3, 3) balls 1st contrast color (c1), 5 (6, 6) balls 2nd contrast color (c2), 5 (6, 6) balls 3rd contrast color (c3); No. 9 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length 35 (35, 35½) in.

**Tension:** 11½ sts. to 2in. Check carefully before commencing.

### FRONT

Using m.c., cast on 120 (128, 136) sts. Work in p 2, k 6 rib for 8in. Dec. 1 st. each end of every foll. 4th row 11 (12, 13) times, at the same time, after the m.c. stripe, work 2½in. in c1, then 4in. c2, 5in. c3, and 8in. in m.c.

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows and 1 st. on foll. 2 rows. Cont. in m.c. until armholes meas. 4½in.

**To Shape Neck — Next Row:** Work 32 (34, 36) sts., cast off centre 12 (14, 16) sts. Work to end. Cont. on last side only. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of alt. rows twice, then 1 st. every row 6 (7, 8) times.

## SHIRT DRESS . . . concluded

### Left Front Band

With m.c. cast on, using "thumb" method, 8 (9) sts. **Next Row:** Sl. 1, k to end. Rep. this row until band fits to neck edge and cast off. Attach to front edge.

Mark off 4 buttonhole positions, 1st one 1½in. from beg., the 4th ½in. below neck edge, 2 evenly spaced between.

**To Make Buttonhole:** Right side facing, work 4 sts., cast off 2, work 2 (3). On next row, cast on 2 over, cast off 2.

### Right Front Band

Sl. 6 (7) sts. from safety pin on to needle, join in yarn and inc. 1 st. in 1st st., k to end and cast on 1 st. (8, 9 sts.) Cont. as left band, making 4 buttonholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press

Cont. straight until armhole meas. 7½ (7½, 8) in. Cast off from armhole edge 7 sts. twice, then rem. sts. Work other side to correspond.

### BACK

Work as front, commencing neck shaping when armholes meas. 6in.

Using a fine seam, join shoulder and side seams. Work one row double crochet round neck and armholes.

### DIVAN COVER

**Materials:** 33 balls Lincoln Buffalo or Bri-Nylon 8-ply or Cleckheaton 8-ply in main color (m.c.), 6 balls 1st contrast (c1), 9 balls 2nd contrast (c2), 14 balls 3rd contrast (c3).

**Measurements:** Cover fits a divan 26in. high, 32in. wide, and 5ft. long, but is easy to adjust to required size.

The cover is made in two equal sections. K 1 stripe in m.c., casting on 64 sts. and working p 2, k 6 rib for 68in. With c1 and casting on 16 sts., k 2nd stripe as 1st. In c2 with 26 sts., work 3rd stripe as 1st. In c3 with 42 sts., work 4th stripe as 1st. In m.c. with 40 sts., work 5th stripe as 1st. Sew stripes tog. lengthwise, combining colors as illustrated, with m.c. stripes at outer edges. Make 2nd section the same.

Tack the two sections to the divan, then stitch with small stitches.

seams open. Set sleeves smoothly into armholes. Neatly attach collar to neck within 6 sts. of front bands. Sew on buttons.

### TAM-O-SHANTER

With No. 8 needles and c.c., cast on 125 sts. and work in g-st. for 3½in.

**Next Row:** (K 6, k 2 tog.) rep. ending k 5 (110 sts.) Work further 6½in.

**Next Row:** (K 8, k 2 tog.) to end.

**Next Row:** (K 7, k 2 tog.) to end.

**Next Row:** (K 6, k 2 tog.) to end.

Cont. thus, working 1 st. less between decs. to end of row k 1, k 2 tog.

**Next Row:** (K 2 tog.) to end. Break yarn, leaving a length to thread needle, run through rem. sts., draw up, fasten off securely. Neatly join edges with flat seam. Fold band 3½in. wide to right side.





**JUMPER SUIT** (left) in lacy pattern. Directions for 4 bust measurements, see page 13.



**SKATING SET** (above) made on a knitting-machine. Directions for 3 sizes, page 15.

**STRIPED SHIFT** (right) knitted in reverse stocking-stitch. Directions are on page 15.





## SKATING SET Picture page 14

Note: This garment is knitted on an Empisal Home Knitter and Weaver.

**Materials:** 16 balls main color (m.c.), 2 balls contrast color (c.c.) Villawool 4-ply Quartet; 1 zip-fastener; hook and eye; length shirring elastic; length elastic for pants; tape for skirt.

**Measurements:** To fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest; length 19½ (21½, 21½); sleeve length, 11½ (12, 12½) in.

**Tension:** T6, 7½ sts. and 11 rows to lin.

### BODICE

**LEFT BACK**  
Cast on 49 (53, 57) sts. with selvedge edge and t6, k 60 (65, 71) rows.

**To Shape Armhole:** With carriage on right-hand side of machine, r/c on "O", cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next row. K 1 row. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next row and foll. alt. row. K 1 row.

Dec. 1 st. at beg. of every alt. row 4 times in all. K 45 (49, 53) rows straight.

**To Shape Shoulder:** With carriage at right, cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row. K 1 row. Cast off 4 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next and foll. alt. row. K 1 row. Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. at beg. of next and every foll. alt. row twice. K 1 row. Cast off rem. 15 (16, 17) sts.

### RIGHT BACK

Work as left back, reversing shapings.

## FRONT

With selvedge edge, cast on 98 (106, 114) sts. K 60 (65, 71) rows (or length required), r/c on "O".

**To Shape Armholes:** Cast off 4 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 2 (2, 2) sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 8 (10, 10) rows. 74 (80, 86) sts. K 29 (32, 36) rows straight.

**To Shape Neck:** Cast off the 12 central sts. by hand with an odd piece of wool. Push the 31 (34, 37) sts. farthest from carriage into "e" position. Cam levers on "3", work on rem. sts. K 1 row. At neck edge, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every alt. row twice, dec. 1 st. every alt. row until 22 (24, 26) sts. K to 59 (63, 67) rows.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Work to correspond with back bodice. Push the 31 (34, 37) sts. on machine back into knitting position, and k other side to correspond.

### SLEEVES

Cast on 44 (48, 52) sts. with waste wool. K 4 rows. With r/c on "O" and t5, k 26 rows in m.c. Turn hem, take out waste wool. Turn r/c back to row 13 and t6. Inc. 1 st. each end every 6th (6th, 6th) row 15 (16, 17) times. 74 (80, 86) sts. K to 127 (133, 139) rows (or length required) with r/c on "O" cont. thus:

**To Shape Cap:** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Dec. 1 st. at beg. of next 20

(24, 28) rows. Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, 3 sts. at beg. next 4 rows, 4 sts. at beg. next 2 rows. Cast off.

### NECK TRIMMING

Wrong side facing, pick up 90 (94, 98) sts. round neck. K 2 rows on t6, then, raising tension 1 point higher every 2 rows, knit 10 rows. Cast off loosely.

### SKIRT (Knitted sideways)

Cast on 64 (70, 70) sts. with selvedge edge. K 6 rows. \*\* Cam levers on "2", always taking wool round 1 st., needle in holding position, push 8 (9, 9) needles at opposite end of carriage on next and alternate rows 5 times altogether. K 1 row. Put 8 (9, 9) sts. inside needles at opposite end of carriage from "e" position to "c" position on next and alternate rows 5 times altogether. K 11 rows. \*\* The 30 rows from \*\* to \*\* form one complete patt. K 21 (23, 25) more complete patts. and 1st 24 rows of next patt. Cast off.

### PIPING FOR SKIRT (2 pieces)

With c.c. and double bed, left-hand lever raised, cast on 3 sts. on main bed, 3 sts. on auxiliary bed. With racking lever on "5", pitch lever on "h", k 1 row. Push in right-hand tuck button, k on t2 for 64in. Take off machine. Work neck piping — as skirt piping 1 strip 14in. long and 2nd 15in.

### CAP

Cast on 127 (133, 139) sts. with double bed. Tension on "O", knit selvedge edge.

next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of next and foll. alt. rows until 26 (28, 30) sts. rem., then each end of every row until 16 (16, 18) sts. rem. Cast off.

### SIDE STRIPES (2)

Using No. 8 needles and c.c.2, cast on 102 (116, 120) sts. Work in rev. st-st., beg. p row, for 1in. Change to c.c.1, work 1in. Change to c.c.2, work 1in. Cast off.

### NECKBAND

Using fine bk-st., join shoulder seams. With No. 10 needles and c.c.1, pick up and k 70 (70, 74) sts. round neck. Work ½ in. k 2, p 2 rib. Change to c.c.2, k 1 row. Cont. in k 2, p 2, rib until band measures 1in. Cast off fairly loosely.

Press carefully. Join sleeve seams, join stripes to side seams. Sew in sleeves. Fold 2in. hem to wrong side and sl-st. Work 2 rows d.c. on back opening, making 4 button loops on right side in 2nd row.

Reset tension to "2" and k 35 rows. Transfer all needles on to main bed.

Dec. 1 st. on right-hand side of machine, r/c on "O" and t6. K 30 rows. Push up 105, (110, 115) sts. into "e" position, cam levers on "3" farthest from carriage, work on rem. 21 (22, 23) sts.

K 1st section thus: \* Dec. 1 st. at both ends of next and every foll. 6th row, until 9 (10, 11) sts. rem. Cast off \*.

\*\* Put 21 (22, 23) sts. back to "b" position. K next section as 1st section from \* to \*. \*\* Rep. from \*\* to \*\* 4 times.

**Dress:** Join shoulder seams, sew in sleeves, join side seams of bodice and sleeve seams. Join skirt to bodice and sew tape on inside to prevent stretching. Join centre-back seam of skirt, leaving opening for zipper. Turn in neck facing and sl-st. Sew 2 rows piping round skirt and neck.

**Cap:** Join all seams, press. Gather cast-off edge and attach a pompon.

## JET SET . . . concluded

at beg. of every 2nd row 4 times, cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next alt. row once.

**All Sizes:** Cast off at beg. of alt. rows 3 (3, 4) sts. once, 3 (3, 3) sts. once, 1 (2, 2) sts. once, 1 (1, 2) sts. once, 1 (1, 1) st. 3 times. Turn to t3, with m.c., k 10 rows st-st. Cast off loosely \*.

Unravel odd wool and bring needles from "a" position back into working position. K left half as right half from \* to \*.

### SLEEVES

Using m.c., cast on 72 (76, 80) sts. With selvedge edge on t3, k 16 rows. Turn to t4, r/c on "O", k 10 rows in checkerboard patt. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows, then on foll. 7th and 8th rows 4 times altog. K 4 rows. Inc. 1 st. at beg. next 2 rows, then on foll. 5th and 6th rows 13 (9, 9) times altog. K 2 rows. Inc. 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows, then on foll. 3rd and 4th rows 16 (23, 26) times altog. 138 (148, 158) sts. K 10 (12, 8) rows.

**To Shape Top:** Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 20 (22, 18) rows, 6 (6, 6) sts. at beg. of next 4 (4, 8) rows. Cast off.

Join shoulder seams, sew in sleeves. Join side and sleeve seams. Turn up 16 rows m.c. at lower and sleeve edges. Catch-sew. Turn in 10 rows m.c. at neck, catch-sew. Work 1 row d.c. round back opening, making 5 button loops on 1 side.

## STRIPED SHIFT Picture page 14

**Materials:** 11 (13, 15) balls Lincoln Buffalo, Bri-Nylon 8-ply, or Cleckheaton 8-ply in main color (m.c.), 2 balls 1st contrast color (c.c.1), 2 balls 2nd contrast color (c.c.2); one pair each Nos. 8 and 10 needles; 4 buttons; No. 10 crochet hook.

**Measurements:** To fit 24 (26, 28) in. chest; length, 21 (23½, 26) in.; sleeve, 3in.

**Tension:** 6 sts. to lin.

### BACK

Using No. 8 needles and m.c., cast on 76 (82, 88) sts. Work in reverse st-st., beg. p row to 17½ (19½, 22) in. (This incl. 2in. hem.) Mark each end of last row.

**To Shape Armholes:** Dec. 1 st. each end next and foll. alt. rows to 70 (74, 78) sts.

**To Divide for Back Opening — Next Row:** Work 35 (37, 39) turn. Work on this side until armhole is 5½ (5½, 6) in.

**To Shape Shoulder:** Cast off from arm-

hole edge on alt. rows, 7 sts. twice, 7 (8, 8) sts. once. Cast off rem. sts. Rejoin yarn at centre back, work to correspond.

### FRONT

Work as back, omitting opening, until armholes measure 3½ (3½, 3½) in.

**To Shape Neck:** Work 27 (29, 31) sts., cast off centre 16 sts., work to end. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge of 2nd row, then dec. 1 st. every row until 21 (22, 22) sts. rem. Cont. straight until armhole measures same as back. Shape shoulder as back. Rejoin yarn at neck edge and work 2nd side to match.

### SLEEVES

Using No. 10 needles and c.c.1, cast on 54 (58, 62) sts. Work k 2, p 2 rib for ½ in. Change to c.c.2, k 1 row. Cont. in k 2, p 2 rib until work measures 1in.

Change to No. 8 needles and m.c. Work in rev. st-st., beg. p row, until sleeve measures 3in. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of





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